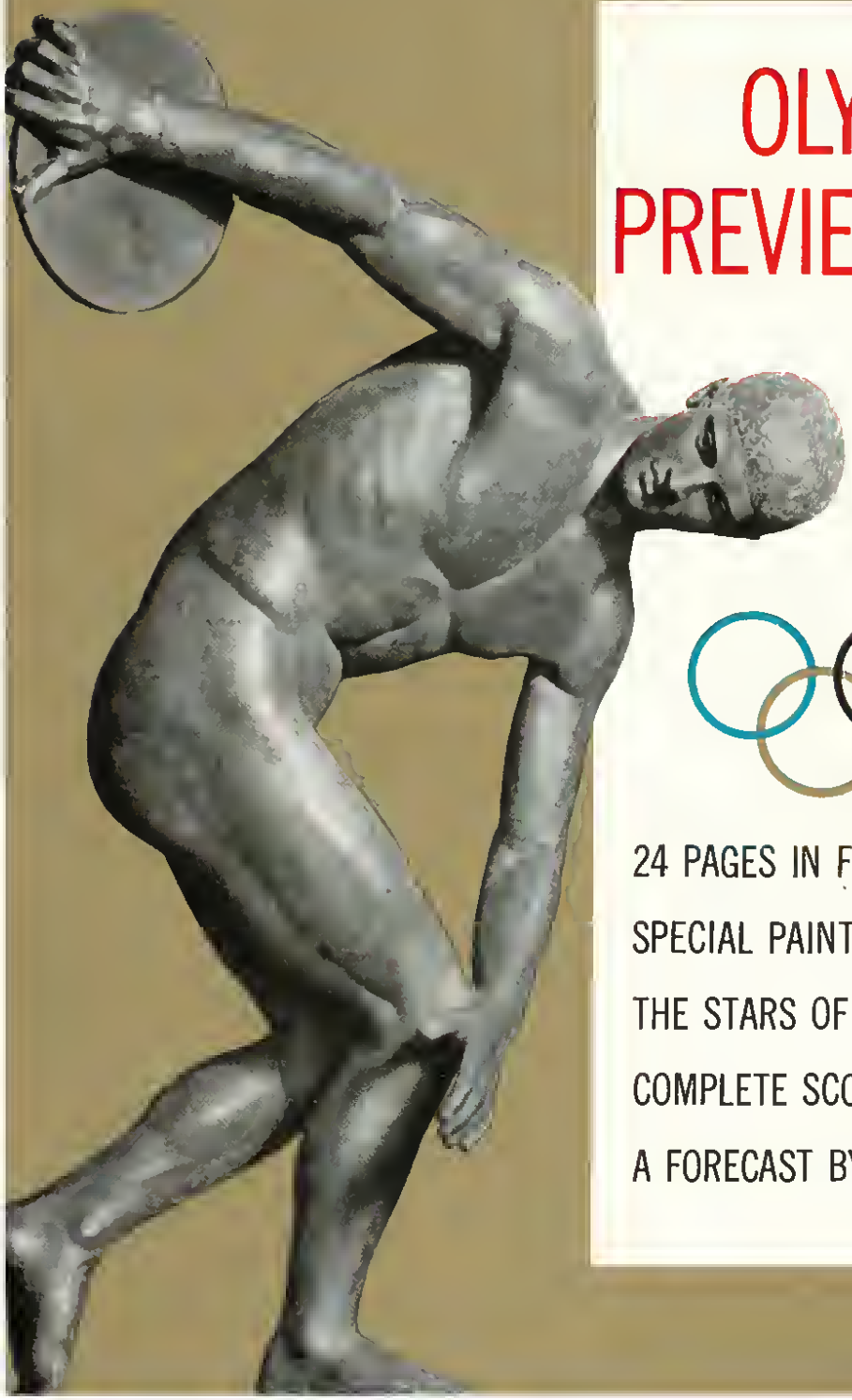
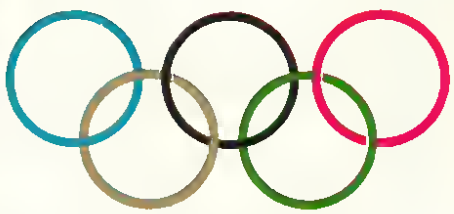
NOVEMBER 19, 1956
a Time Inc. weekly publication
25 CENTS
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



OLYMPIC PREVIEW ISSUE



24 PAGES IN FULL COLOR

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COMPLETE SCOUTING REPORTS

A FORECAST BY ROGER BANNISTER



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Memo to advertisers

One of the favorite sports of all true sport lovers is the grand old game of "Remember when..."

And this week's Olympic Preview is certainly a wonderful one for readers who like to recall the glories of the past -- Bob Mathias at Helsinki, Jesse Owens winning four gold medals to the dismay of Adolf Hitler, and for those with longer memories, Jim Thorpe, Paavo Nurmi, Charlie Paddock, or even James B. Connelly, the first man ever to be crowned an Olympic champion.

Like all "remember whens", the past Olympics tend to seem very near and very far away at the same time.

But look at it this way:

Remember the days when the only sports car in the neighborhood belonged to that rich eccentric bachelor up on the hill?

Remember when "indoor-outdoor" living was a chi-chi homemaking editor's catch-phrase -- when a barbecue in his back yard only indicated that your neighbor was an ex-Eagle Scout?

Remember when everybody ate a formidable Sunday dinner and then slept the afternoon away -- and when you would be just as likely to load picnic bags, golf clubs, outboard motors, water skis and snorkle gear in the station wagon as you would be to catch the 4:15 rocket for Mars?

Remember when there was no such thing as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?

* * *

As a matter of fact, only 27 months ago SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did have a total circulation of zero.

Since then, 119 issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have gone to press, to bring the sales messages of more than 600 advertisers into an established reality of mid-20th-century America.

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A new weekly has quietly assumed its place as an American Institution.

And somehow, it already seems as if SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has been here since forever.

Bill Holman

William W. Holman
Advertising Director

FOR YOUR PERSONAL OLYMPIC "REMEMBER WHEN ..."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has compiled a XVIth Olympiad Fact Wheel which has received the official sanction of the U.S. Olympic Committee.

Now in its second printing, it lists past champions and their records in track and field and swimming, men's and women's -- lists the members of this year's U.S. team with their trial times and distances, and contains other pertinent information.

We have a few of these "wheels" remaining, and will be happy to send you a copy for yourself or any member of your family on request.



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *is published weekly by* TIME *Inc., at 540 N Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Subscription $7.50 a year in U.S.A. and Canada.*



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NOVEMBER 19, 1956
Volume 5, Number 21



THE XVI OLYMPIAD

The Greek Discobolus on this week's cover, perhaps the most famous sculpture in the world, symbolizes the continuity of human yearning and achievement that links the ancient Greek games with the forthcoming Olympiad in Melbourne. Here in this special preview issue is the whole panorama—from 776 B.C. to Nov. 22, 1956 A.D.

Anderson Photo courtesy Museo Nazionale, Rome

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To a world yearning for quality and excellence, Melbourne presents, in a moving moment, the epitomes

THE GREEK GAMES: TWO GREAT PAINTINGS, WITH TEXT BY LINCOLN BARNETT 32
In a six-page foldout HANS ERNI *re-creates Olympia, and* SYMEON SHIMIN *paints the modern record holders*

THE STARS OF ALL NATIONS IN A 16-PAGE GALLERY OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS 45 and 77
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THE U.S. HONOR ROLL OF OLYMPIC PARTICIPANTS 69
An alphabetical listing of all the members of the American team who will contest for medals at Melbourne

EXCLUSIVE: ROGER BANNISTER'S FORECAST OF OLYMPIC PERFORMANCES 93
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FOLLOW THE OLYMPICS IN SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NEXT WEEK: NOV. 26 — Last-minute news from Melbourne and a revealing report on the mystery man behind the four-minute milers

DEC. 3 — Authoritative coverage on the opening of the Olympiad and first gold-medal contests

DEC. 10 — The how and why of all track and field events; many pages of photographs

DEC. 17 — SI's seven-man team makes a final report; complete results and pictures of medalists

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



HENRY ROMNEY

To Henry Romney, Assistant to the Managing Editor and head of our Letters Department, one clear fact about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is that our reading audience is a vital part, both as spectator and participant, of the scenes and events we report. For it is Romney who first reads all letters. These frequently mention roles readers played in a story or where they stood when a picture was taken and usually ask for additional copies.

Just as they become actors in our pieces, our readers also become our writers. This happens, of course, in THE 19TH HOLE, which has established itself as a lively meeting place for the vocal and varied fraternity which enjoys sports. About this time each year Romney looks forward to hearing from some highly dedicated members of the fraternity. Leading off last week it was Mr. Burton Saperstein of Brooklyn, who placed a hot stove firmly in the middle of THE 19TH HOLE, lit the fire and outlined to Dodger Bosses O'Malley and Bavasi a vast program for winter trades.

The hot-stove season was officially open. (And SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will be following it till Opening Day with columns, features and major articles.)

It's altogether conceivable that Brooklyn brass will continue to honor its own counsel. But whatever the fate of Mr. Saperstein's proposals, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's writing readers have already proved that they take a back seat to no one in their eye for detail, flair for style, familiarity with their subject, responsiveness to new ideas and exploration of old ones. Some letters, in their way, lead on to sports history, as did the one from Mr. Jimmy McMahan (SI, June 25), which inspired the trip our Mr. Caper makes this week to the Olympics (*see page 122*). And many help to straighten it out, as happened last week, when Mrs. Bernice Goad, a qualified hot-stover, questioned a timeworn account of how Jim Thorpe hit homers into three states in one game.

Meanwhile, in this issue, a cheering football crowd takes over THE 19TH HOLE while the hot-stovers are out gathering more fuel. But they'll be back. It's a warming experience that both Henry Romney and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have learned to expect from now until the stove goes cold for another summer of baseball.

Harry Phillips

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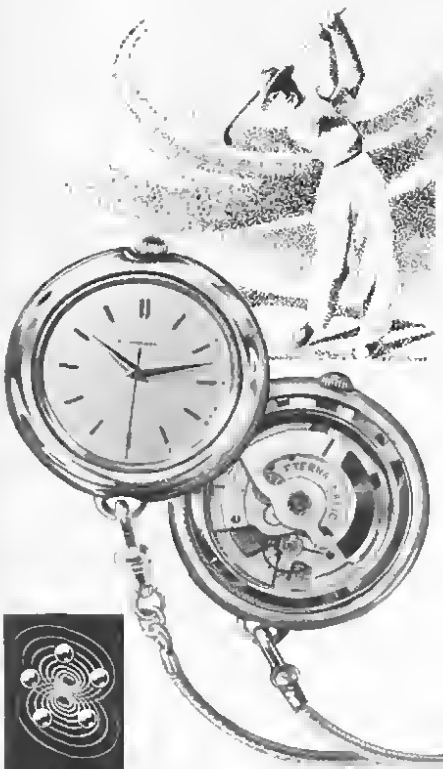
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Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. $7.50. Air-speeded editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. $10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr., $10.00. Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising contents to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. and all subscription correspondence to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require three week's notice. Please name magazine and furnish address imprint from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. TIME INC. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore; President, Roy E. Larsen; Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Stillman; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice Presidents, Bernard Barnes, Allen Grover, Andrew Heiskell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linen, Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. I. Prentice; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.

POLISHED WATER FOR U.S.A. OLYMPIC TEAM



First shipment of drinking water for the United States Olympic Team—specially bottled by Canada Dry—leaves Los Angeles

The United States Olympic team oow at Melbourne has been described as the finest our country has ever assembled. Truly a representative group of Americans, the over 400 team members hail from all sectioos of the United States and its territories.

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



The Question:

Should team scores be kept in the Olympics? (Asked of big shots)

AVERELL HARRIMAN



Governor of New York

Not if we are to follow the original ideals of the Olympics. These glorify the athlete, not his country. All nations should unite in honoring the winner. Isn't that better than having only his own country honor him? Team scores are O.K. if the rules provide for them, which the Olympics do not.

MANLIO BROSIO



Italian Ambassador to the U.S.

Yes. The Olympics are not only a competition between athletes, they are a competition between sovereign states. As such, team scores are necessary. Even if we had a world government, regional competition would be valuable and good, just as is the competition at the British Empire Games.

FLORENCE CHADWICK



San Diego World-famous swimmer

Yes. Being an athlete, I want to know who wins. Not only individual winners, but nations. If unofficial team totals were eliminated, that wouldn't lessen the tension between countries that are keen rivals. Furthermore, who's going to stop the newspapers from publishing team totals?

JACOB K. JAVITS



U.S. Senator-elect New York State

Yes. Country against country would help stimulate athletic competition everywhere. That's needed in the U.S. After all, the big newspapers in every country publish team scores. Furthermore, I think that athletic competition draws countries together because athletics promote true sportsmanship.

ADLAI STEVENSON



Democratic presidential candidate

Since most of the competing countries are small and represented by few athletes, the Olympic Committee members should hold true to their ideals and refuse to sanction team scores. It's true that two or three countries dominate the Games, but why give this official recognition?

RICHARD M. NIXON



Vice-president of the United States

No. Olympic Games should first promote good will, particularly in these times. The Olympic Committee probably feels that official team scores would make the competitive factor more important than good will. I agree. Anyway, newspapers compile unofficial team scores for those who want them.

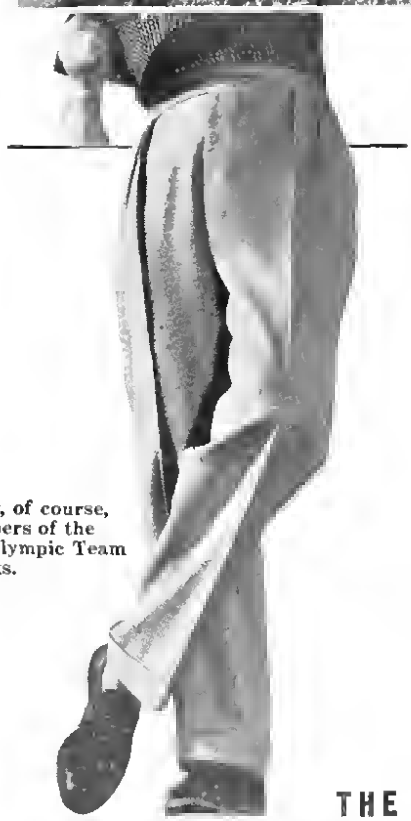
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HOTBOX

continued from page 8

LOU MARRON



Brielle, N. J.
Famous sportsman

Yes. Competition is the life of every endeavor. That's as true in athletics as it is of business. Why has Russia made such tremendous strides in athletics? Because of competition with us. If she licks us in the Olympics, it will spur our youth to greater athletic activity.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.



Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Certainly. Everybody totals team scores, anyway. The Olympic Committee contends the the Games are athlete against athlete, not country against country. If that is so, why not give up team emblems? Sure it's athlete against athlete, but it's also country against country.

DR. FRANK KINGDON



New York
Editor of American Salesman

Yes. Any man does a little better than he thinks he can do when he has the extra spur of representing his country. Although the rivalry between countries may have dangers of creating bitterness, it is of great value in spurring the development of sports in all countries.

E. C. ROW



Detroit
Administrative Vice-pres., Chrysler Corp.

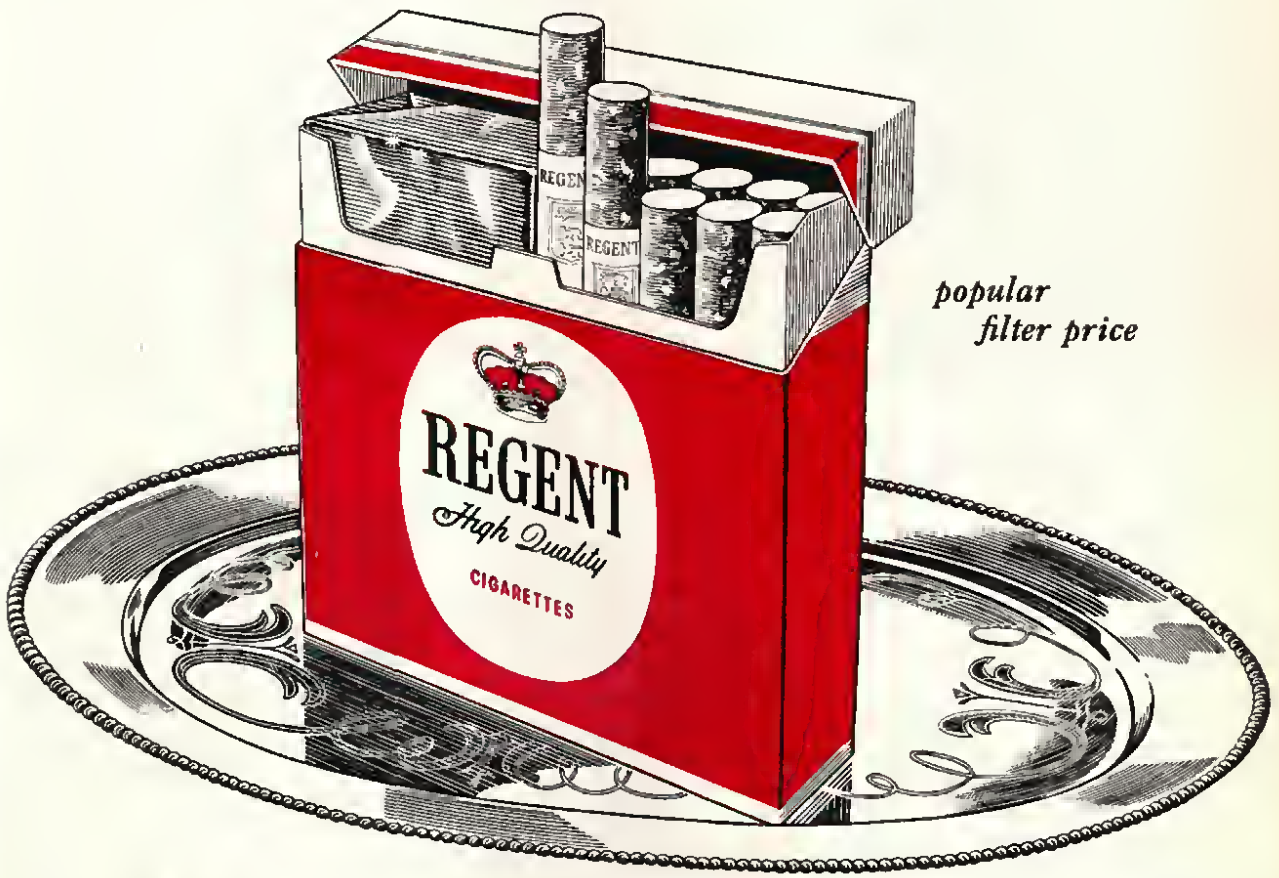
Yes. There should be keen team spirit. Team scores in any game add greatly in building team spirit. There's no reason why the computing of team scores should cause bad feelings. If all athletes conduct themselves as sportsmen, which they should, there will be no hard feelings.

continued on page 12

The *most* you can get in a *filtered cigarette!*

New REGENT

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HOTBOX

continued from page 10

MIGUEL ALEMAN



Former president of Mexico

No. It is better for good relations between the large and small countries if the Olympic Committee should not announce the team scores to all the world. Small countries are as proud as the large ones. When individual feats are honored, that is the real sportsmanship.

JACKIE GLEASON



Television comedian

That's what I call an academic question—like the fellow who asked the girl for a kiss and she said no-o-o. So he kissed her. Same thing with team points. The newspapers are going to total team scores, even if frowned on by the Olympic Committee. Our athletes should be proud of a high team score.

L. I. WOOLSON



Detroit
President of DeSoto Div., Chrysler Corp.

In these days, when friendship is so needed between countries, it's probably best to return to the original concept of the Olympics—athlete against athlete—and disregard team scores, which occasionally cause ill feeling. Russia and the U.S. are now bitter Olympic rivals.

TOM WATSON JR.



President, IBM

Yes. As a general proposition, team scores in the Olympics would be a stimulus to sports in every country of the world. Sports in the United States are well-organized on the varsity level, but more people should engage in sports. The Olympics can do much to bring this about.

NEXT WEEK:

What do you think of All-America football teams?

WHEN TIME DECIDES THE ISSUE, OMEGA DECIDES THE TIME





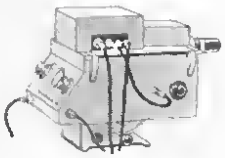
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COMING EVENTS

Including Olympic finals

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO

ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16

Basketball
Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia.

Boxing
● Bob Baker vs. Harold Carter, heavyweights (10 ● rds.), Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Football
Miami vs. Clemson, Miami.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Basketball
Boston vs. Rochester, Boston.
St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne, St. Louis.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Camden, N.J.

Football
(Leading college games)

EAST
Boston vs. Boston U., Boston.
Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Ithaca, N.Y.
George Washington vs. The Citadel, Charleston, S.C.
Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, Mass.
Navy vs. Virginia, Baltimore.
Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Philadelphia.
Penn State vs. North Carolina, University Park, Pa.
● Pittsburgh vs. Army, Pittsburgh, 1:20 p.m. (ABC).
Rhode Island vs. Connecticut, Kingston, R.I.
● Syracuse vs. Colgate, Syracuse, 1:30 p.m. (CBS).
Wesleyan vs. Trinity, Middletown, Conn.
● Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven, Conn., 1:15 p.m. (NBC-TV*) Men to watch: Yale's McGill (24) and Princeton's Agnew (36).

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Arkansas vs. Southern Methodist, Little Rock, Ark.
Georgia Tech vs. Alabama, Atlanta.
Nebraska vs. Baylor, Lincoln, Neb.
Notre Dame vs. North Carolina, South Bend, Ind.
Tennessee vs. Mississippi, Knoxville, Tenn.
Texas A&M vs. Rice, College Station, Texas
Texas Christian vs. Texas, Fort Worth, Texas.
Vanderbilt vs. Tulane, Nashville.
● Wake Forest vs. Duke, Winston-Salem, N.C., 1:30 p.m. (CBS).

WEST
Illinois vs. Wisconsin, Champaign, Ill.
● Iowa vs. Ohio State, Iowa City, 1:30 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS)
Michigan vs. Indiana, Ann Arbor, Mich.
● Minnesota vs. Michigan State, Minneapolis, 1:15 p.m. C.S.T. (NBC-TV).
Oklahoma vs. Missouri, Norman, Okla.

FAR WEST
Air Force vs. Idaho State, Pueblo, New Mex.
Arizona vs. Arizona State, Tucson, Ariz.
California vs. Washington State, Berkeley, Calif.
Idaho vs. Oregon State, Moscow, Idaho.
Oregon vs. Southern California, Portland, Ore.
● Stanford vs. Washington, Stanford, Calif., 1:45 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC-TV) Men to watch: Stanford's Brodie (12) and Washington's Green (41).

Harness Racing
American Pacing Classic (third leg), $75,000, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey
Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto
New York vs. Boston, New York

continued on page 16



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COMING EVENTS

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18

Football
Professional (CBS*)
- Washington vs. New York, Washington, D.C., 2 p.m.
- Chicago vs. Los Angeles, Chicago, 1 p.m.
- Green Bay vs. San Francisco, Green Bay, Wis., 1 p.m.
- Detroit vs. Baltimore, Detroit, 1:30 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19

- Sugar Hart vs. Hector Constance, welterweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, N.Y., 10:30 p.m. (Du Mont-TV, Mutual-radio)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21

Basketball
Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston.
Fort Wayne vs. New York, Boston.
Rochester vs. St. Louis, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing
- Tommy Bain vs. Ike Chestnut, featherweights (10 rds.), Hollywood, Calif., 10 p.m. (ABC)

Hockey
New York vs. Toronto, Madison Square Garden, N.Y.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22

Basketball
Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia
Fort Wayne vs. Rochester, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. Syracuse, Minneapolis.

Football
Brown vs. Colgate, Providence, R.I.
- Oregon State vs. Oregon, Corvallis, Ore., 1:15 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC)
- Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia, 1:45 p.m. (NBC*)

Horse Racing
Pimlico Special, $50,000, by invitation, 1 3/16 m., Pimlico, Md.

Melbourne Olympics
Opening ceremonies.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23

Boxing
- Gaspar Ortega vs. Tony DeMarco, welterweights (10 rds.), Madison Square Garden, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Show
Chicago Int'l Horse Show, Chicago.

Melbourne Olympics
Finals of high jump, discus (women), 10,000-meter run.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24

Basketball
Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston.
New York vs. Rochester, New York
Philadelphia vs. Fort Wayne, Philadelphia.
St. Louis vs. Minneapolis, St. Louis.

Football
(Leading college games)
EAST
- Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge, Mass., 1:20 p.m. (ABC)

Pittsburgh vs. Penn State, Pittsburgh.
- Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, N.J., 1:30 p.m. (CBS*)

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Florida vs. Georgia Tech, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Louisiana State vs. Arkansas, Shreveport, La., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS*).

North Carolina vs. Duke, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Rice vs. Texas Christian, Houston.
SMU vs. Baylor, Dallas.
Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn.

WEST
Iowa vs. Notre Dame, Iowa City, Iowa
Michigan State vs. Kansas State, East Lansing, Mich.

continued on page 21

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Give as good as you serve . . . Early Times

Of all the fine whiskies made in Kentucky, and these are the world's best, Kentuckians themselves overwhelmingly choose Early Times over all other straight whiskies. You know you'll enjoy a bourbon with a recommendation this good.

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New champions of the



Colorful as fireworks in the snow—

the new trail-blazing wools—brightening the slopes from Stowe to Sun Valley.

They take new honors in style—for wool gives you championship tailoring, the long sleek lines of the pro

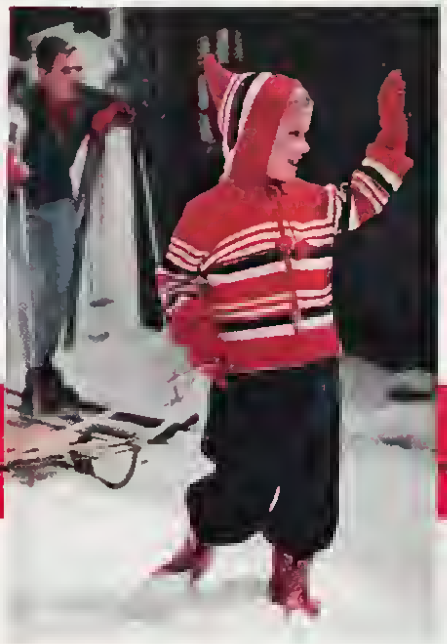
They let you turn, twist and Christy with unparalleled ease—for wool is the freedom fiber that flexes with you every move.

And for those long, chill rides up the mountain, you just can't find more snug anti-freeze protection. Or more perfect comfort for lounging by the hearth. Wool has a power—unequaled by any other fiber—to adjust to temperature change.

Yes, these new wools are setting the pace for winter sports. And what could be more wonderful for holiday gift-giving to all those who love the snow.



Newest coats for snow country—hooded toggle coats in blanket fleece. Father and son choose theirs in fireman-red—and, of course, in pure wool—the surest way to block out sub-zero cold.



Ready for a slide . . . or even a spill, Junior wears hooded sweater, sturdy snow pants in pure wool to keep him snug and dry. Wool never feels "soaked through" . . . it guards against colds.



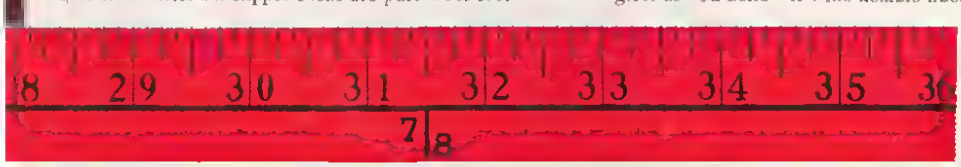
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snow in pure wool



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The bulky knit sweater. Getting a big play on the slopes —the *authentic* ski sweater in striking new colorful wools. It's teamed with panther-slim wool ski pants that let you move swift-as-a-streak. For wool *gives* as you bend—it's the flexible fiber.





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COMING EVENTS

Northwestern vs. Illinois, Evanston, Ill.
● Ohio State vs. Michigan, Columbus, Ohio, 1:30 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS*)
Oklahoma vs. Nebraska, Norman, Okla.
Wisconsin vs. Minnesota, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST
California vs. Stanford, Berkeley, Calif.
● UCLA vs. USC, Los Angeles, Calif., 1:30 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC).

Horse Racing
● Pimlico Futurity, $25,000, 2-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m., Pimlico, Md., about 4:10 p.m. (CBS).

Melbourne Olympics
Finals of broad jump, 400-meter hurdles, 100-meter run.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Basketball
Fort Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. St. Louis, Minneapolis, Minn.
Rochester vs. New York, Rochester, N.Y.

Football
Professional (CBS*)
● Baltimore vs. Los Angeles, Baltimore.
● Chicago Cardinals vs. Pittsburgh, Chicago.
● Cleveland vs. Washington, Cleveland.
● New York vs. Chicago Bears, New York
● Philadelphia vs. San Francisco, Philadelphia

OTHER OLYMPIC FINALS

November 26
Pole vault, javelin, 800-meter run, 100-meter run (women).

November 27
Hop, step & jump, discus, broad jump (women), 200-meter run, rowing (all classes)

November 28
Shotput, javelin (women), 110-meter hurdles, 5,000-meter run, 80-meter hurdles (women).

November 29
Épée team & foil individual (women), decathlon (1st half), steeplechase, 400-meter run

November 30
Decathlon (2nd half), shotput (women), 200-meter run (women), 10,000-meter kayaks & Canadians (canoeing), 100-meter freestyle, 200-meter breaststroke (women).

December 1
Shooting, freestyle wrestling, basketball, high jump (women), 1,500-meter run, 1,000-meter kayak and Canadian (canoeing), boxing, springboard diving, 100-meter freestyle (women), 200-meter butterfly.

December 3
Shooting, cycling, 800-meter relay (swimming).

December 4
Saber team, springboard diving (women).

December 5
Gymnastics (women), yachting, 100-meter backstroke (women), 100-meter butterfly (women).

December 6
Saber individual, gymnastics, Greco-Roman wrestling, hockey, 200-meter breaststroke, 100-meter backstroke, 400-meter relay (women's swimming), high diving, cycling.

December 7
400-meter freestyle (women), 1,500-meter freestyle, high diving (women), water polo.

December 8
Soccer and closing ceremonies.

*See local listing.



You're right for all occasions that call for a dressy topcoat in a lustrous, luxurious Cyril Johnson Venetian covert, loomed only for Varsity-Town in distinctive solid tones and overplaids. There's also right dress perfection in the trim, straight lines of Townster modeling and the extra elegance of hand needled edges.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
NOVEMBER 19, 1956

HUJ, HUJ,

THE NEWS from Cairo and Budapest and London and Tel Aviv is not stopping as planeload after planeload of athletes land at Melbourne's Essendon Airport to take part in the XVI Olympiad. The bitterness, the fierce schisms engendered by war in Hungary and war in Egypt have not been suddenly turned off—indeed, they have caused the withdrawal of half a dozen countries and have, in some minds, reduced the idealistic concept of the Olympiad to absurdity. But a vast part of the world clings, nevertheless, to the stubborn conviction that the Games should go on, that the ideal should be pursued, no matter what the stresses to which it was subjected, and in Australia this week thousands of young men and women are preparing —some of them with almost awesome restraint—to do so.

In Melbourne, a handsome and airy city on a bright blue bay, there were moments when it was easy to imagine that there were no troubled continents at all. Downtown streets bloomed with signs bearing the five-ring Olympic symbol. At the red-brick, paint-fresh (if mud-bordered) Olympic Village, rock 'n' roll blared nightly in the recreation hall, and youngsters from a score of countries jostled amiably, played cards, ping-pong and dominoes, or argued a burning mystery—the identity of a man in a green sweatsuit who inadvertently ran through a plate-glass door at the village postoffice and jogged away unscathed. The Russian soccer team, walking out on a practice field for its first workout, discovered that the oblong of turf had been preempted by Polish players—the two gangs of men ran toward each other and embraced.



FIRST HUNGARIANS ARRIVE IN MELBOURNE

To many a newly arrived athlete, the 1956 Games seemed little different than if they were being held under happier circumstances. The Olympics are bound, if only because of the tremendously talented U.S. runners, jumpers and weight men, and the big team from the U.S.S.R., to be the most spectacular ever held; the great stadium and its encircling cluster of cycling and training tracks, swimming stadium and soccer fields forms a most impressive site for the heroics of sport, and to youths from Canada, Sweden, Nigeria, the Philippines, Uruguay, Turkey, New Zealand, Italy, Chile, Norway and dozens of other countries the Melbourne Games are simply a stage on which it may be possible to savor high drama, hope for glory, and compete against the world's best.

But beneath the surface of good humor, correct behavior and vast peripheral excitement at Melbourne run deep eddies of anger and tragedy. The Olympic concept of sport—as a selfless competition of individuals, devoid of nationalism and dedicated to the glory of conflict rather than the glory of victory—has never been realized. No modern Olympiad, in fact, has not stirred up its hornet's nest of individual jealousies and indignation between nations. But there has never been an Olympiad so sorely beset by difficulty and by departure from the ideal as the Melbourne Games; neither has there ever been one in which men have struggled (most of them without being able to give any really logical explanation of their feelings) so hard against such odds to keep the Olympic flame alight and the form and substance of the Games alive. There has never, in a word, ever been anything quite like the arrival of the first contingent of Hungarian athletes at Melbourne.

Australia has thousands of "new" Hungarian settlers. They have followed the news of bloody revolt and bloody reprisal in their native land with deep emotion, and hundreds of them were

ROLL CALL OF THE OLYMPIC NATIONS

Athletes of 74 nations were expected in Melbourne. At week's end it appeared that those of all but five would be present.

Afghanistan
Argentina
Australia
Austria
Bahamas
Belgium
Bermuda
Brazil
British Guiana
Bulgaria
Burma
Canada
Ceylon
Chile
China
Colombia
Cuba
Czechoslovakia
Denmark
Ethiopia
Fiji
Finland
France
Germany
Great Britain
Greece
Hong Kong
Hungary
Iceland
India
Indonesia
Iran
~~Iraq~~
Ireland
Israel
Italy
Jamaica
Japan
Kenya
Korea
~~Lebanon~~
Liberia
Luxembourg
Malaya
Mexico
~~The Netherlands~~
New Zealand
Nigeria
North Borneo
Norway
Panama
Pakistan
Peru
Philippines
Poland
Portugal
Puerto Rico
~~Red China~~
Rumania
Singapore
South Africa
~~Spain~~
Sweden
Switzerland
Thailand
Trinidad
Turkey
Uganda
Uruguay
U.S.A.
U.S.S.R.
Venezuela
Viet Nam
Yugoslavia

HAJRA!

Thus, last week—in the Magyar version of hip, hip, hooray—the Hungarians were welcomed to Australia. Their salute can stand as the world's salute to the whole assemblage of human skill and excellence known as the Olympic Games

on hand last week as the Hungarian athletes—who were taken to Czechoslovakia during the first lull in fighting and thence embarked for Australia—arrived at Essendon Airport. The waiting throngs carried armfuls of flowers and red, white and green Hungarian flags from which the Communist symbol was absent and to which black mourning streamers had been attached. As the first gray-uniformed athletes marched down a ramp from the French plane which had brought them to Australia the waiting crowd chanted, "*Huj, Huj, Hajra!*" (the Hungarian equivalent of hip, hip, hooray!), and then athletes and crowd together sang, many weeping almost uncontrollably, the ancient anthem of free Hungary, *Isten Ald Meg a Magyart* (God Bless Hungary).

A good many of the Hungarian team had fought in the streets during the first days of the revolt—but they had been so closely supervised in Communist-controlled Prague that none knew until they reached Australia of the new Russian attacks on their homeland. Shocked, horrified, defiant, they swore they would not compete in the Games if they were forced to do so under the flag of Red Hungary. But except for that reservation they were ready, they said, to do their best, and went off to their quarters (near those of athletes from France, Rumania and Colombia) in the Olympic Village as quietly as if no tanks rumbled in the autumn fields at home.



SOLEMN RUSSIANS RAISE THEIR RED FLAG



FREE-STYLING AMERICANS ARRIVE IN CAMP

Other nations, other teams reacted differently in the heat of national animosities. Spain withdrew rather than contaminate its young men by contact with the Russians. So did Holland—and moved to turn its $25,000 Olympic fund over to Hungarian relief. Lebanon and Iraq withdrew to protest the invasion of Egypt. Red China withdrew out of spite for Nationalist China. The Swiss withdrew, reconsidered and re-entered.

It was obviously foolish to believe that the Olympic movement could truly "place itself above" politics and war in an imperfect world, but there was something sublime last week in the sight of men from scores of nations doing their best—and an amazing best at that—to try to place it there. The Russians, critics cried, were entered at Melbourne solely for purposes of propaganda. It seemed likely. But neither propaganda nor hypocrisy will win a medal at Melbourne for the Russians or anyone else. There will be no rewards for mediocrity. The nations, great and small, will compete together according to law and without martyrizing the weak. Who, in 1956, could say that this was not a triumph in itself, that good will and insistence on quality was less than admirable because it was confined to a quarter-mile track, that the Melbourne Olympics, because of the very tragedy amidst which they will be held, should not be considered the most memorable in history. (END)



SMILING NIGERIANS DESCEND FROM PLANE



DUTCH GIRL ITALIAN BOY GET ACQUAINTED

For 57 pages of words and pictures of Olympic preview, turn to page 32



TENNESSEE BACK TOMMY BRONSON (31) SAILS OVER CLASHING LINES INTO TECH'S IMMOVABLE DON STEPHENSON (50) John G. Zimmerman

A DAY OF DECISION

MIDWAY THROUGH the third quarter in Atlanta's Grant Field Saturday afternoon, Tennessee's Volunteers had possession of the ball on their own 38-yard line. There was still no score in the tense battle between the Vols' third-ranked single-wing powerhouse and Georgia Tech's second-ranked split-T Yellow Jackets.

Tennessee Fullback Tommy Bronson had just gained two yards off tackle, leaving second and eight to go. It was a routine play, but alert End Buddy Cruze had spotted something important. For the first time all day, Tech had dropped its double-teaming alignment against him. To Cruze, who had been completely bottled since the game began, the switch was like a tonic. Rushing to the huddle he tapped Johnny Majors, the signal caller, on the back.

"Hey, John," he whispered, "I think I can get off."

The tailback simply nodded.

There followed, in the space of 53 seconds, the only touchdown of the day.

After a successful short pass to Cruze on the right sideline, Majors called Tennessee's weak-side run-pass—the exact play diagramed with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's manikins last week. Cruze took the pass on Tech's 35 with Safety Man Wade Mitchell looming up a step ahead and Halfback Paul Rotenberry closing swiftly from the right. Cruze cut left, and Mitchell ran headlong into Rotenberry. Both went down as Cruze took off, to be hauled down on the one-yard line. Bronson hurdled the final yard, and Tennessee had enough to win its biggest victory of the year 6-0.

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Georgia Tech	Oklahoma
Iowa	Oregon State
Miami	Syracuse
Michigan State	Tennessee
Minnesota	Texas A&M
Ohio State	

Aside from this opportunistic score, the game produced a nigh-perfect defensive struggle in which the kick held the starring role. There were 23 punts in all, and their beauty lay not so much in distance—or lack of it—as an uncanny sense of placement. Seldom has the kick been used more effectively to stifle the offense.

"Bobby Dodd and I both like to kick," called Bowden Wyatt from under a steaming shower in the Tennessee dressing room afterwards. "We knew we had to keep Tech bottled up deep or they'd run us ragged with those half-dozen good backs of theirs once they got operating room."

What operating room Tech got, they had to get them-



IOWA'S CENTER BOB CUMMINGS (50) CLEARS PATH AS FRED HARRIS BOOMS PAST BERNARD SVENDSEN (52) FOR WINNING SCORE Earl Seubert

The time is here when New Year's Day and its bowl games are uppermost in the minds of the country's best football teams and their ardent supporters, so Saturday was a day of climax among contenders. Tennessee proved its priority over Georgia Tech for either the Cotton or Sugar Bowl; Iowa over Minnesota and Oregon State over Stanford for the Rose Bowl; Colorado over Missouri for the Orange Bowl; and Texas A&M over all to defend the honor of the Southwest

selves. Receiving Tennessee's 12 kicks, the Yellow Jackets were never able to commence operations farther out than their own 31-yard line. Five times they had to start inside their 10, four times inside their five. Majors quick-kicked 68 yards on first down to the Tech 17 in the first quarter. Bobby Gordon got off another for 60 yards from his own three in the second quarter. Majors dribbled one 43 yards that died on the Tech two-inch line just before the half ended. In the third quarter Majors booted 50 yards to the Tech seven, and Al Carter lofted one 40 to the Tech four. Meanwhile Tech's Kenny Owen and Johnny Menger had both rolled kicks to a stop inside Tennessee's five.

It was a whooping bunch of Volunteers who rushed back to the musty dressing room for their showers. Captain John Gordy, the rugged tackle, flung his helmet chin strap high in the air and crushed Back Bill Anderson in a bear hug.

"Hot damn," cried Gordy. "That one was solid gold, man."

And golden it may have been, for waiting by the dressing room door was Fred Digby, general manager of the Sugar Bowl. Pumping Coach Wyatt's hand a minute later, Digby gave hearty congratulations, turned to a reporter.

"We sure like this team," he enthused. "They'd make a great attraction for us." —LEE GRIGGS

HAD IOWA used some special trick to make Minnesota fumble five times last Saturday? How had they set the stage for the mild upset which propelled the Hawkeyes into the forefront of the Rose Bowl battle? What ruse brought favored Minnesota its first setback of an otherwise pleasant fall?

The Gopher players weren't sure.

Bob Schultz, Minnesota's right halfback and favorite runner when the going gets tough, explained his own three fumbles—each recovered by the Hawkeyes—this way: "They seemed to get to us before we ever got the ball. . . ."

Bobby Cox, the quarterback, had another idea: "They seemed to have all our plays covered."

On the very first play of this nationally televised game the Gophers incurred a clipping penalty. "I was afraid that was going to be indicative of a long afternoon," Coach Murray Warmath said later. How right he was.

A couple of minutes later Iowa's alert Frank Gilliam pounced on a Gopher fumble. Ken Ploen, the Iowa quarterback, next completed two of the four successful Iowa passes. Fullback Fred Arris plunged over from the one, and with only five minutes and four seconds of the game gone the scoring had ended.

continued on next page

FOOTBALL: EIGHTH WEEK

continued from page 25

Iowa was thereafter content to sit on its lead while Minnesota moved into Hawkeye territory six times without ever reaching the promised land. The Hawkeyes were opportunists with a sound defense, while the Gophers were the victims of their own mistakes. Although the Gophers had a wide edge in the statistics, the Hawkeyes had the edge where it counted. —DICK GORDON

OREGON STATE 20
STANFORD 19

OREGON STATE's football team is usually one of the forgotten members of the Pacific Coast Conference, yet when A. Thompson (Tommy) Prothro arrived there in 1955 he brashly promised a Rose Bowl team within three years. Asked if he knew where he was, Prothro said, "Sure, this is Oregon State. I played against Oregon State in the Rose Bowl of 1942, and we got beat. I respect this school."

Years later Tommy became an assistant to Red Sanders at UCLA, and this year's OSC attack is a carbon copy of the Sanders single wing. What Prothro has over Sanders this season are two slender blur-running halfbacks, Earnel Durden and Paul Lowe, who can take off right now. Both, incidentally, are from Los Angeles and part of a 42-man squad that includes 20 Californians. When the Beavers go to Pasadena on January 1—in Prothro's second year as head coach—it will be old home week.

Prothro planned his Stanford game hopefully. He put up an umbrella defense against John Brodie, Stanford's great quarterback, conserving his strength, and resting his first stringers as much as possible to save them for the last quarter. "We felt we'd be dead either way unless we saved something," he said in his low, southern drawl. "Either trying to score, or defending against passes, we wanted to be a little fresher than Stanford."

In the end, however, it was missed conversions that made the point difference. —ART ROSENBAUM

TEXAS A&M 33
SOUTHERN METHODIST 7

TEXAS A&M, which won its early crucial games by coming through brilliantly in the clutch, has eliminated the clutch play and matured into a team which is overwhelming throughout the whole game. Saturday the Aggies ruined a good SMU club, which had lost to Georgia Tech by only 2 points, running up an easy 33-7 victory.

John Crow, the thunderous halfback, had another of his fine days, with two touchdowns and a 56-yard punt return. He shared top billing with Roddy Osborne, who has developed into a grim keeper at quarterback; Guard Dee Powell, playing out the season with a broken nose as if he wanted the opposition to share his misery; quick, tough Tackle Jim Stanley, who recovered two fumbles; reserve Fullback George Gillar, a bear cat on pass defense who broke through for a 44-yard scoring sprint; and, above all, a host of gang-tackling Aggies.

The Aggies were playing in the shadow of NCAA probation, and if the NCAA fails to clear the Aggies, the Southwest Conference will be faced with the dreary prospect of either thrice-beaten Texas Christian or thrice-beaten Southern Methodist as its representative in the Cotton Bowl come New Year's Day—instead of unbeaten Texas A&M. —WILLARD C. RAPPLEYE



SPEED OF PAUL LOWE (47) HELPED OREGON STATE OVER STANFORD



COLORADO 14
MISSOURI 14

Colorado's Howard Cook (21) is pulled down by Missouri's Bill Craig after returning punt to the Colorado 25-yard line. Battling for a shot at the Orange Bowl,

TEXAS AGGIES' JOHN CROW (44) GETS PERFECT BLOCKING ON HIS WAY TO A 15-YARD OFF-TACKLE SCORE AGAINST SOUTHERN METHODIST



Missouri jumped to an early 14–0 lead and seemed victory-bound until a pair of untimely third-quarter fumbles changed the picture. The consequent tie practically insured the Buffs of a New Year's Day trip to Miami as Big Seven representative. Oklahoma is not eligible.

MICHIGAN 17
ILLINOIS 7



Michigan's wing-footed Jimmy Pace soars to evade an Illinois tackler during a seven-yard run. Pace brought Wolverines from behind with second-period score to keep alive faint Michigan Rose Bowl hopes

TURN TO PAGE 102 FOR FOOTBALL AROUND THE COUNTRY AND HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE FOR GOLF • THE MELBOURNE CUP RUNNETH OVER • MEDICO-SPORTING JOURNAL • THE COACH'S WIFE • ARCHIE MOORE IN A REFLECTIVE MOOD • A MUFFLED BOOM IN SOCCER

MANDATE

EARLY in the Presidential campaign it was noted here (SI, Sept. 10) that golf had been made an issue in the campaign. It is perhaps worth noting that as late as election eve the Republican incumbent was still being upbraided by the Democrats for getting his exercise on a golf course. It is not our purpose to analyze the election in detail. It just seems fair to say that golf seems to have won in a landslide.

WINNERS AND LOSERS

AMONG the athletes who offered themselves to the voters on election day were Dizzy Trout, the old Detroit Tigers' pitcher, George Mikan, the "Mr. Basketball" of the Minneapolis Lakers, and two former football coaches at the University of Washington, Howie Odell and Johnny Cherberg.

Well, Mikan lost his race for Congress and Trout his try for sheriff of Wayne County, Mich. But Odell was voted in as a county commissioner out in Washington and John Cherberg had the rich and rare pleasure of being lieutenant governor of the state whose university not so long ago briskly dispensed with his services.

We are a little chary of overdrawing the lessons from these examples, but it is tempting to suggest that if you want your boy to get ahead in politics, forget about basketball and baseball and teach him to be a football player. Or, of course, a golfer.

MELBOURNE INTERMISSION

OLYMPIANS were dropping by the hundreds from Pacific skies into Melbourne, but one day last week—Tuesday to be exact—the better part of Australia forgot its role of host to give full and undivided attention to a sport of another breed: a horse race. No ordinary horse race, mind you, but the two-mile classic known as the Melbourne Cup which, if you can picture it, is a sort of Kentucky Derby, World Series and Rose Bowl game all wrapped up into a handful of minutes. Horse racing, come to think of it, is a sort of religion in Australia. That is, everybody participates, to the extent that an estimated $980 million was bet on the ponies in 1955 (in the U.S., whose population is 20 times that of Australia's, the total bet, legal and illegal, was perhaps $7 billion).

Certainly no race anywhere holds the population in such frenzied grip as the Melbourne Cup. A fairly authoritative legend has it that in 1951, for example, a judge in Newcastle District Court looked at his watch, halted sessions in the midst of a larceny case, and ordered Exhibit A—a stolen radio—tuned in on the Cup race. This time, for the 95th running, 90,000 fans (including some 400 visiting Olympians) poured out to Flemington race course, a sprawling 316 acres of reclaimed swampland on the banks of the Maribyrnong River, to drink in the springtime sun, wash down hot meat pies and chilled oysters with beer and focus on the 22-horse field.

Australian eyes were chiefly on the favorite, a New Zealand-owned gelding named Red Craze, winner of eight races this season. In fact, Red Craze had become such a center of attraction that when his owner, Mrs. A. B. Bradley, received the usual threatening

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

- **Off with the New, On with the Old**
 Don't be surprised if there is a return next fall to the system of "split" squads of football officials in intersectional games instead of the present system (a wartime economy move) of using strictly home-conference crews. Some of the biggest officiating rhubarbs of the season have been traceable to hairline regional differences in interpretation of the rules.
- **Trade Secret**
 Eddie Arcaro revealed at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. that Nashua wouldn't run well with dirt hitting him in the face or with another horse on the outside. "Sometimes I was condemned because I hustled him right to the front. . . . Nashua's retired now, so I guess it's okay to talk."
- **Spectacular, But Not up to Par**
 Wilt Chamberlain, holding back a bit because he is not yet in top condition, scored 18 points in 15 minutes for Kansas University's varsity basketball team in a warmup game with the freshmen. In a similar game last year Chamberlain, playing on freshman team, led them to an 81-71 defeat of the varsity.
- **If at First You Don't Succeed, Try Another Brand**
 Britain's Stirling Moss, twice runner-up to World Champion Racing Driver Juan Fangio, will try for the top spot next year driving British Vanwalls in the eight Grand Prix races. Moss drove for Mercedes in 1955, Maserati this year.

letters a cordon of armed guards was placed around his stable. Another circumstance worthy of respectful note in the U.S., where a weight of more than 130 pounds on a horse is traditionally considered brutal and crushing, is that the favorite was asked to carry, over the two-mile distance, 143 pounds.

But when all bets were down Red Craze wasn't quite up to it. He lost in a photo finish to the 15-to-1 long shot Evening Peal (weighted at 116 pounds), who became the seventh mare in close to a century to win the Cup.

The bookies, of course, were delighted at not having to pay off on Red Craze. And the rest of Australia, having witnessed another historic day, was ready to turn attention to the Games.

SAYS THE A.M.A.

THE EDITORS know of only one other weekly magazine in the country which has devoted an entire issue to honoring the Olympic Games. It, too, appears this week, but not on newsstands, for it is *The Journal of the American Medical Association.*

The *Journal's* method of saluting the Olympics is its very own and manages to be original without departing an inch from tradition. There, as always, are the learned articles punctuated with tables and charts; there are the X-rays which (to the layman's eye) look like snapshots of doom. But this week the articles are about injuries, nutrition, longevity, etc. as they are connected with sports, and the X-ray is of Dr. Roger Bannister's heart.

Like a doctor with a new patient, the *Journal* records a brief medical history of the Olympic Games and finds that fitness was achieved in the centuries before Christ very much as it is achieved now. "At the site of the games, training table meals were provided. Fried and boiled foods and cold drinks were forbidden. Cheese, figs, and wheat bread were staples of the training diet, and most of the competitors abstained from wine. . . . Only light conversation was permitted at meals to encourage proper digestion."

All through history, in fact, doctors seem to have urged physical activity on their patients, though not always for the right reasons. In the 16th century, for example, one man prescribed exercise because it tended to "calm the humours," and another ruled that, while swimming was beneficial in many cases, it was positively not to be used in the treatment of melancholy.

Along with the ancient and the modern medical lore, there is one article in nontechnical English that almost anybody can understand. It was written by Robert Kiphuth, the swimming coach at Yale, and its title is "Physical Fitness for All." Mr. Kiphuth offers a modern prescription for fitness and—encouragingly—offers it to everyone, of whatever age or condition:

". . . even if the body has not been given sufficient exercise, nature quickly helps to repair this past neglect. . . . The organic systems begin to show more energy, the muscular system begins to become better toned. . . . Gradually the body shows greater endurance and more capacity for work, and there is a rapid recovery from fatigue."

It sounds like an old, old story, familiar to nearly everybody from high school on. And yet Mr. Kiphuth in writing his article, and the American Medical Association in honoring sport, seem to indicate a hope that the message will get through and that a few more people will discover that simple fitness is the best available substitute for sleeping tablets, vitamin pills, chemical aids to digestion and the drugs that ease the tense.

REFLECTIONS IN TEXAS

IN AUSTIN, students of the University of Texas hanged Football Coach Ed Price in effigy, and a few days later Price resigned. The effigy-hanging was a childish act of resentment on the part of those for whom nothing is a substitute for victory (Price's team had lost seven of eight games this season), and its cruelty was softened only a little a few days later when 100 or so Texas students gathered at Price's home to praise him for himself—he is an extraordinarily well-liked man—and for the coaching job he had done.

Price's lack of success, it appears, lies primarily in his inability to recruit the best high school players. Oklahoma, year in and year out among the best college teams in the country, is always well supplied with Texas boys, who presumably should be on Price's squad but who instead have helped Oklahoma wallop Texas five times running. This is a most bitter state of affairs for Texans to contemplate, and the result was bitter criticism of the coach.

At any rate, Price resigned and that was that. Except that Anita Brewer of the Austin *American-Statesman* sought out Price's wife and asked how she felt about Ed's resignation.

"After the West Virginia game, it seemed to be inevitable," Betty Price said. "But we kept on hoping—hoping we'd beat Arkansas, then Rice.

"It would be unfair," she admitted, "to say I haven't cried. I have, and many times. It would be untrue to say that I was left untouched by the quarterbacking in the stands and the criticism of Ed I have heard."

In previous years she had tried staying away from games because she thought the worry over each play, the hurt of each grandstand critic's remark could be avoided at home. But she found that she still worried, and she missed seeing the games.

Then last season she discovered something. She began sitting with her children (Patricia, 10, and Danny, 9) in the Knothole Section and found the place she should have been all the time.

"Children don't criticize the coach. They don't quarterback every play, and they're always for the home team. Sitting with the children, I could be hopeful with them. I could relax and enjoy the game.

"But," she said, "it was difficult to explain to the children why Ed was quitting. To children, who are taught it doesn't matter if you win or lose but how you play the game, it is hard to make them understand that their father is resigning because his team didn't win."



CALCULATED RISK

The runner slackens up his pace
Although the pressure mounts;
He's just recalled a doubtful place
In his expense accounts!

—IRWIN L. STEIN

OLD ARCHIE

ARCHIE MOORE has now moved into Chicago for his final training period before the Nov. 30 championship fight with Floyd Patterson, and bulletins and pronouncements in Archie's best style have already begun to crackle out to the press. ("I am not without pity for the boy," etc.) Archie's

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battle cries, of course, are part of the public and professional Archie and among other things are intended to have a stimulating effect on the gate.

A fortnight ago, when Martin Kane, our boxing writer, visited him at his California training camp—up in the rattlesnake country, miles from telephones and the now-attendant press—Archie was in a more reflective mood.

At night, sitting by the fire in his ranch cabin, Old Archie's eyes misted over when he talked about the years of his disappointment—the long years when he spent the strength of his youth in tank towns and became one of the ring's great fighters—knowing, accomplished, courageous, terribly dangerous. Now he has come, late, into the center of the stage against a strong youngster who is still sharpening the tools of his trade, and Old Archie, who knows better than anyone how sharp his own tools



once were, cannot help but wonder if the years have dulled them too much.

Still, Old Archie is confident because it is the nature of the man to be confident, and he took a long, hard look at Patterson during the signing in Chicago and came to some conclusions.

"I size up Patterson," he said, "as a man that is definitely cunning and not naive. He doesn't let you *see* himself. I have a good suspicion that he's an awful good fighter, even at this stage.

"In Floyd's heart," he said, "he wants the championship. I have it in *my* heart to win, too. I've been fighting over a span of 22 years. I'd be the only light heavyweight champion ever to win the heavyweight championship. I'd be the oldest to win it. I know they kick Jersey Joe Walcott's age around the same as mine, but I'd be the oldest.

"I'd like to close out a beautiful career with that."

Archie husbanded the strength left to him. Some days he skipped his road work, some days he did not box. When he did, he hit hard although he was as gentle as he could be with his sparring partners, Windy Wenbourne and Clint (Tiger) Bacon. "He isn't out to kill us," Tiger explained.

Old Archie was clearly overweight, perhaps as much as 10 pounds over the 183 or so which would be his best fighting weight now, but it did not seem to worry a man who can make the light heavyweight limit at will.

He drove his latest sports car—a red TR3—down to Ramona most mornings. There he chatted with friends, did the camp's grocery shopping and usually stopped at the home of an octogenarian couple to leave a basket of food. They live in a $40,000 home, own a Lincoln and are destitute.

"They're old," Archie explained, "and don't want to give up those nice things." Archie can understand that.

TEARS IN CALIFORNIA

THE state of California resumed last week in Los Angeles the self-appraisal of its state of boxing. The barn-door target of the present inquiry is boxing's fattest oligarch, 300-pound Babe McCoy (nee Harry Rudolph; New York City Police No. E-5043), whose matchmaker's license the Reform Commission seeks to revoke on the grounds that he connived in fixed fights, was an undercover manager and associated with gamblers.

The witnesses, boxers and managers testified, with one exception, to McCoy's lordly disdain for an equal contest. Only Art Aragon stood by the fat man in the dark chronicle of rigged bouts and duplicity.

Among the accusers was the onetime light heavyweight champion of California, Watson Jones, who in March had told Governor Goodwin Knight's investigating committee that he was just "McCoy's little colored boy." Jones was no less explicit this time. "McCoy was my boss man," he said. "He gave me back what he thought I should have. I don't remember how much but it was a lot less than half."

He went on to list fights in which "McCoy would just tell me to go there, make it look good and get out early." He told the commission how McCoy wanted it done. "He'd also say to let the crowd see me get hit on the chin so that it would look good." It didn't look so good now, as Jones continued: "I never cheated Mr. McCoy. I brought him all my money. I brought him every nickel." Then, in the fullness of his long shame, he broke down and wept.

SOCCER AT MICHIGAN STATE

THE GAME OF SOCCER, a quietly booming participant sport in U.S. preparatory schools and colleges, has carried out one of its most notable new invasions this season by thrusting a boot in the door at football-preoccupied Michigan State University.

While Football Coach Duffy Daugherty and his players were out of town, an informal soccer club on the campus was expanded (with the blessing of Athletic Director Biggie Munn) into a varsity soccer team good enough to begin its first intercollegiate season with victories over Michigan and Kenyon.

As soccer coach, Athletic Director Munn named a 28-year-old teacher in the physical education department, Gene Kenney, who is also assistant coach of wrestling. Coach Kenney played a lot of intramural soccer during his undergraduate days at Illinois, and so he accepted the assignment with a soccer buff's enthusiasm and the understanding there would be no recruiting of players, no juggling of late lab sessions and practically no spectators. Biggest crowd so far: 250 at the Michigan game.

Because of classroom conflicts, Coach Kenney never has his full squad together at any one practice. "I have my forwards three nights a week," he says cheerfully, "and my fullbacks the rest of the time. The entire team got together for the first time in the Michigan game." Despite these disadvantages, the team jelled quickly and for a good reason: all but four of the players are foreign-born and grew up with the booting game.

Their remaining games (against Michigan and Purdue) will be played away from home, and so the Spartan booters will not be in direct competition with the crowds of 58,000 that regularly fill Macklin Field Stadium for the football games. But next year, the new Michigan State team might well adopt an old Ivy League device for drawing soccer crowds: play the game just before a football game, preferably right outside the football stadium. People from the parking lots can't help but stop for a look—and if they look long enough they're pretty sure to like soccer.

EYE ON THE BALL

WAYNE MANTOOTH, head football coach of the Muleshoe (Texas) Mules, lay on a hospital stretcher in Lubbock last Friday waiting to be wheeled into surgery. Most of his stomach was to be removed because of ulcers, and Mr. Mantooth understandably looked worried. Someone offered a word of preoperative encouragement. "Oh, it isn't the operation," said Mantooth, summing up the problems of all coaches everywhere. "I'm worried about tonight's game."



"Please, Nikolai. It can never be."

ALL FOR ARETE



by LINCOLN BARNETT

ONE summer afternoon in the fifth century B.C. a naked youth stood reverently in the temple of Zeus at Olympia and received on his head an olive wreath in token of his victory in the ancient Olympic Games. Among scores of young athletes who had convened from all the Greek world to compete in the five-day festival, he was one of a mere handful who had emerged

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 39. FOLD OUT—DO NOT TEAR



THE PANORAMA OF THE OLYMPICS IN GREECE'S GOLDEN AGE

IN THE golden age of Greece, about 500 B.C., athletics had its finest hour in the Olympic Games. There, before spectators of their own sex, the flower of young Greek manhood competed in the disciplines shown in this painting by Swiss Artist Hans Erni which was commissioned by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for its Olympic issue. The mythological founder of the Games was Herakles, clothed in lion skins, who stands in the center of the painting

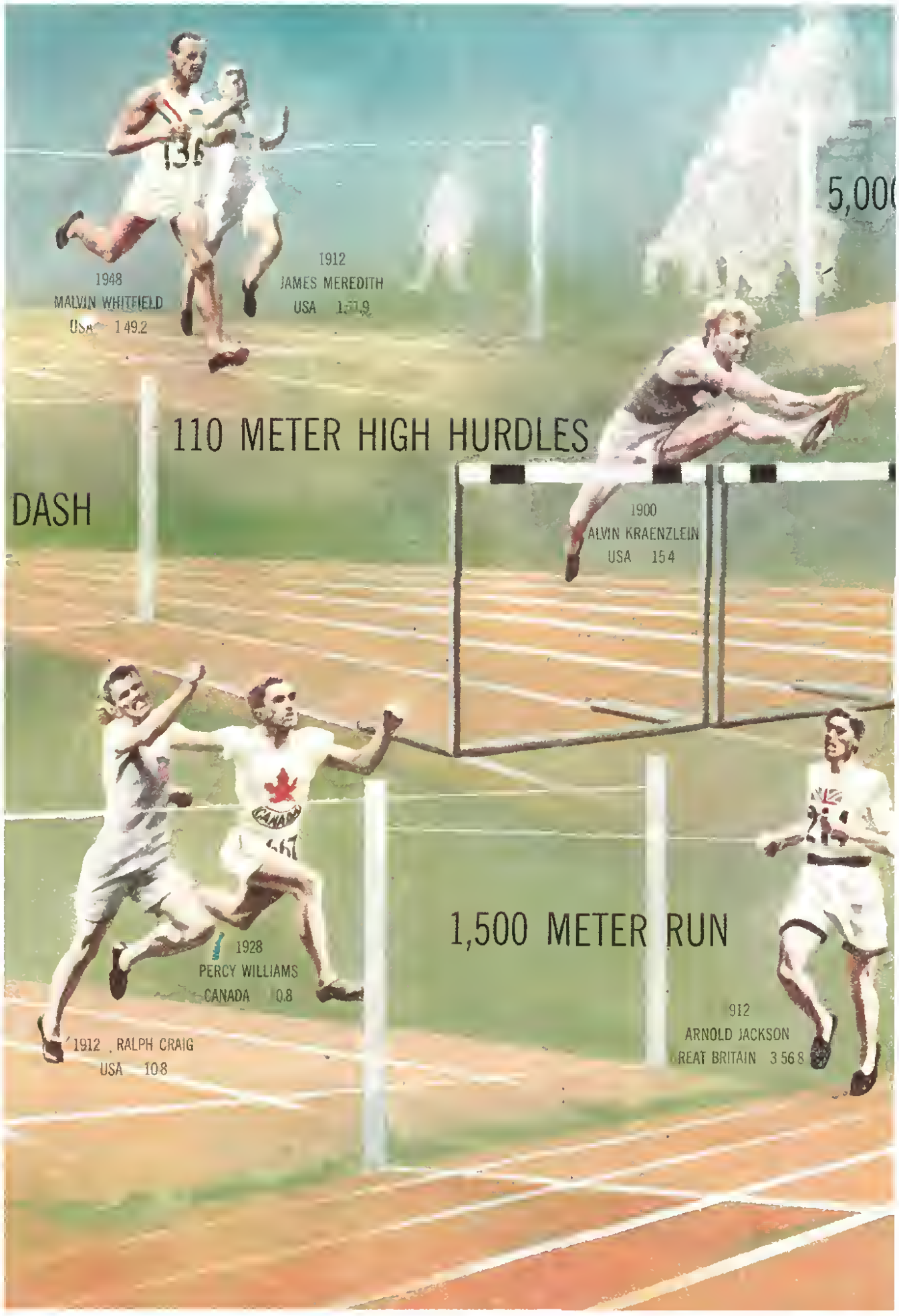


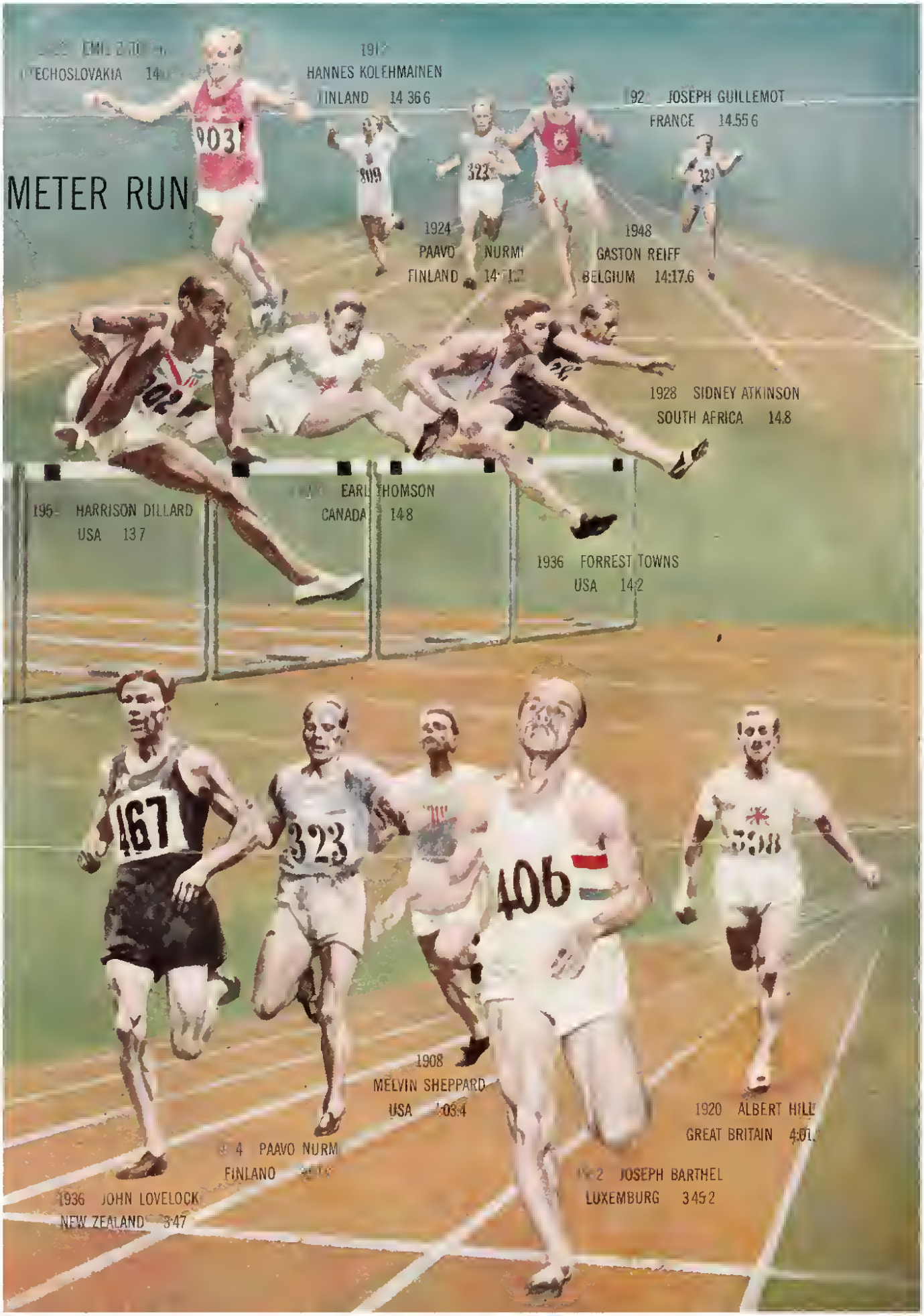
as the symbol of youth and strength. To the left, above, a leaper completes his jump with the aid of jumping weights which give added impetus to his leap. A judge stands by, alert to signal violations of the rules with his tapping rod. Spectators *(upper left)* look on. Below them are boxers, fighting without ring and without rounds until one of them quits in defeat. On the left are two men in the fierce combat of *pankration*, a free-for-all wrestling match, much like jujitsu, with only gouging and biting barred. A conventional wrestling bout, won when one man is thrown to the ground, takes place below. This was one of the most important events, for wrestling plays a large part in Greek mythology. Directly above, four runners strain at the finish line, marked by a column with the head of Zeus. Nearby is a charioteer, racing in an



event which dated to Homeric times; the only participants in the Games who were not strictly amateurs, the charioteers were professionals paid by their aristocratic employers. To the right is a javelin thrower, whose skill had more than athletic significance, for the javelin was an important military weapon, used later with great success in the Peloponnesian and other wars. The race in armor (*lower right*) also recalls the military origin of athletics. In the horse race, one lap around the stadium, naked youths ride bareback; when thrown, they would try to remount at full gallop. To the left of the dashing horses is the discus thrower, whose metal discus had to be hurled for accuracy as well as distance. Thus the Olympic circle is completed, and still standing over all is the spirit of Herakles, whose heroism formed the theme of the great festival.


800 METER RUN
1920 ALBERT HILL
GREAT BRITAIN 1:51.4
1928
PERCY WILLIAMS
CANADA 21.8
1936
JOHN WOODRUFF
USA 1:52.9
1908
MELVIN SHEPPARD
USA 1:5
1952
ANDY STANFIELD
USA 20.7
1936
JESSE OWENS
USA 20.7
193
EDDIE
USA 21.2
200 METER
1920 CHARLES PADDOCK
USA 10.8
1948 HARRISON DILLARD
USA 10.3
1932 EDDIE TOLAN
USA 10.3
1936 JESSE OWENS
USA
100 METER DASH


5,000
1948
MALVIN WHITFIELD
USA 1 49.2
1912
JAMES MEREDITH
USA 1
110 METER HIGH HURDLES
DASH
1900
ALVIN KRAENZLEIN
USA 15 4
1928
PERCY WILLIAMS
CANADA 10.8
1912 . RALPH CRAIG
USA 10 8
1,500 METER RUN
912
ARNOLD JACKSON
REAT BRITAIN 3 56 8


METER RUN
EMIL ZATOPEK
CZECHOSLOVAKIA 14
1912
HANNES KOLEHMAINEN
FINLAND 14 36 6
1924
PAAVO NURMI
FINLAND 14
1948
GASTON REIFF
BELGIUM 14:17.6
92 JOSEPH GUILLEMOT
FRANCE 14.55 6
1928 SIDNEY ATKINSON
SOUTH AFRICA 14.8
EARL THOMSON
CANADA 14 8
1936 FORREST TOWNS
USA 14 2
HARRISON DILLARD
USA 13 7
1908
MELVIN SHEPPARD
USA 10 3 4
4 PAAVO NURMI
FINLAND
1936 JOHN LOVELOCK
NEW ZEALAND 3 47
2 JOSEPH BARTHEL
LUXEMBURG 3 45 2
1920 ALBERT HILL
GREAT BRITAIN 4:01

ALL FOR ARETE

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triumphant. Now his whole life had been changed. His name would be listed forever in the annals of Olympic winners which the Greeks had preserved for 300 years and would maintain for 800 years more. His exploit would be celebrated in poetry and song. His lithe body would be perpetuated in marble by a state sculptor. He would return to his native city over flower-strewn roads and there be honored as long as he lived.

No people anywhere, any time, ever glorified their athletic champions so ecstatically as the ancient Greeks. When an Olympic victor named Diagoras of Rhodes received his olive wreath a friend said to him, "Die, Diagoras, for thou hast nothing short of divinity to desire." The historian Thucydides, in describing a reception given a homecoming general, wrote that crowds flocked about him and decked him with garlands "as though he were an athlete."

The Greek adulation of physical prowess had a practical, underlying basis. For in warfare, which flared frequently among the jealous city states of that age, the survival of the individual soldier depended on his strength, skill and endurance in hand-to-hand combat. Where the commanders of modern, mechanized armies attain rank through mental ability, the military leaders of antiquity were necessarily athletes as well. Yet the exigencies of war did not provide the whole rationale of the Greek attitude toward sports. There was also an esthetic element involved. The Greeks greatly admired the human body, and the exquisite precision with which their painters and sculptors portrayed athletes in competition (like the Discobolus, *see cover*) reflected not only knowledge of anatomy but a profound appreciation of grace and style in action. Finally, within their philosophy they cherished a concept called *arete*, meaning excellence—in every department of life: moral, intellectual and physical. They believed in cultivating the whole man, and *arete* was the undergirding ideal and thesis of the ancient Olympic Games.

The origins of the Games are lost in a web of conflicting myths. One account, set forth by the poet Pindar, relates that the mighty hero, Herakles, after conquering the Peloponnesian state of Elis, erected a temple to Zeus in the nearby vale of Olympia and instituted the first Games as a thank offering to his divine benefactor. According to the legend he marked out the lengtb of tbe original Olympic stadium—210 yards—by placing heel to toe 600 times. (Herakles' foot thus spanned 12.77 inches, a unit of length which remained the Olympian foot measure ever after.) In any event, athletic contests were held regularly at Olympia from the very dawn of Hellenic civilization. Although no one knows precisely when they started, passages in both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* reveal that such sports as foot racing, discus throwing and boxing and wrestling were features of Greek life prior to the ninth century B.C.

The actual history of the Olympic Games begins in 776 B.C., when the names of individual victors were first systematically inscribed. The initial name in the long line of Olympic champions was that of an Eleian named Coroebos who won the 200-yard dash. For nearly 12 centuries thereafter the records continue virtually unbroken, revealing how the Olympiad grew from a local festival with local contestants into a great Panhellenic national and religious celebration drawing athletes from the farthest reaches of the Greek world, from Gibraltar to the Black Sea and from the Dardanelles to the Nile. Surviving the Roman conquest, the Games continued until 394 A.D. when, at the start of the 293rd Olympiad, they were abolished by the decree of the Christian Emperor Theodosius. The last champion cited in the ancient lists was Varastades, an Armenian boxer; his name terminated the Olympic records for 15 centuries—until 1896 when the Games were revived.

ALTHOUGH they stand today as a symbol of international competition, in ancient times the Olympiads were open only to freeborn Greeks. Weeks before the Games began the contestants were required to arrive at Elis for a preliminary screening by the Hellanodikai—a 10-man panel of judges—who examined them with respect to their parentage, their character and their physical endowments and skills. Those who qualified then had to undergo a final month of rigorous training under the Hellanodikai's critical surveillance.

During this time the landscape of Olympia became transformed. One of the loveliest valleys in Greece, engirded with wooded hills and watered by the Alpheus and Kladeos rivers, it had been embellished over the centuries with temples, shrines, altars, monuments and a forest of statues in gold, marble and bronze, some dedicated to the gods, some to former Olympic champions. As the opening of the Games approached, spectators began converging by river and road—the elite of Hellas, city kings and envoys, appareled in purple and gold, riding in gilded chariots; philosophers, horse traders, merchants and peddlers; and humble fisherfolk and peasants. From a tranquil, bucolic shrine Olympia expanded swiftly into a teeming temporary metropolis with something of the aspect of a state fair, dotted with tents, stalls and booths from which vendors dispensed art objects, votive offerings and food and wine. Acrobats and conjurors performed. Poets wrote odes on order. Artists executed swift sketches. Every facet of the Greek population was represented, with one exception. There were no women for, save for a single priestess of Demeter, women were excluded from the Olympic spectacle.

On the opening morning of a typical Olympiad in the golden age of Pericles—for example, the LXXXII Olympiad in 452 B.C. during the era following the Persian Wars—the festival began with a splendid procession down the sacred road from Elis to Olympia, led by the 10 Hellanodikai wearing golden wreaths, followed by the local officials of Elis, the atbletes and their relatives and special partisans and, in the rear, great herds of sheep and oxen allocated for sacrifice to the gods. The first day was traditionally one of religious rites. As many as 100 oxen, sheep, bulls and swine died on the altars of Zeus and other deities.

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THE MODERN HEROES

The modern Olympics, like the old, have given rise to a legion of heroes, and a man reviewing their performances inclines to the feeling that the great Olympians, though they competed in different years, were part of a single contest, as shown in the composite painting on the opposite page. In the fast procession no hero stays long in front. Arnold Strode Jackson, surprise winner in 1912, is now in the ruck, and when the Olympic Games at Melbourne are done, such great ones as Jesse Owens and Emil Zatopek may be in second place.



THE 1956 OLYMPICS

Next week the Games begin. Sports Illustrated presents on the following 50 pages the Olympic sports and Olympians who offer the world, in its present doubtful state, a common cause to cheer

by COLES PHINIZY

NOVEMBER SECOND was an eventful day. In Gaza the Israelis were mopping up around Jebel Muntar; on Cyprus the RAF flew away to crater Egyptian airfields; Russian tanks were moving west again to the Danube. At 9:30 a.m. on this day, near Pyrgos, Greece, in the lee of a low hill sacred to the old god Cronus, a 47-year-old physicist named Salteris G. Peristerakis set up a parabolic reflector bought with World War I reparations, and held a torch in its hot spot of reflected light. Peristerakis was there in the ruins and weeds of ancient Olympia to gather the flame which will, on Nov. 22 at Melbourne, Australia, open the Games of the 16th Olympiad of the modern era.

Peristerakis worked alone. No one was permitted to watch, because the pagan god Zeus and not Peristerakis is supposed to kindle each Olympic flame. After a moment the torch flared, and Peristerakis carried the flame from the stadium ruins, where runners started it on its first 217-mile leg to a waiting plane. At Athens the flame was trimmed low in a miner's lamp and put aboard an Australian airliner bound south for Cairo. But bombers were in the lanes to Cairo, so the plane shifted east to Istanbul and picked its way over neutral lands to Karachi, Calcutta and Singapore. Indonesians refused to service this plane of the British Empire, so it overflew Djakarta to Darwin. Here, the flame was hung over the empty bay of a Canberra jet (of the sort bombing Cairo). At Cairns, 2,750 miles from Melbourne, runners took the flame again. Constantine Verevis, a Greek-Australian, handed the torch to an aborigine named Anthony Mark, who used to run mail through the bush, swimming three rivers, and is accustomed to such things.

Two hundred miles a day the flame moved south, through cane fields and scrub eucalyptus, past the strange nubs which the Discoverer Cook called the Glasshouse Mountains, past the surf at Coolangatta, through Sydney and the maze of Canberra's concentric streets. This week the torch will be passing from hand to hand, through the town of Cootamundra to Wagga Wagga and on to Wangaratta. A 41-year-old lawyer, Finlay McNab, will pass the torch to a trucker, Beverly Scott, who will run a mile and pass it to a diamond setter, Peter Mahardy. This is the first torch to burn south of the equator—first time down under, where the sun leans to the north and big-billed kookaburras meet the expanding day with crazy laughs. The torch, the symbol of the Olympic idea, has traveled its farthest and now faces its severest test.

Many Olympians, caught like the torch in world discord, arrived late, but more than 3,500 are already on hand. As the planeloads landed last week, on a practice infield Adolfo Consolini shed his blue sweatshirt lettered "Italia." Consolini of Italy is what the old Greeks called a *discobulus*—a discus thrower. The classic Greek discuses of bronze and stone varied in size and weight. Consolini's discus measures an exact 8⅝ inches across and is 1¾ inches thick. Its face and edge must, by the rules, be shaped just so, and it must weigh four pounds 6.4 ounces. The discus now is a very uniform but still a very useless artifact. No one knows its origin, but it probably did not evolve from a weapon. It is a poor thing to throw, tending to veer and wobble in flight; it does not even roll well. Consolini first threw the discus as a Youth of the Fascist Lictor. He broke the world record while in Mussolini's navy; as a civilian he won the 1948 Olympic discus title. Now, at 39, he is back trying to win what he has already won. Why?

It is, Consolini reckons, to make up somehow for something he missed. Sixteen years ago he was primed for the 1940 Olympics, which were scheduled for Tokyo, transferred to Helsinki and canceled by war. "The Tokyo Olympics," Consolini says, "I dream of them by night. That would have been my best moment. I was only 23. I trained without effort. I have hopes, but new throwers have grown up. I undergo severe training, but my trouble is not training. It's age." Consolini grips the discus for the first of 40 practice throws. The discus hits about 175 feet out—good

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THE OLYMPIC TORCH passes from runner to runner in an Australian pasture. On November 22, the flame from ancient Olympia will reach the stadium to open the 1956 Olympic Games.

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enough for the medal at London, but not enough to beat the American veteran, Fortune Gordien, or Grigalka of Russia, or this new big man, Oerter, from the central part of America called Kansas.

The Olympic medal which Consolini, Gordien, Grigalka and Oerter seek is in itself no treasure. An Olympic medal, in fact, is not gold but gold plate and worth $5.62. Assembling these discus throwers and all the 4,500 Olympians of 69 nations and 17 sports is expensive. This Olympics will cost Australia about $20 million and the guest nations at least $10 million. At times it hardly seemed worth so much. In the past two years there were arguments whether Australia would get ready. The holy war of amateurism erupted again here and there, and the Olympic torch was brandished recklessly. When words failed in the heat of any argument, it became almost a pastime for partisans to throw a brick at the solid, resolute frame of the International President, Avery Brundage (most of these bricks shattered on impact).

It now seems to have happened suddenly, but the stadiums and Olympic Village are ready. The Australians took great pains. There is a jet-plane motor ready to dry rain from the track, the best Swiss watches to clock runners, for the fencers the latest in electrical foils from Italy. In the village there are 770 oversize beds for Olympians taller than 6 feet 2 and 45 superbeds for the 6½-footers. In the village mess halls Australia seated nations according to their stomachs and not their politics: Scandinavians together, Latin-Americans together, Asians together, Britons with Americans, and Russians with eastern Europeans. There are turkeys in store for America on Thanksgiving Day, fish cakes for Japan, round sponge cakes for Thailand, and water-lily-seed soup for two Chinas. When tuned to peak, an athlete's body is not as adaptable to change as his mind, and some countries took precautions of their own. The U.S. brought its own water, and the Hungarians shipped ahead tinned goose liver and enough paprika to blow the mouth off a whale.

The first Olympians in the village were two Malayan clay-pigeon shooters, who came Oct. 16. In the next two weeks, as Europe boiled in war, Olympians of 13 countries moved in. At the official opening of the village, Oct. 29, Australian Corporal Brian Agney in error ran up the Communist Chinese flag over Chinese Nationals. "It is inexcusable," a Chinese Nationalist cried. "We will protest."

"I didn't know the difference in the flags," Corporal Agney apologized, "but I certainly do now." A week after Nationalist China took umbrage, Red China withdrew in protest over the very presence of Nationalist China. After Red China withdrew, the East Germans and West Germans arrived as a single team, proving that it is possible to leave politics behind.

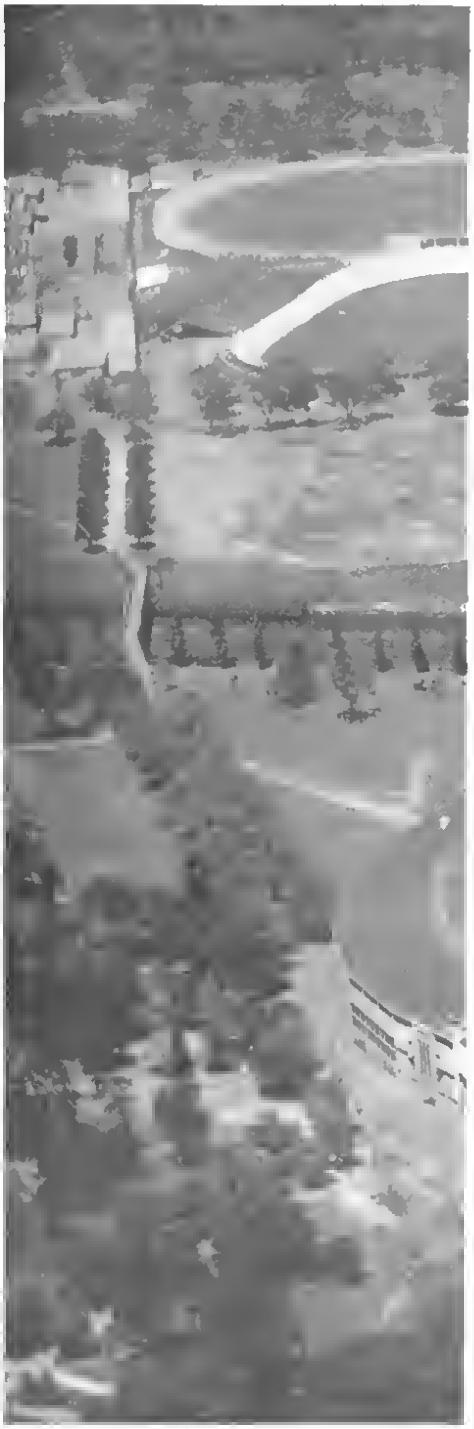
On Nov. 6, The Netherlands, a land understandably sensitive to the tread of heavy foreign feet, withdrew out of sympathy for beleaguered Hungary. The black Dutch pansies still bloom in the flower beds of the Olympic Village, but the wonderful little Dutch girls have been pulled out of the swimming pool. Then Spain quit. Iraq and Lebanon quit in protest against Britain. "They used to stop fighting to stage the Games," President Brundage commented. "Now we stop the Games to continue our wars."

The chancellor of the International Committee, Otto Mayer, begged for a moratorium so that the Hungarian team could get to the Games. Three of her Olympians were killed, but the rest of Hungary's team came out during a cease-fire.

In plain, dry, simple words the charter of the Olympics provides for amateur competition without discrimination against any country or person. Under the rules some sports are compulsory. There must be track, swimming, rowing, gymnastics, equestrian competition, cycling, weight lifting, yachting and—note this—all the combative sports: pentathlon, boxing, wrestling, fencing and shooting. Nine sports are optional, and five of these, soccer, water polo, hockey, canoeing, and basketball, are on the Melbourne agenda. The rules also state that Games must be held to celebrate each four-year Olympiad. Numerically, this is the 16th Olympiad, but only the 13th time men have gathered to celebrate. In 1916, 1940 and 1944 the world was so deep in war no one came to throw the discus, and the Olympics for those years stand in the records as the Games that might have been.

National rivalry is the bugbear of the Olympics. It disturbs the athletes little but gives the world fits at times. Gold, silver and bronze medals are awarded for first, second and third at the Games, and it is natural for anyone to want to know who wins what in each event in every sport. It is possible to add performances in gymnastics, the hop, step and jump and 1,000-meter canoeing in a single point score, but the grand total is meaningless, and the whole pursuit as futile as comparing the throwing arms of Otto Graham and Robin Roberts.

There are, without question, national rivalries in the Olympics. As the detailed reports farther along in this magazine show, there are rivalries of an



THE SITES for six of the 17 Olympic sports are located in one compact area at



Melbourne: the main stadium for track and field seating 110,000 (*foreground, above*), and beyond it along the Yarra River a 33-meter cycling track and hockey field (*top left*), a soccer stadium (*top center*) and a stadium for swimming and water polo.

almost chaotic variety—old rivalries, new rivalries, global, regional, personal rivalries. In many finals at Melbourne, again, the toughest fight will be teammate against teammate.

Among the coaches of the Olympic world, national identity dissolves into almost nothing. Coaches are forever aiding the enemy. Smiling broadly at trackside in Melbourne stands Joe Yancey, coach of the New York Pioneer Club. One of the Pioneers, Andy Stanfield, is defending Olympic champion in the 200-meter dash, but Yancey has come to Melbourne to coach a new, green squad of Jamaican runners who hope to take medals away from the U.S. as the great Jamaican veterans did at the 1948 and 1952 Games. The Austrian track genius Franz Stampfl has been coaching Australia's runners since August of last year and mailing out tape-recorded advice to running disciples, such as Chris Chataway, in Great Britain. The Italian water-polo coach, scheming to upset the favored Hungarians this year with their own style of play, is Bandi Zólyomi of Hungary. The American fencers will be coached by an old Hungarian saberman, Lajos Csiszar.

Among the American fencers on the mats in Melbourne there is one who views the Games with unrivaled perspective. He is Dr. Norman Armitage, a fit, 49-year-old saberman whose mustache and face are more familiar in industry than in sport. He is a

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THE 1956 OLYMPICS

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vice-president of the Deering-Milliken Corporation and the most durable symbol of the Olympics. He first competed as an Olympian at Amsterdam in 1928, had his best year in London in '48, winning 19 of 23 bouts and a bronze medal. Melbourne will be his sixth Olympic competition. Because he lives now in Pendleton, S.C., where no one fences, Armitage has prepared for the last two Games by running 10 miles a week and lunging against imaginary opponents in the parish of the Episcopal church. "There certainly always has been national rivalry in fencing," Dr. Armitage reports, "and it should be. We're all imbued with it. It's the same thing we get in colleges here. At all the Olympics I haven't made anything but friends; why, some old friends are coming back now as officials."

Sitting on the infield grass, László Tábori, the leather worker from Budapest, and István Rózsavolgyi, the Hungarian army captain, ponder what sort of races there will be at 1,500 and 5,000 meters. What will the Russian 10,000-meter-man Kuts be worth in the shorter, faster 5,000? John Landy, the man intrigued by the tactics of running duels—what threat will Landy be now suddenly recovered from his tendon trouble? Chris Chataway and that persistent bogey, Gordon Pirie—will they pull the British trick, let their rivals play donkey runner, then make a race of it in the last 300 meters?

As he jogs past, lanky Somnerg Srisombati, wearing the white elephant of Thailand on his jacket, has no such complicated worries. Srisombati has only a vague sense of tactics. He is a runner because he has been running and running over the monastery grounds back at Wat Kanchanaram. He ran 1,500 meters in four minutes 19 seconds, and Thailand felt that was good enough. The sailboat of Prince Birabongse Bhanubhand of Thailand does have a chance in the sailing competition on Port Phillip Bay, but Runner Srisombati's chance against the master milers is truly dim. Srisombati knows this, but he adds, "An upcountry boy like me serves to stimulate interest in international sport."

There has been political drumbeating at earlier Olympic Games, and tourist-minded citizens playing host sometimes have emphasized spectacle more than competition. As Iraq and The Netherlands withdrew, the Games ran the risk of becoming a court for the aggrieved, as if there was no longer room at United Nations for the differences of the world. The walls of the Olympic stadium were not intended either for political billboards or for the placards of the righteous.

Last April, an old discus thrower in the U.S. Senate—which has no Olympic authority—urged that America do everything possible to ban Russia from the Olympics. An American rowing coach warned a church group that a Russian Olympic victory would "endanger the peace of the world."

It has been said that this Olympics is a great rivalry of the U.S. and Russia. Now, as the Games begin, any man can survey the panorama of competition between great performers from many countries and decide for himself that the Games are something more than any two countries can make—or unmake. Anyone still obsessed with the idea that these Games should be, must be, a duel of Russia and the U.S. should put blinders on, ignore the general scene and concentrate on the hammer throw. There in the hammer circle is a corking battle of Americans and Russians who have been trading the world record across the Curtain for almost half a year. Cliff Blair of the U.S. took the record away from Mikhail Krivonosov of Russia. Krivonosov took it back. Hal Connolly beat Krivonosov, Krivonosov beat Connolly, and Connolly beat Krivonosov. Quite a rivalry, but Cliff Blair shrugs it off: "In the hammer, sooner or later, everybody beats everybody."



GOLD MEDAL will go to 268 winners among the 4,500 Olympians at Melbourne.

At 4:32 p.m., Nov. 22, the last torchbearer, a veteran with considerable feeling for the joy of running, will carry the flame into the stadium. He has a world-famous name, but, unlike the names of Anthony Mark, Peter Mahardy, Finlay McNab and all 3,000 runners who have advanced the torch, his by tradition must be kept secret until the moment arrives. The Duke of Edinburgh will say, "I declare open the Olympic Games of 1956, celebrating the 16th Olympiad of the modern era." Five thousand pigeons—not doves of peace, but pigeons—will flutter into the sky.

Meanwhile at the practice circle, the old discus thrower Adolfo Consolini wipes the sweat out of the creases in his forehead, dries his hands and makes the last of 40 practice throws. He has a chance against Gordien of the U.S. and Grigalka of Russia, to compensate for something he feels he missed 16 years ago. But already this time something is missing. Consolini will not have the chance to beat the European record holder, Karel Merta. Record holder Merta was caught deliberately using a lighter discus in competition, and was dropped from the lists. This insistence that a man cannot tamper with the common denominator but wins by improving himself makes the Olympic stadium a unique meeting place. Olympians have come 12,000 miles because of common values, not differences, and this perhaps explains why, during these Games, there can be a moratorium at least in the minds of men. END

STARS OF TRACK & FIELD

The men and women of track and field who come to the Olympics from more than 50 countries are already rich in the coin of amateurism, the winner's medal. They are now at Melbourne in quest of the greatest of these honors, the Olympic gold medal shown above. Many of the leading claimants pictured on the following pages are newcomers with strong chances, but there are also veterans—Discus Thrower Fortune Gordien, and Vaulter Bob Richards—back for their second or third quest. They have all spent years preparing and are deserving, but to earn the gold medal now each must win one crucial contest on the field at Melbourne.



LOU JONES OF THE U.S.

Holder of the world record of 45.2 seconds, he should win Olympic 400-meter dash over Russia's Ardalion Ignatiev and U.S. Teammates Jim Lea and Charley Jenkins.



TOM COURTNEY OF THE U.S.

With Belgium's record holder Roger Moens beset by leg injuries, Courtney now enters the 800 meters at slight favorite over longtime collegiate rival, Arnold Sowell.

BOBBY MORROW OF THE U.S.

A possible double winner in the 100- and 200-meter sprints, he will be hard pressed by his U.S. teammates and another old competitor, Mike Agostini of Trinidad.





JOHN LANDY OF AUSTRALIA

It is only two years since he dueled Bannister and set the mile mark at 3:58, but now if he should enter the 1,500- and 5,000-meter runs, he will have to beat eight other four-minute men.



VLADIMIR KUTS OF RUSSIA

Overshadowed by Hungary's distance men last year, this fall be lowered the 10,000-meter record to 28:30.4 to emerge as the man to beat in this event and a threat in the 5,000 meters as well.



GORDON PIRIE OF GREAT BRITAIN

Record holder and first-ranked runner in the world at 5,000 meters, this dogged Briton at Melbourne will have to beat the strongest field ever assembled for any major distance race over a mile.



THE GREAT RUNNERS FROM HUNGARY

In two years Sándor Iharos (*left*), László Tábori and István Rózsavolgyi have broken 10 world distance records. At the Games, Rózsavölgyi will run only the 1,500 meters, at which he holds the record (3:40.6). Tábori will also run 5,000 meters. Iharos' chances have been dashed by foot injury during Hungarian crisis.



GLENN DAVIS OF THE U.S.

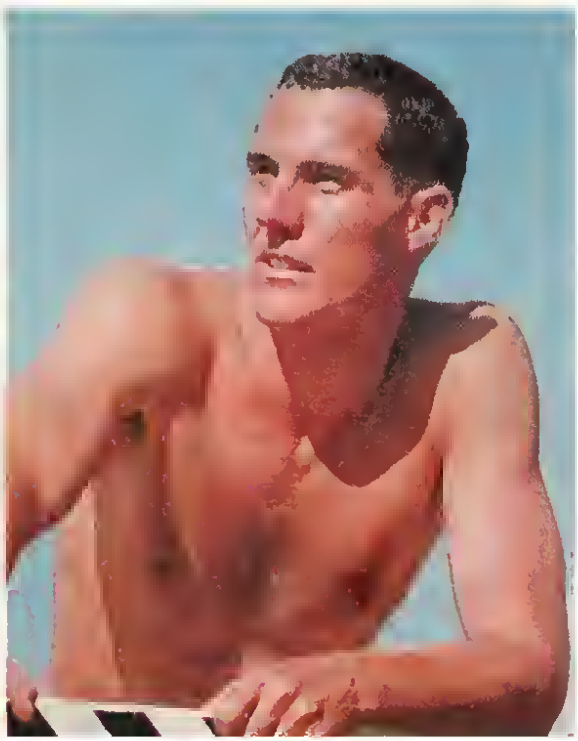
Russians dominated the 400-meter hurdles from 1952 until this year, when Davis, in his first full season at the event, solidly smashed the world record by winning U.S. trials in 49 5 seconds.

JACK DAVIS OF THE U.S.

Runner-up in the high hurdles at Helsinki, this June he set a new world mark of 13 4 seconds. At Melbourne, Davis and Teammate Lee Calhoun should finish in near dead heat for first place.



CHARLEY DUMAS OF THE U.S





Though a clear favorite since his record 7-foot ½-inch high jump last June, he could be upset if off form by older, consistent rivals such as Sweden's Bengt Nilsson.



GREG BELL OF THE U.S.

In a close rivalry Bell (*above*) and John Bennett of U.S. should broad-jump around 26 feet—good enough to win unless Holland's erratic Henk Visser happens to hit one of his rare, great jumps.



BOB RICHARDS OF THE U.S.

A veteran of two Olympiads and the only 15-foot pole-vaulter in the 1956 Games, he should retain his 1952 title while his U.S. teammates battle improved Europeans for second and third place.



PARRY O'BRIEN OF THE U.S.

This year O'Brien has already broken his world shotput record four times. At Melbourne he is almost sure to win again and break the Olympic mark he set at Helsinki.



MIKHAIL KRIVONOSOV OF RUSSIA

In the hammer throw, the only track event in which the U.S. and Russia meet at fairly equal strength, Krivonosov's consistency makes him slight favorite down under.



EGIL DANIELSEN OF NORWAY

Improving fast, this new, young javelin thrower has a good chance of beating the 1952 champion, Cy Young of the U.S., and Poland's world record holder, Janusz Sidlo.



FORTUNE GORDIEN OF THE U.S.

He holds the world discus record—194 feet 6 inches—but will be hard put to beat Teammate Al Oerter and the 1948 Olympic champion, aging Adolfo Consolini of Italy.



GALINA ZYBINA OF RUSSIA

Olympic winner in 1952, this solid blonde has broken her own world shotput record 11 times. She will most probably win again unless upset by a teammate—as she was in Russian Olympic tryouts by a husky, 220-pound newcomer, Tamara Tyshkevich. Russian women will probably sweep the shotput event at Melbourne.

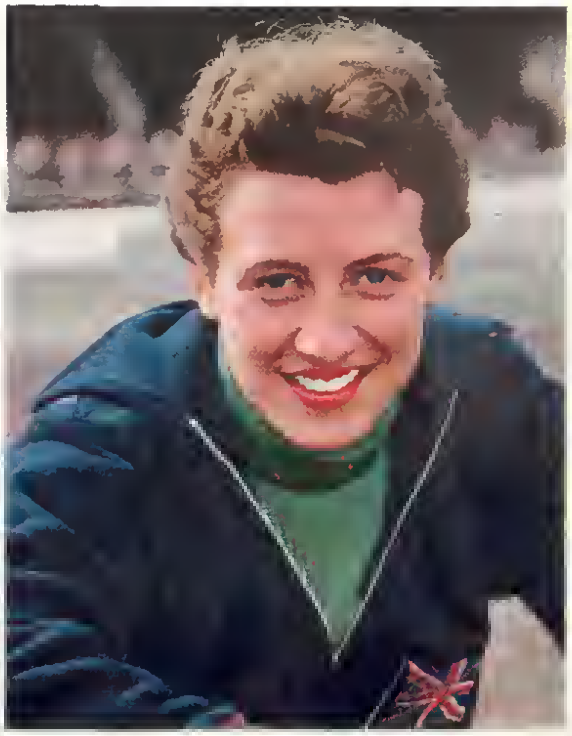


DANA ZATOPEK OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

This veteran javelin thrower—wife of the great long-distance runner, Emil Zátopek—will probably break own Olympic record in defense of her 1952 title against Russian competition

MARLENE MATHEWS OF AUSTRALIA

At Melbourne the women's 100- and 200-meter sprints are up for grabs, with Mathews a chancy favorite over other good sprinters from Australia, Germany, Russia and Great Britain.



THELMA HOPKINS OF GREAT BRITAIN

One of Britain's few bright hopes for a gold medal in track and field, in women's high jump she faces tough competitors from Rumania, Czechoslovakia and U.S.



WATCH THE U.S.

Here is the heart and soul of the Olympic Games and here, once again, it will be the United States against the world — with the U.S. favored

by ROY TERRELL

THE DASHES

IN THE OLYMPIC YEAR 1956, when the talk is of sprinters, you begin with the magic name Morrow. This trim but muscular youngster with the flashing stride has never equaled the world record for 100 meters (10.1) or 100 yards (9.3) although he has been only one tenth of a second off each and has run 200 meters around a curve as fast as any man in history (20.6). Bobby Morrow just wins races—and because of this he could become the first double sprint champion of the Olympic Games since Jesse Owens at Berlin in 1936. He has beaten all the best—including his teammates, Ira Murchison, who *has* run 10.1, the veteran Thane Baker and the 1952 Olympic 200-meter champion, Andy Stanfield—and has the great competitive poise that sometimes means as much as sheer physical ability in the big races.

Murchison, with his rocketing start, and Baker, with his tremendous mid-race pickup, are in the same class with Morrow at 100 meters, as are Stanfield and Baker—who finished one-two at Helsinki—at 200 meters. Non-U.S. athletes seem to have little chance for medals in these events. One who might come through is the little scooter from Trinidad, Mike Agostini, who goes to school at Fresno State and has run about as fast as anyone alive. But he was notably unable to beat the best U.S. sprinters on the West Coast last spring and summer and the odds are pretty long against his chances of accomplishing it now. Another almost certain finalist who needs only to prove himself against world-class competition is Manfred Germar of Germany, the best young dashman in Europe.

Behind this handful are half a dozen who can only hope to come close. In the 100 the list includes Heinz Fütterer and Hector Hogan, a pair of once-dangerous veterans from Germany and Australia respectively, who are now on the downgrade; the Russians Boris Tokaryev and Leonid Bartenyev; Pakistan's Abdul Khaliq and Leo Pohl of Germany. In the 200 are some members of the above cast plus José Telles da Conceição of Brazil, Vilém Mandlík and Vaclav Jánecek of Czechoslovakia, Canada's Stan Levenson, Ardalion Ignatyev of Russia and Karl-Friedrich Haas of Germany.

The man to beat in the 400 meters at Melbourne is certainly Lou Jones, the world-record holder from Manhattan College by way of the U.S. Army and a fellow with a proclivity for losing the unimportant race and winning the big one. He ran 45.4 at the 1955 Pan-American Games and last summer, in the final U.S. Olympic trials at Los Angeles, lowered the world record to an almost unbelievable 45.2.

No one questions that Jones will have the competition to push him on, both from his teammates and others. Jim Lea, the world record holder at 440 yards, was second to Jones in both the big races, and young Charley Jenkins, at Los Angeles, was not far behind. If someone should break into this U.S. monopoly, it will probably be either Ignatyev or young Voitto Hellsten, Finland's fast improving ace at

continued on next page



BEST SPRINT TEAM ever assembled is the United States Olympic 400-meter relay quartet of (*left to right*) Leamon King, Thane Baker, Bobby Morrow and Ira Murchison.

TRACK AND FIELD

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this un-Finnish distance. Others to watch include Haas, Ivan Rodriguez of Puerto Rico, Kevan Gosper of Australia, Peter Higgins of Great Britain, and if the Magyars arrive in good condition, Zoltán Adamik of Hungary.

With its great strength in sprinting, the U.S. is virtually certain to win both the 400- and 1,600-meter relays and break Olympic records in the process. Morrow, Murchison, Baker and Leamon King (who has also done 10.1) can expect no real competition even from Germany's strong team. And at 1,600 meters Jones, Lea, Jenkins and big J. W. Mashburn should leave Great Britain, Germany and the Russians laboring far behind.

THE MIDDLE DISTANCES

The four best 800-meter men in the world are Roger Moens, a Belgian police clerk who holds the world record; Audun Boysen, a Norwegian psychologist; and two young men from the U.S., Tom Courtney and Arnie Sowell. Of these, only Moens, who injured his leg during a mid-September workout in Athens, will be missing at Melbourne.

On a stop-watch basis, Boysen, Courtney and Sowell are as alike as three spikes in a track shoe. This year Courtney and Boysen have run 1:46.4 and Sowell 1:46.7. But in style—and sometimes in competition—they are not alike at all. Boysen has great speed but never seems to win in the big international meets; he may be the ideal pace setter for what could be one of the great races of the 1956 Games. Courtney and Sowell on the other hand are tremendous competitors, the one a hard-driving runner with great power, the other a graceful floating shadow; they have been taking turns beating each other for three years and the one you like depends upon whether you are a Courtney or a Sowell man.

Chasing them should be their teammate, Lon Spurrier—who holds the world 880-yard record but has never beaten either Courtney or Sowell in a race—Lajos Szentgáli of Hungary, Edmund Brenner of Germany and Derek Johnson of Great Britain. The great Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark, who has been bothered by injuries and may run only the 1,500, could also cause trouble at this shorter distance.

All 10 of history's sub-four-minute milers—Roger Bannister, John Landy, Brian Hewson, László Tábori, Ron Delany, Jim Bailey, Gunnar Nielsen, István Rózsavölgyi, Chris Chataway and Derek Ibbotson—are looked for at Melbourne, and of these only the first, Bannister, will be there in a noncompetitive capacity; of the remainder, only Chataway and Ibbotson are definitely passing up the 1,500 meters to concentrate on the 5,000 meters. Which means that this magic race could develop into the spectacle that the track world has been looking forward to for more than two years—or it could disintegrate into the wildest last-lap scramble in the history of the sport. Exactly what it turns into depends, of course, upon whether any of the runners involved dares to step out and set a real scorcher of a pace—in which case it would almost be an accident if the world record survives—or whether each hangs back, conserving his energy for that all-important dash to the finish line, and waits for someone else to risk setting the pace.

In any event, all the great names do not appear above and those which do are not necessarily operating at maximum efficiency. Landy, for example—who, because he believes that a "great" race deserves a "great" time, might be the man to set the pace—is a question mark because of tendon trouble in his legs. Nielsen has been slow getting back into shape and no one knows whether Delany or Bailey or Hewson can repeat their earlier brilliant performances. But Rózsavölgyi, the blond Hungarian who set a world 1,500-meter record of 3:40.6 on Aug. 3, and later ran 3:41.0, could lead them all if he is ready. Some others who must be considered are the veteran Swede, Ingvar Ericsson, who has made a marvelous comeback this fall to run the third-best 1,500 meters of the year (3:41.2); Siegfried Herrmann, the fast-improving German who should definitely not be underrated; Ken Wood, Britain's stout competitor, unbeaten in '56; Dan Waern of Sweden—who has been called the new Gunder Hägg—and Stanislav Jungwirth of Czechoslovakia, Klaus Richtzenhain of Germany and Olavi Salsola of Finland.

Of America's three entries at 1,500 meters, young Don Bowden has shown the most improvement and appears to have a better chance at reaching the finals than either Jerome Walters or Ted Wheeler. But Bowden's best is only 3:46.6. Maybe in 1960?

THE DISTANCES

The great distance runners of 1956 have been Gordon Pirie, the stormy paint salesman from England, a Russian sailor named Vladimir Kuts and Lieutenant Sandor Iharos of the Hungarian army. With Iharos out with an injured foot, it is not inconceivable that between them Pirie and Kuts could split up the four gold and silver medals which go to the winner and runner-up in the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races.

Iharos held the 5,000-meter world record at 13:40.6. Pirie broke it (13:36.8) and in the same race Kuts did 13:39.6. Iharos this year ran his first real competitive race at 10,000 meters and set a world record of 28:42.8. Two months later Kuts broke this with a startling 28:30.4. So, as the time nears for the Olympics, it is reasonable to assume that Pirie and Kuts will wage a tremendous battle for the 5,000-meter championship, and that Kuts will go after the 10,000 meters with Pirie in hot pursuit. The only trouble with this figuring is that there is always someone named Chataway, or Landy, or Tábori, or Ibbotson, or Kovács, or Chromik to ruin the script.

Landy, if his leg is all right, and Chataway, always a marvelous competitor, and Tábori and Ibbotson appear to have the best chance to upset the form chart in the 5,000. In the 10,000, Poland's Jerzy Chromik could cause real trouble if he decides to stick to the flat races he has been working on most of this year and leave his first love, the steeplechase, to others. If not, then the 10,000-meter competition will come from three aging veterans: tiny Hungarian József Kovács, Alain Mimoun of France and Herbert Schade of Germany and, perhaps, from young Alan Lawrence or erratic Dave Stephens of Australia as well. America's best in the two distance events are a pair of 22-year-olds who still have a long way to go: Bill Dellinger and Max Truex.

Should Chromik decide to try the steeplechase again, he will run into a real battle with two other Europeans who this year have bettered his old 8:40.2 world record. Russia's Semyon Rzhishchin (8:39.8) is a spotty competitor capable of amazing performances on his good days; Hungary's Sándor Rozsnyói (8:35.6) is even more brilliant and at the moment ranks as the logical favorite at Melbourne. Another of the fabulous Hungarians, László Jeszenszky, and Ernst Larsen of Norway—who is both very good and very consistent—and the strong British trio of John Disley, Chris Brasher and Eric Shirley are all contenders. Finland has a threat in Olavi Rinteenpää.

All this leaves the defending Olympic champion, Horace Ashenfelter of the U.S., confronted with quite a task; unless he gets far below his Olympic record—and personal best—of 8:45.4, he has little chance even to place this

THEY TRAINED IN THE U.S.

When U.S. athletes move into Melbourne for the XVI Olympiad, some of the foreign competitors they encounter will not seem foreign at all; they will seem like old friends—and, of course, they will be. The six track and field athletes below, like the four swimmers on page 74, have all been students at, and competed for, American colleges and universities. Perhaps because of this, or perhaps just by coincidence, each is a standout contender in his specialty: Agostini, Landström, Gosper and Price rank right behind the favored Americans in five U.S.-dominated events while Delany and Bailey are way ahead. They ran one-two at the NCAA meet last summer and each has run the mile in less than four minutes—which is something not even one of their American friends has been able to do yet.



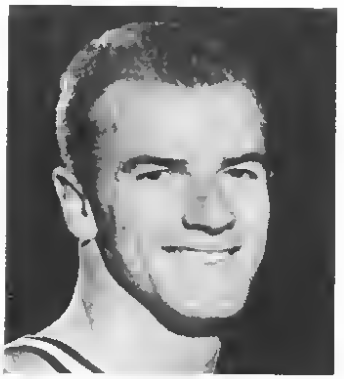
MICHIGAN'S EELES LANOSTRÖM
FINLAND POLE VAULT



OKLAHOMA'S NEVILLE PRICE
SOUTH AFRICA, BROAD JUMP



VILLANOVA'S RON DELANY
IRELAND, 1,500 METERS



MICHIGAN STATE'S KEVAN GOSPER
AUSTRALIA, 400 METERS



OREGON'S JIM BAILEY
AUSTRALIA, 1,500 METERS



FRESNO STATE'S MIKE AGOSTINI
TRINIDAD, 100, 200 METERS

time. But then, no one expected Horace to place in '52, either.

Emil Zatopek won three gold medals (5,000, 10,000 and marathon) at Helsinki after winning the 10,000 at London in '48. The great Czech runner will be back again at Melbourne but will run only in the marathon and no one really knows whether he is physically capable of adding one last gold medal to his already slightly incredible collection. At any rate, if you wanted to pick the winner of this most grueling of all Olympic events, Zatopek might be as good a choice as any. Courses around the world vary to such an extent that comparative times mean little and few of the top marathoners race against each other often enough to invite comparisons.

Among the best, however, are Zatopek, the Finnish trio of Veikko Karvonen, Paavo Edvard Kotila and Eino Oksanen; South Africa's Jan Barnard, Hideo Hamamura and Kurao Hiroshima of Japan, Franjo Mihalic of Yugoslavia, Ron Clark of Great Britain, the Australians John Russell and Keith Ollerenshaw and two fast-improving prospects from the U.S., John Kelley and Dean Thackwray.

THE HURDLES

Only eight men have run under 14 seconds in the 110-meter hurdles this year and seven of these are Americans; if each nation could send as many competitors as it wanted in each event, the high hurdle final would almost certainly be made up of six from the U.S.

As it is, they may need the finish-line photos to determine which of the three that do make the trip gets to the tape first: the world record holder, Jack Davis (who was second by a breath to Harrison Dillard at Helsinki), Lee Calhoun, winner over Davis several times in the last year, or Joel Shankle, the versatile star from Duke. Once you add Martin Lauer, the gifted 19-year-old from Germany who recently ran 13.9, the hurdle field is about complete.

One of the outstanding races of the Games may take place in the 400-meter hurdles, where three dazzling U.S. youngsters have come up to challenge—and even surpass—the Russians. Yuriy Lituyev of the U.S.S.R. was upset by an American, Charlie Moore, at Helsinki in '52, and Moore's feat was considered surprising indeed. But last summer a 21-year-old farm boy from Ohio named Glenn Davis ran the distance in 49.5, an 18-year-old from Texas named Eddie Southern was only two yards back in 49.7 and a

continued on next page

TRACK AND FIELD

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23-year-old Marine named Josh Culbreath was third in 50.4—and Culbreath's time was good enough to tie the 31-year-old Lituyev's world record. So, suddenly, the 400-meter hurdles, too, has become a U.S. event.

The other Russian contenders are Igor Ilin and Vyacheslav Bogatov; best of the rest is Rumania's Ilie Savel.

THE WEIGHTS

The four weight, or throwing, events should produce rich international competition. Except in the shotput, no one country dominates the scene.

The shotput is a U.S. event, the primary reason, of course, being Parry O'Brien. The explosive Californian is the defending Olympic champion, the world-record holder (63 feet 2 inches) and probably the heaviest single favorite in an event this year at Melbourne. The other reasons are his two younger teammates, the giant Ken Bantum and burly Bill Nieder who, along with O'Brien, are the only three 60-footers in the business.

Best non-U.S. shotputter is the massive, 253-pound Czech, Jirí Skobla, whose father won the heavyweight weightlifting championship at Los Angeles in 1932. He has gone beyond 58 feet and is consistently out past 57. Russia has a 57-footer in Vartan Ovsepyan and Barclay Palmer of Great Britain rates very close.

This has been quite a year for hammer throwers with the tall Russian, Mikhail Krivonosov, the determined American, Hal Connolly, and—on one occasion—the erratic young American, Cliff Blair, taking turns at demolishing the world record. At last count it belonged to Connolly at 224 feet 10½ inches, a feat he accomplished only 11 days after Krivonosov had whipped the big iron ball out 220 feet 10¼ inches. At any rate, these two are the best in the world, both in the matter of ability and consistency, and their duel should be a real jewel on the field-event schedule.

On several occasions Blair has thrown the hammer farther than his third teammate, Al Hall, but the latter has been much steadier around the 200-foot mark. Both, however, are going to have trouble getting into the top three at Melbourne. Tadeusz Rut of Poland has a record superior to either, and another Russian, Anatoliy Samotsvetov, recently went past 213 feet. Other strong contenders are Sverre Strandli of Norway and the third Russian, Stanislav Nyenashev.

At this time a year ago, only four men had thrown the javelin past 260 feet. Now a double handful are over that mark and four of them have exceeded 270, a matter of cold statistics which leaves Defending Champion Cy Young and his U.S. teammates, Phil Conley and Ben Garcia, far down the list. Best of the 270-footers appears to be young Egil Danielsen of Norway, who is only 3½ inches under Janusz Sidlo's world record of 274 feet 5¾ inches and has been far more consistent than the Pole. Other topnotchers include Michel Macquet of France, Heiner Will of Germany, Viktor Tsibulenko of Russia and Sidlo's teammates, Jan Kopyto and Andrzej Walczak.

Two great Olympians will be back in the discus when the 39-year-old strong man from Italy, Adolfo Consolini (winner in '48, second in '52) and the 34-year-old Oregon cattle rancher, colorful Fortune Gordien (third in '48, fourth in '52) meet once again. Gordien holds the world record now at 194 feet 6 inches and is the favorite, but Consolini has been throwing well all year and will be tough. With the third ranker among active throwers, Karel Merta of Czechoslovakia, banned from his team, the big challenge to the two veterans may well come from Al Oerter, the 20-year-old collegian who is just beginning *his* Olympic career.

Others to watch include Russia's Otto Grigalka and Boris Matveyev, Ferenc Klics of Hungary and Des Koch of the U.S.

THE JUMPS

Jesse Owens' magnificent Olympic broad-jump record of 26 feet 5¼ inches, which has survived since 1936, is finally in danger. A month ago Greg Bell of the U.S., co-favorite all along with his teammate, John Bennett, to win at Melbourne, leaped 26 feet 6½ inches in a practice meet outside Los Angeles. This was the second best broad jump on record—only Owens' world mark of 26 feet 8¼ inches is better—and it meant that Bell, a young man of whom great things have been expected for more than two years, was finally ready.

This muscular ex-GI from Indiana, now that Henk Visser of The Netherlands is not competing, is the only entrant to go over 26 feet this year

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ASSAULT ON THE RECORD BOOK

EVENT	OLYMPIC RECORD	BEST 1956 PERFORMANCE (by Olympic entry)
100	0:10.3—Eddie Tolan (U.S.) 1932 Harrison Dillard (U.S.) 1948	0:10.1—Ira Murchison (U.S.)
200	0:20.7—Jesse Owens (U.S.) 1936 Andy Stanfield (U.S.) 1952	0:20.6—Bobby Morrow (U.S.) Thane Baker (U.S.) Andy Stanfield (U.S.)
400	0:45.9—George Rhoden (Jamaica) 1952	0:45.2—Lou Jones (U.S.)
800	1:49.2—Mal Whitfield (U.S.) 1948, 1952	1:46.4—Tom Courtney (U.S.) Audun Boysen (Norway)
1,500	3:45.2—Josef Barthel (Luxembourg) 1952	3:40.6—István Rózsavölgyi (Hungary)
5,000	14:06.6—Emil Zatopek (Czechoslovakia) 1952	13:36.8—Gordon Pirie (Great Britain)
10,000	29:17.0—Emil Zatopek (Czechoslovakia) 1952	28:30.4—Vladimir Kuts (Russia)
Marathon	2:23:03.2—Emil Zatopek (Czechoslovakia) 1952	Note: Variance in marathon courses makes comparative times misleading
Steeplechase	8:45.4—Horace Ashenfelter (U.S.) 1952	8:35.6—Sándor Rozsnyói (Hungary)
110 hurdles	0:13.7—Harrison Dillard (U.S.) 1952	0:13.4—Jack Davis (U.S.)
400 hurdles	0:50.8—Charles Moore (U.S.) 1952	0:49.5—Glenn Davis (U.S.)
High jump	6 ft. 8¼ in.—Walt Davis (U.S.) 1952	7 ft. ½ in.—Charles Dumas (U.S.)
Pole vault	14 ft. 11¼ in.—Bob Richards (U.S.) 1952	15 ft. 5 in.—Bob Richards (U.S.) Bob Gutowski (U.S.)
Broad jump	26 ft. 5¼ in.—Jesse Owens (U.S.) 1936	26 ft. 6½ in.—Greg Bell (U.S.)
Hop, step, jump	53 ft. 2½ in.—A. F. da Silva (Brazil) 1952	54 ft. ¾ in.—Teruji Kogake (Japan)
Shotput	57 ft. 1½ in.—Parry O'Brien (U.S.) 1952	63 ft. 2 in.—Parry O'Brien (U.S.)
Discus throw	180 ft. 6½ in.—Sim Iness (U.S.) 1952	187 ft. 8½ in.—Fortune Gordien (U.S.)
Hammer throw	197 ft. 11¾ in.—Jozsef Czermak (Hungary) 1952	224 ft. 10½ in.—Harold Connolly (U.S.)
Javelin throw	242 ft. ¾ in.—Cy Young (U.S.) 1952	274 ft. 5¾ in.—Janusz Sidlo (Poland)
Decathlon	7,887—Bob Mathias (U.S.) 1952	7,755—Rafer Johnson (U.S.)

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TRACK AND FIELD

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—although Bennett has accomplished the feat in the past. A marvel of inconsistency, Visser could have challenged the two Americans only on his very best days. In fact, perhaps the biggest threat to U.S. domination of the event—the decathlon star, Rafer Johnson, ranks close behind Bell and Bennett—is the veteran Neville Price of South Africa, who once jumped for Oklahoma, or Brazil's Ary F. de Sá.

Charlie Dumas, the world's only 7-foot high jumper and an old pro of a competitor at the ripe age of 19, must beat not only his teammates but a host of capable foreign athletes as well, for this is an event in which the rest of the world is beginning to catch up. In fact, Vern Wilson, the goateed Californian, and little Phil Reavis do not present the greatest challenge to Dumas at all. Bengt Nilsson, Sweden's consistent jumper, has done 6 feet 11¼ inches. Igor Kashkarov of Russia has shown steady improvement to gain 6 feet 10¼ this year and Nigeria's Julius Chigbolu joins Reavis and Wilson in the 6-foot-9 class. Others to watch include Ion Sóter of Rumania, Maurice Fournier of France, Charles Porter of Australia and Stig Pettersson of Sweden.

Bob Richards returns to defend his pole vault championship and only teammate Bob Gutowski is in the same class; in fact, they will be the only 15-footers in Melbourne since none of the other three active U.S. vaulters in that rarefied category survived the Los Angeles trials. For that matter, neither did Gutowski, but, as the alternate, he was picked to replace Jim Graham when the tall Oklahoma A&M boy voluntarily withdrew after failing to recover completely from an ankle injury. Both Richards and Gutowski have been 15 feet 5 inches this year.

The other U.S. entry, little George Mattos, has gone 14 feet 10½ inches, and that should be good enough to pick up the remaining medal. The only major threat comes from Finland's Eeles Landstrom, who vaults most of the year for the University of Michigan and, apparently absorbing some of the American talent for this eye-catching event, has improved enough to do 14 feet 9½ inches. Other good ones are Ragnar Lundberg of Sweden, Manfred Pruessger of Germany, Russia's Vitaliy Chernobay and Pyotr Denisenko. Poland's Zenon Wazny and Zbigniew Janiszewski may also get into the top six.

The hop-step-and-jump field is divided into two sharply defined groups: the 54-footers and the rest. The former includes only three names—Adhemar Ferreira da Silva of Brazil, Teruji Kogake of Japan and Russia's Leonid Shcherbakov—and there is little reason to believe their ranks will be infiltrated at Melbourne by those from below. Da Silva, the defending Olympic champion and world-record holder, and until now supreme in his specialty, faces a real test: this year Kogake has done 54 feet ¾ inch and Shcherbakov 54 feet even while Da Silva has been unable to get within a foot of his all-time best of 54 feet 4 inches.

Those who will furnish the main opposition to the big three include 52-footers (give or take a few inches) Arnoldo Devonish of Venezuela, Vitold Kreer and Yevgeniy Chen of Russia, Hiroshi Shibata of Japan, Czechoslovakia's Martin Rehák, Kari Rahkamo of Finland, Walter Herssens of Belguim and America's Ira Davis.

THE WALKS

The 20,000-meter walk is a new Olympic event (replacing the old one of 10,000 meters) and that is about all that is new here; it is still anyone's guess as to who will win or even come close in either the 20,000- or 50,000-meter stroll through the Australian countryside.

Russia is strong with such highly regarded men as Mikhail Lavrov, Georgi Klimov, Leonid Spirin, and Vladimir Ukhov; the Czechs have strength in Josef Dolezal and Ladislaw Moc. Great Britain's Don Thompson is a big name in the walking world and so is Lasse Hindmar of Sweden. There may be some better. Only Melbourne will tell.

THE DECATHLON

Here there seems virtually no question at all. California's amazing Rafer Johnson has stepped right up to take over where California's equally-amazing Bob Mathias left off four years ago, and this pleasant young man with the magnificent muscles is the new world-record holder in a demanding 10-event test of speed and skill and strength which is always a big part of the Olympic Games.

His top challengers are Vasiliy Kuznetsov, a versatile Russian who has done better at the decathlon than any man in history with the exception of Johnson and Mathias, and Milt Campbell, the great natural all-round athlete who was second to Mathias at Helsinki in '52 as an 18-year-old New Jersey schoolboy. END

THE WOMEN

WOMEN are relative newcomers to the Olympic track and field program, first appearing at the 1928 Games in Amsterdam, where they performed feats that were incredible by those days' standards. Elizabeth Robinson of the U.S. raced the 100 meters in 12.2 seconds, Canada's Ethel Catherwood high jumped 5 feet 3 inches, and a Pole by the name of Halinaa Konopacka heaved the discus 129 feet 11¾ inches.

The discus champion of 1928 could never match the efforts of Russia's powerful Nina Ponomaryova who will have a bad day in Melbourne if she doesn't make 170 feet. The high jumper with her old scissor-style leap would be stunned to see today's three top jumpers. Thelma Hopkins of Great Britain has been topping the bar at close to 5 feet 11 inches in practice. Rumania's Yolande Balas is still the recognized world record holder, though lately she has had little competition outside of the Iron Curtain. Mildred McDaniel of Tuskegee Institute is the U.S.'s only solid gold medal hope. Just before shoving off for Melbourne, Mildred unwrapped her long legs and rolled effortlessly over the bar at 5 feet 9½ inches with better than an inch to spare. Then, setting the bar at 6 feet 3 inches, she flopped on the grass and stared at it. She didn't jump, she didn't speak, she just stared, saving the 6-foot effort for Melbourne.

Today at Melbourne the 1928 sprinter would be left plowing along in the cinder dust raised by Betty Cuthbert and Marlene Mathews of Australia at the head of a pack of girls, all capable of 11.5 or better. In the 200-meter distance, Maria Itkina of Russia should prove that Russia has done a great deal since the '52 Games to complement her supremacy in the throwing events. Americans who have a chance to get into the finals are Tennessee State's Mae Faggs and Wilma Rudolph.

In the shotput 28 years ago, a woman with enough nerve to pick up an eight-pound shot was lucky to reach 39 feet. Today the Russian women, Defending Olympic Champion Galina Zybina and her 220-pound shadow, Tamara Tyshkevich, have raised the standard for the shotput so high that any girl who places in the first six will have to reach at least 50 feet. Among outsiders with a chance to break into this charmed throwing circle is Germany's Marianne Werner. The U.S.'s surprising Earlene Brown, who has had less than a year's experience at this highly technical event, could break up the Russian one-two monopoly.

The 80-meter hurdle event has been a difficult one for women to master. In 1928 a time of 12.2 was good in the event. But now 10 women in the world



McDANIEL, U.S. HIGH JUMP HOPE

consistently run less than 11 seconds. Sente Gastl of Germany and three crackerjack Russians are tops.

Women, on the other hand, have always been good broad jumpers, and they were doing 19 feet at the time of the Amsterdam Games. But it will take a hike of 20 feet or better to gain placement in Australia. After a year's absence for medical degree study, Polish Elzbieta Krzesinka-Dunska is back in competition with a record-breaking leap of 20 feet 10 inches, while the attractive Russian, Galina Popova (SI, Aug. 27), has just about regained her peak after her recent illness.

In the javelin throw back in 1932 the late Mildred Didrikson Zaharias wowed the spectators with a toss of 143 feet 4 inches, then an unheard-of distance. In Melbourne, Czechoslovakia's Dana Zátopek, the defending champion, and Russia's Alexandria Chudina and Virva Roolaid should push each other well over 170 feet.

All in all, the Russian women, highly trained and internationally experienced, seem likely to thoroughly trounce the opposition and, with the exception of the high jump, have at least one woman placing in every one of the nine women's events. (END)

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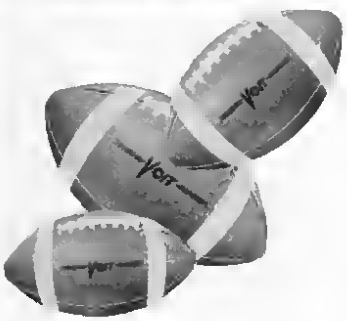
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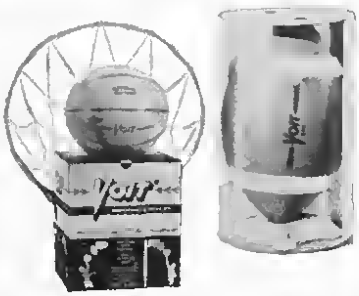
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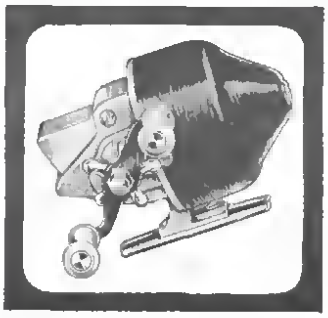
Voit Sport Kits from.....$1.95

SEE YOUR LOCAL VOIT DEALER

W. J. Voit Rubber Corp., New York, Danville, Ill., Los Angeles

Available at your "Specialist in Sports"

Christmas PARADE OF SPORTS GIFTS



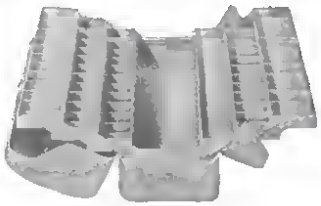
Bronson "Spin-King"

- CAN'T TWIST LINE!
- FULL-TIME LINE CONTROL!

Fishing's *all* fun with a Spin-King! New "*Crank-O-Matic Clutch*" gives maximum retrieve action, positive line control—at all times! And the Spin-King can't twist line because the spool never turns! Thumb-lever action gives you perfect line feathering on every cast. The Spin-King comes with line-filled spool—fits bait or spin rod.

Model No. 700 $19.95

Bronson Reel Company
Bronson, Michigan
Div. Higbie Mfg. Co.



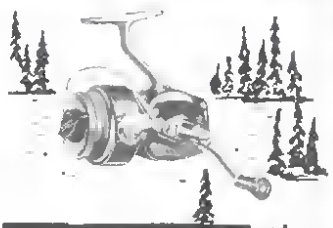
No. 2006E

My Buddy TACKLEMASTER

The Only Tackle Box Big Enough to Take All Your Gear!

Take all the plugs and flies you own! TACKLEMASTER has *six* conveniently partitioned trays plus a roomy bottom for heavier, bulkier tackle and extra reels. Despite its giant size, 20" long, 10¾" deep, 8⅞" wide, the WATERPROOF TACKLEMASTER is extremely *light*—constructed of sturdy aluminum.

FALLS CITY DIVISION
Stratton & Terstegge Co., Inc.
Louisville, Kentucky



PFLUEGER REELS

Make Long Remembered Gifts

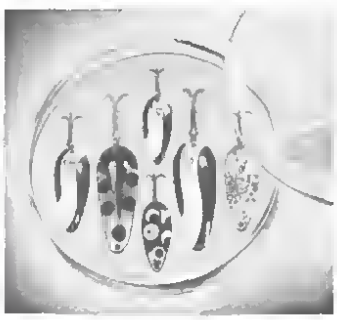
Pflueger Reels run smoother, last longer . . . make any fishing better. America's finest fishermen have been saying "FLEWGER" for 93 years.

For Spinning, the new Freespeed (above) **$14.95** or Pelican **$24.95.** For Bait Casting, the Supreme **$35.00.** For Fly Fishing, the Medaliat **$8.50—$16.00.** For Surf-spinning, the Sea Star **$29.95.**

PFLUEGER

A GREAT NAME IN TACKLE

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. • AKRON 9, OHIO



LOU EPPINGER'S NEW SPINNING ASSORTMENT

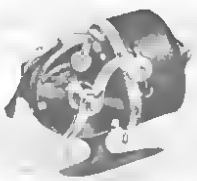
DEVLE 6 PACK

A special assortment of popular Dardevle spinning lures for light tackle fans. Swell for gifts and prizes.

Contains:
2 Dardevle Imps, 2 Dardevle Midgets
2 Dardevle Spinnies **$5.25**

From your dealer or write:

Lou J. Eppinger Mfg. Co.
1757 Puritan Ave., Dept. SI-12
Detroit 3, Mich.



Shokespeore

PUSH-BUTTON

WonderCost

New casting reel pleases both beginner and expert. Fits any casting rod. Offers the benefits of popular "spinning" with push-button ease. Beginners learn to cast like magic. *Backlash impossible!* Experts appreciate its performance, smo-o-th drag and ruggedness. No. 1775, factory-filled with 125 yds. 6-lb. monofilament line . **$19.95**

SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
Kalamazoo, Michigon



"Feel the Difference"

Shokespeore

CASTING WONDEROD

Glass Rods are NOT "all alike"! Using the exclusive Howald process, Shakespeare *builds-in* lively tip action, fish-fighting power, and dependable accuracy. Thousands of parallel glass fibers run straight from butt to tip, for strength; none criss-crossed or ground off. No. 1576XL, copper brown blade with black winds; extra light action; 6' and 6'6" **$17.95**

SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Available at your "Specialist in Sports"

Christmas PARADE OF SPORTS GIFTS



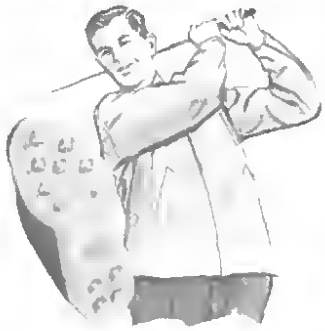
U. S. InsulAir Vagaband Jacket and Vest Warmer

Sportsmen can now enjoy the unequalled insulating power of U. S. InsulAir in outer clothing as well as footwear. Here is new comfort with a minimum of weight and bulk, and new safety. Clothing lined with U. S. InsulAir has amazing buoyancy in case of accidental spills. Sizes S, M, L, XL.



Plastic Utility Case with Half Dozen U. S. True Blue Golf Balls

A golfer's Christmas Dream come true! A handsome maroon plastic case containing a half dozen famous U. S. True Blue Golf Balls. Decorated with a gold silhouette of a golfer, it makes an ideal trinket and jewelry box. Yours for the price of the golf balls alone.



Johnny Revolta Jacket and Baaster® Golf Shoes

Waterproof Golf Jacket developed and patented by Johnny Revolta gives you complete freedom of swing with no sensation of binding at any point. Economical U. S. Keds® Booster Golf Shoes are light and flexible, with stainless steel spikes. Cork and crepe soles are floating-light, cool fabric uppers "breathe".

Christmas Gifts Designed for All by

United States Rubber

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.



U. S. InsulAir Pacs and Boot Sacks

These lightweight Pacs wrap the foot completely in InsulAir, the amazing new plastic foam that creates an air barrier. Seals out cold, seals in body warmth. Red, black, green. Another gift ideal for fishermen, hunters, skiers are U. S. InsulAir Boot Socks to wear between light socks and ordinary boot.



U. S. Royal Flyweight Boots and Waders

Here's new light comfort for fishermen! These boots keep feet relaxed through hours of casting. Deep-cleated soles resist slipping. Shock-proof insoles. Adjustable knee harness holds boots on. Crotch cuts to fit leg height, assures no-bind construction. Also available in U. S. Royal InsulAir. Also U. S. Waders and Wading Shoes.



Women's Revolta Golf Outfit

Don't let a drizzle make your game fizzle! At the first sign of rain, unfold your smart waterproof golfing outfit, designed and patented by Johnny Revolta. Outfit includes jacket, skirt and cap. All fold away neatly into a small carrying case. Outfit comes in feather-weight plastic.

Available at your "Specialist in Sports"

Christmas PARADE OF SPORTS GIFTS



single action army

The real handgun lover will prize this Colt revolver as a den decoration piece as well as a rugged shooting arm This is the authentic gun that helped win the West—originally called the "Colt Peacemaker"—one of the most famous guns of all time. Calibers: .45 Colt, .38 Special.

Price $125.00

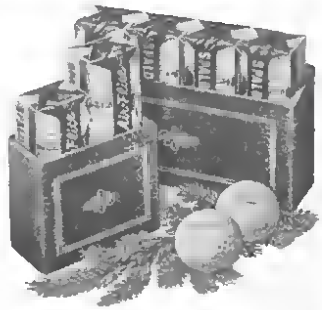
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
A Distinguished Member of the PENN-TEXAS CORPORATION Family of Progressive Companies

A boy's dream . . . real pro fielder's gloves



Spolding Al Dark glave—Professional size, adjusts to fit most every hand. Made from rich, oiled leather. Laced and greased pocket, safety laced fingers. It's a beauty.

Gift packed—$14.95



Lang-hitting—long-lasting Spalding AIR-FLITE Golf Balls

A *NEW* long-distance ball. Now with a new whiter, tougher cover In Desk Caddy sets of 1 dozen or ½ dozen balls for Christmas Balls may be personalized at no extra charge (dozens only).

Gift packed—$14.75

SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

See your Spolding dealer soon. He has the right gift—at the right price—for you.



This Christmas . . . Give your Bowler a Winner: The Ebonite TORNADO

On the record it's "the bowling ball that improves *anybody's* score!" Champions and novices, men and women, have chalked up triumphs with this wonder ball with the alley-gripping miracle finish.

From National Champion Anita Cantaline to average bowlers who suddenly roll "300", there's agreement: "the 'winningest' ball in bowling." Here's a sure-fire gift success! (Ask where you bowl about the Tornado gift certificate)

with famous guarantee ONLY **$23.95**

WRITE FOR "Better Bowling and How It is Done" Dept. A
EBONITE CO., NEWTON 64, MASS.



BIG NEWS FOR THE GOLFER!

Sports-Mor's New Golf Ball Washer* is the only one of its kind, the golfer carries this portable washer clamped to the bag or cart . . . Just twist the cap . . . pull the plunger . . . insert the ball . . . swish-h-h . . . a fresh, clean ball in seconds.

AN IDEAL GIFT PRICED @ $3.95
FROM YOUR LOCAL STORE OR WRITE

Sports-Mor, Inc.
P. O. Box 7113
INDIANAPOLIS 16, INDIANA
* Patent Pending

TOPS WITH GOLFERS—EVERYWHERE



Single Action Folding Golf Cart

The Only Cart with **"TRIPLE BALANCE"**
STRONGER, LIGHTER, NEVER TIPS!

The aristocrat of the fairway—rolls as easy as a ball! Super-strong, triangular, lightweight aluminum construction. Rolls even with wheels folded! Individually registered in owner's name. List price...$29.95

Nadco
SPORTING GOODS COMPANY
3635 W. Touhy, Chicago

Available at your "Specialist in Sports"

Christmas PARADE OF SPORTS GIFTS



Tops with America's Sportsmen

ROD & REEL
SPORTING BOOTS

None better than this famous sporting boot. Lightweight, yet exceptionally rugged. Exclusive Converse "rocker" last for easier walking. Comfort cushion sponge insole, semi hard toe cap; inside knee harness. Also INSULATED ROD & REEL models for cold-weather sports. Both types available in Men's sizes 5-14, Women's sizes 3-10.

Approx. Retail Prices.
Men's Regular ROD & REEL . . $15.45 pr.
Women's Regular ROD & REEL . . 14.50 pr.
INS. ROD & REEL, Men's & Women's 19.95 pr.

CONVERSE RUBBER CO.
MALDEN 48, MASSACHUSETTS



Basketball's Best!
CHUCK TAYLOR
ALL STAR
BASKETBALL SHOES

America's No. 1 basketball shoes, *ten ways better in fit, comfort* and traction. Foot form last for fit and comfort, shock-absorbing full length sponge insole and arch cushion, non-marking positive traction molded outsole. Worn by more players, specified by more coaches, than any basketball shoe made. *Men's sizes 3-17, Women's* sizes 4-10.

Approx. Retail Price:
Men's and Women's—$7.95 pr.

CONVERSE RUBBER CO.
MALDEN 48, MASSACHUSETTS



Perfect for Tennis, Badminton and other Court Games
SLIPNOT OXFORD

Non-skid white molded outsole *will not slip on polished or wet* surfaces. Perfect for grass courts. Provides fast, positive traction. Full length sponge insole with special cushion heel and arch support. Choice of circular vamp or lace-to-toe models. Men's sizes 4-13; *Women's sizes 4-9.*

Approx. Retail Prices:
Men's—$6.75, Women's—$6.50

CONVERSE RUBBER CO.
MALDEN 48, MASSACHUSETTS



For The Basketball Star Of Tomorrow . . . Give
PENNSYLVANIA

He'll love having his own backyard court for year-a-round fun. An easy to mount, weatherproof backboard, official goal and sturdy net, paired with a championship Pennsylvania Basketball, is the ideal gift for every basketball minded youngster.

Pennsylvania has equipment for every age and playing ability . . . priced for every pocketbook.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Pennsylvania Athletic Products Division
Akron, Ohio



Give foot comfort at Christmas
Wigwam Socks
for every sport

Wigwams please everyone . . . they're soft, comfortable and snug-fitting. Choose from Wigwam's wide selection of sport and leisure wear styles—in colors and yarns that meet any preference . . . from cushiony 100% wool to longer wearing Wigwam Nywool or new "Foot Hugger" s-t-r-e-t-c-h socks.

HAND KNIT HOSIERY CO.
SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN



Warm Feet in Coldest Weather
DEFROSTER
INSULATED PAC

Tested by Uncle Sam's fighters in sub-zero climates. Perfect for all *cold-weather sports and work.* Wool-lined insulating jacket, extra heavy felt insulating insole, steel arch support, cleated traction outsole. Require only one pair medium weight wool socks, regardless of temperature. Men's sizes 5-14, Women's sizes 4-10.

Approx. Retail Prices
Men's—$14.95, Women's—$14.75

CONVERSE RUBBER CO.
MALDEN 48, MASSACHUSETTS

Available at your "Specialist in Sports"

Christmas PARADE OF SPORTS GIFTS

GREATEST SPINNING REEL EVER MADE!

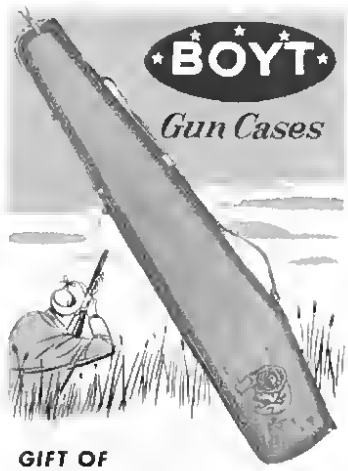


The **ZEBCO Spinner MODEL 44,** makes a perfect Christmas gift for beginner or expert. Exclusive *FEATHERTOUCH* finger "trigger" assures ultra-simple line control, helps angler put his lure "on target" with *pin-point* accuracy. Anti-reverse... star-drag . . under-rod mounting . . . complete with line.

$19.50

Manufactured by

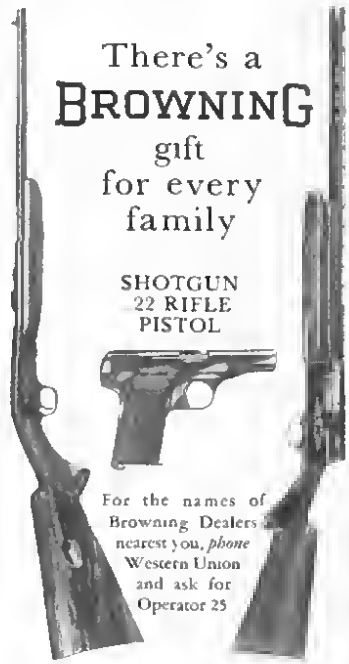
ZEBCO COMPANY
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

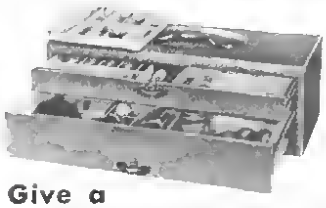


GIFT OF DISTINCTION . . . HIT OF THE HUNT

Why wait for a hint? Every gun owner wants a BOYT Gun Case. Measure his gun and select one that's *right* for him. Choose Leather, Plastic, or Canvas, you'll find famous BOYT *quality in all* Models for rifle or shotgun, with or without scope. $5 to $110. See your dealer.

THE BOYT COMPANY
Dept. CG Des Moines 5, Iowa





Give a Kennedy Tackle Box FOR CHRISTMAS

New Kennedy Stowaway is a perfect gift for any fisherman on your list. High-impact styrene drawers instead of top opening lid. Plenty of space for gear, yet stows away under boat seat while in use. See your dealer.

Four Models	
14-inch Aluminum	$19.95
20-inch Aluminum	21.95
14-inch Steel	14.95
20-inch Steel	18.50

KENNEDY
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
VAN WERT 6, OHIO

ask for GUDEBROD

FOR YOUR FAVORITE FISHERMAN!



They always need line. Give the best . . . give a GUDEBROD Line. GUDEBROD G-6 Dacron* Bait-casting Lines are precision made for top performance on any rod and reel. Get a box or two at your favorite sporting goods store . . . for YOUR fisherman.

Packaged in deluxe plastic box, two 50 yd spools connected: 10 lb to 45 lb test Camouflage or Black. $1.20 to $2.00 per spool, according to size. *DuPont Polyester Fiber

GUDEBROD BROS. SILK CO., INC.
Philadelphia 7, Penna.



Give him more hunting pleasure!

Olt's Game and Bird Calls

Thousands of hunters find added pleasure with Olt's Game Calls. Attractively boxed, calls for Ducks, Geese, Crows, Deer, Fox, Coon, Squirrel and Quail make perfect gifts for Christmas stockings! Priced from just $1.50 to $6.50. Also available are instruction records for duck, goose, crow, squirrel and fox-coyote calling. See your sporting goods dealer.

Philip S. Olt Company
Pekin, Illinois

Available at your "Specialist in Sports"

Christmas PARADE OF SPORTS GIFTS



The warmest gift you can give . . . The *NEW, SELF-STARTING* . . .

jon-ē warmer

Gives heat without flame Carried in cold weather by sportsmen, football fans and everyone who wants to keep warm outdoors A perfect wind-proof lighter, too! Just insert cigarette into the hole in the cover and puff Beautifully chrome-plated and ruggedly made to warm you a lifetime of cold winters. Flannel carrying bag included Fully guaranteed **Standard Size** heats all day on 1 filling (1 oz) of fluid . . .**$3 95. Giant Size** heats 2 full days per filling of Jon-e Fluid . . $4.95.

ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.
620 Se 8th St Minneapolis, Minn



Warm, Warm Way To Say Merry Christmas

10-X Cold Weather HUNTING & SPORT COAT

Warm at 15 below zero, water repellent, waterproof over the shoulders A great hunting coat plus a ruggedly handsome leisure and sport jacket. Miracle Jen-Cel-Lite air cell insulation. Double-tough Skinner's nylon-cotton blend outer fabric Brilliant red or dead grass colors. See it at your dealers or write for catalog.

10-X Monufocturing Co.
415 E Second St.
Des Moines, Iowa



...fomous for the features fishermen wont!

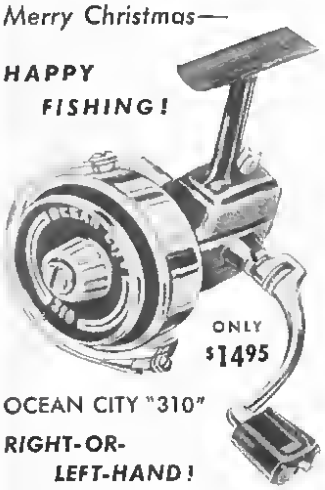
This season give the gift that 'tops his list'.. if he's a fisherman Choose from UMCO's complete line of 24 Aluminum and Royalite Models . . . priced from $2.49 to $17 95 . . . on sale everywhere.

Illustrated Above
Model 203 Spin Box—Aluminum case, 47 lure compartments Retail **$14.95.**

UMCO CORPORATION
1717 4th Avenue So.
Minneapolis, Minn

Merry Christmas—

HAPPY FISHING!



OCEAN CITY "310"

RIGHT-OR-LEFT-HAND!

No need to add "Happy New Year" when you give the Ocean City "310" spinning reel to fishing friends!

There's *years* of sporting pleasure in this precision-crafted reel.

MONTAGUE-OCEAN CITY ROD & REEL CO.
"A" & Somerset Sts., Philadelphia 34, Pa.
World Leaders in Rods and Reels



Bear

ARCHERY IS FOR ALL
. . . so give the *finest!*

FOR THE HUNTER ON YOUR LIST
A Bear Kodiak or Grizzly . . . Greatest of all hunting Bows

FOR THE TOURNAMENT ARCHER
A Kodiak Special . . . Perfection plus!

FOR ALL-ROUND ARCHERY FUN
A popular Polar or a Bear Cub

AND FOR EVERYONE . . .
Bear Arrows and other archery equipment in wide variety—all made for those who want the finest!

See your Bear Dealer today

BEAR ARCHERY CO.
Grayling, Michigan



THE *Original* QUILTED ANTI-FREEZE UNDERSUITS

let you move freely . . keep you comfortably warm in sub-zero temperatures Featherlight, they are worn under any lightweight clothing Quilted DuPont Nylon shell with "air-cell" insulation Lux-washable Ideal for sportsmen. Sizes S-M-L.

WEATHER-ALLS ®—the finest insulated jacket or pants (Selected by U S Olympic Committee) each **$20 00**

POLAR WEAR—popular priced quilted jacket or pants . . . each **$12 50**

At better Sporting Goods Stores & Dept's.

ARCTIC FEATHER & DOWN CO.
225 Belleville Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Available at your "Specialist in Sports"

Christmas PARADE OF SPORTS GIFTS



Play basketball at home with a Spalding "Backyard" Set

Spalding basketball set—Boys and girls get wholesome exercise while they learn the game with this practical gift. Consists of tough, waterproof basketball, official goal and regulation net. Set it up and play anywhere. Fun for years to come.

Complete set, gift packed—only **$9.95**

Snag punts and passes on the run



Spalding Bill Wade Varsity Football—White banded for quicker sighting, pebbled grained for a real grip. Made extra-tough. Lock-stitched seams, double lined. Approved for accurate passing, punting by the former star of Vanderbilt's Varsity.

Gift packed— **$6.95**



Plays like leather—wears like steel

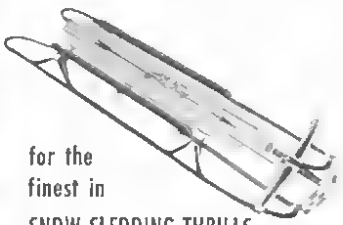
Spalding Sure-Shot Official Basketball—Official in size and weight, this rubber-covered ball outlasts leather balls on outdoor courts, plays anywhere. Pebbled surface for finger-tip control. Waterproof, has no seams to break open. A really practical gift for home and school play.

Gift packed— **$6.95**

SPALDING

SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

SEE YOUR SPALDING DEALER SOON. HE HAS THE RIGHT GIFT—AT THE RIGHT PRICE—FOR YOU.



for the finest in SNOW SLEDDING THRILLS, give the world-famous

Flexible Flyer!

The new, car-styled Flexible Flyer sled is a youngster's snow-sledding dream come true. two-tone design, sturdy construction, jet-like look, exclusive wide range steering, chrome bumper, and wrap-around, safety runners. It's sure to create for your youngster a whole new world of healthy, safe excitement in the great outdoors.

FLEXIBLE FLYER

S. L. ALLEN & CO., INC.
433 GLENWOOD AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA 40, PA



Roll King

Custom DELUXE

$19.95

(Slightly higher West and South)

AUTOMATIC FOLDING!
Big New 12" Wheels!

Sits better, stands better, rolls easier and rolls when folded. Handsomely styled in new Mirror-Luster plating, featuring big 12" custom wheels that roll effortlessly over holes, rocks, bumps and bridges. Folds in a second for compact storage in locker, car trunk or closet. A BIG QUALITY cart at a LITTLE price.

Roll King
A J INDUSTRIES CORPORATION
Delavan, Wisconsin



DAD, GET ME THE
DAISY
Eagle



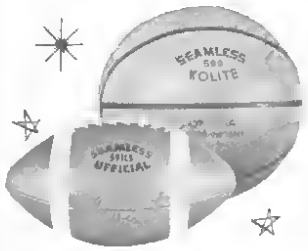
Looks like Dad's high-power hunting rifle with real 2 Power Scope mounted-ramp-type front sight—ovalled stock forepiece resembling "natural mesquite" color on custom-made rifles. A Gift your boy will treasure. (No .303 Scope *only* . . . fits any new, old Daisy . . . $3.98). Other Daisys as low as $5.50. Catalog Free!

No. 98 with Real 2X Scope Mounted. **$12.95**

DAISY
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. A 698, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U.S.A.

Available at your "Specialist in Sports"

Christmas PARADE OF SPORTS GIFTS



They outplay, outlast all others . . .

BASKETBALLS and FOOTBALLS by SEAMLESS

Yes, the game plays better with a ball by SEAMLESS. The basketballs are the professional type recommended by Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics. Among the footballs are the new official rubber-covered balls recently approved for intercollegiate and high school play. They have the correct size, weight and "feel" . . . and they're tough!

Priced from $5.25

ATHLETIC GOODS DIVISION

SEAMLESS

NEW HAVEN 3, CONN



The sport of boxing is fun. These EVERLAST boxing gloves for boys are educator-approved, perfect for increasing self-reliance. Built to strict standards for safety and durability, fully hair padded, scaled to size by age groups. Prices start at $4.98 for two pair, including Jack Dempsey boxing chart

EVERLAST

Endorsed by more champions than all other brands combined

Everlast Sporting Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
New York 54, N.Y.



AMERICA'S NEWEST

PORTABLE LIGHTS

FINEST GIFTS FOR DAD AND LAD

Give your sportsman "night eyes" with these Burgess Christmas gifts powered by long-lasting, new, leakproof battery.

RADAR-LITE—powerful 40,000 candlepower searchlight with flashing red beacon. For car or boat. **$11.95**

RADAR-LAMP—Modern, safe battery lantern. Super bright light at the flick of a switch. Ideal for home, cabin, camp. In Chrome or Copper. **$8.95**

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
FREEPORT, ILLINOIS



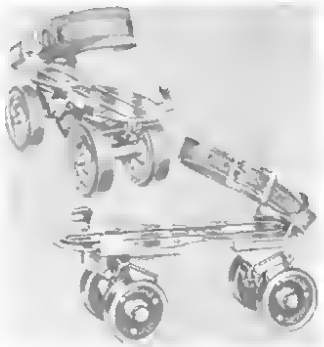
No Finer Gift than Chicago's

GUARANTEED RINK SKATES

Champions have chosen Chicago rink skates for over fifty years because their agile action assures better performance. They roll smoother, faster and are guaranteed against defects in materials and manufacture. Give Chicago's for more hours of skating fun.

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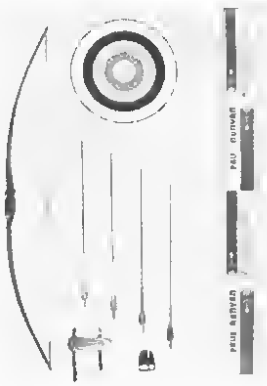
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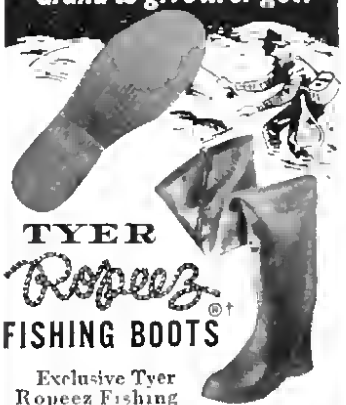
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An alphabetical listing of the men and women who will represent the United States at Melbourne

ALLEN, LEE—wrestling, Troutsdale, Dre.
ANDERSDN, KAREN—track, Lansdowne, Pa.
ANDERSDN, PAUL—weight lifting, Toccoa, Ga.
ANDRES, WILLIAM—fencing, Montclair, N.J.
pentathlon
ARMITAGE, NORMAN—fencing, Clemson, S.C.
ASHENFELTER, HORACE—track Glen Ridge, N.J.
AXELROD ALBERT—fencing, Manchester, N.H.
AYARS REBECCA—track Urbana Ill
AYRAULT ARTHUR—rowing Tacoma Wash
BAKER THANE—track Elkhart, Kans
BANTUM, KENNETH—track New York City
BEAUMONT, JOHN—shooting Honolulu
BECKER, JOSEPH—cycling St Louis
BECKNER, JOHN—gymnastics Los Angeles
BECKNER, RICHARD—gymnastics, Los Angeles
BECKLEAN, WILLIAM—rowing, Minneapolis
BEER DONALD rowing New York City
BELL, ALLEN—cycling, Somerville, N.J.
BELL, GREGORY—track Bloomington, Ind
BENNER, HUELET—shooting, West Point, N.Y.
BENNETT, JOHN—track, Grand Forks, N.D.
BERGER ISAAC—weight lifting, Brooklyn
BETTUCCI, FRANK—wrestling, Ithaca, N.Y.
BLACK NEWBOLD—field hockey, Haverford, Pa.
BLAIR, CLIFFORD—track, Hingham, Mass.
BLAIR, PETER—wrestling Waukegan, Ill
BDUSHKA, RICHARD—basketball Albuquerque, N. Mex
BDWDEN, DDNALD—track, San Jose, Calif.
BDYD, JAMES—boxing Rocky Mount, N.C.
BREEN, GEDRGE—swimming, Buffalo, N.Y.
BREY BETTY—swimming, Chevy Chase, Md.
BROWN, EARLENE—track, Los Angeles
BRYANT, JOHN—yachting, Haverford, Pa.
BUKANTZ, DANIEL—fencing, New York City
BYERS, GEORGE—canoeing, Dedham, Mass.
CAIN, CARL—basketball, Freeport, Ill
CALHDUN, LEE—track Gary, Ind
CAMPBELL, MILT—track, Plainfield, N.J.
CARDEN, JOHN—soccer, Fort McPherson, Ga.
CARDWELL, RONALD—rowing, Buffalo, N.Y.
CHARLTDN, THOMAS—rowing, Savannah, Ga.
CLIFFDRD, HENRY—field hockey, Morristown, N.Y.
CLDTWORTHY, ROBERT—swimming, Mountainside, N.J.
CODER, RDNALD—soccer, Hunter AFB, Ga.
COHEN, ABRAM—fencing Brooklyn
COLEMAN PHILIP—track Urbana Ill
CONE CARIN—swimming Ridgewood, N.J.
CONNOLLY, HAROLD—track Boston
CONLEY, PHILIP—track Fresno, Calif
CONNDR, RICHARD—swimming, Pasadena, Calif
CONTERIO, WILLIAM—soccer Chicago
COOKE, JOHN—rowing, Ansonia, Conn
CORTRIGHT, RICHARD cycling Buffalo
CDSTELLO, BERNARD—rowing Birmingham, M
COSTES NICK—track Farrell, Pa
COURTNEY, THDMAS—track, Livingston, N.J.
CULBREATH, JDSH—track Norristown, Pa
CSISZAR LAJDS—fencing, West Lansdowne, Pa
DANIELS, ISABELLE—track Jakin, Ga.
DARLING, CHARLES—basketball Bartlesville, O
DARNDWSKI, CDNSTANCE—track Brooklyn
DAVIS, GLENN—track Clinton, Ohio
DAVIS, IRA—track, Philadelphia
DAVIS, JACK—track Glendale, Calif.
DAVIS MURIEL gymnastics, Speedway, Ind.
DELGADD, RICHARD—wrestling San Diego
DELLINGER WILLIAM—track Springfield, Ore.
DERMAN, ELLIDTT—track New York City
DERMDND RUSSELL—canoeing, New Milford, I
DEUBEL PAULA—track, N. Swansea, Mass
DISNEY, JACK—cycling Pasadena Calif
DORRIAN JAMES—soccer, New York City
DUMAS, CHARLES—track Los Angeles
DYER, RICHARD—fencing, Philadelphia
ECHEVERRIA, CARLDS—yachting Moorestown, I
ELLIS, MEREDITH—track, New York City
ENGEDAL, SVEND—soccer, Hollywood, Calif
ESSELSTYN, CALDWELL—rowing, Claverack, N
EVANS, JAY—wrestling, Los Angeles
EVANS, WILLIAM—basketball, Houston, Texas
FAGGS, MAE—track, New York City
FARRELL, WILLIAM—swimming, Los Angeles
FERGUSON, DDNALD—cycling, Los Angeles
FIFER JAMES—rowing, Tacoma, Wash
FINDLAY, CDNN—rowing, Belmont, Calif
FISCHER, WILLIAM—wrestling, Washington, D.
FLYNN, ANN—track, Brooklyn
FDRD GILBERT—basketball Amarillo, Texas
FORMAN, JOHN—shooting, Detroit
FOX, ERWIN—rowing Tonawanda, N.Y.
FROJEN, ROBERT—water polo, Long Beach, Cal

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OLYMPIC HONOR ROLL

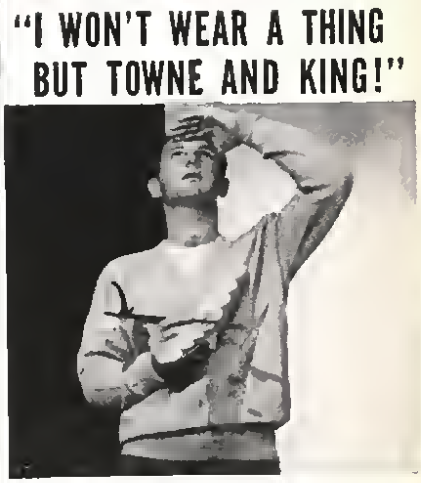
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FUCHS, DORIS—gymnastics, Rochester, N Y
FUCHS INGEBORG—gymnastics, Rochester, N.Y.
GARCIA, BENJAMIN—track, San Diego
GARDINER, JAMES—rowing, Detroit
GAUGHRAN, JAMES—water polo, Woodside, Calif
GEORGE, JAMES—weight lifting, Akron
GEORGE, PETER—weight lifting, Akron
GILDERS, BARBARA—swimming, Detroit
GOLDSMITH, HAROLD—fencing, New York City
GOLDSTEIN, RALPH—fencing, Yonkers, N Y.
GOOD, DONALD—water polo, Chicago, Ill
GOODRICH, JUDY—fencing, Lapeer, Mich
GORDIEN, FORTUNE—track, Brightwood, Ore.
GRAY, SUSAN—swimming, Washington, D C
GREER JOHN—field hockey, White Plains, N.Y
GRIMES, CHARLES—rowing, Locust Valley, N Y
GROSSFELD, ABRAHAM—gymnastics, N Y City
GUTOWSKI, ROBERT—track, La Jolla, Calif
HAAS, JOHN—canoeing, Willow Grove Pa
HALDERSON, BURDETTE—basketball, Austin, Minn.
HAHN, KENNETH—water polo, Chicago
HALL, ALBERT—track, Hoboken, N J.
HANLEY, RICHARD—swimming, Evanston, Ill.
HARPER, DONALD—swimming, Palo Alto, Calif
HARRIS, STANLEY—field hockey, Mamaroneck, N Y.
HARRISON, GEORGE—swimming, Orindo, Calif.
HART RICHARD—track, Windsor, Conn
HAVENS, FRANK—canoeing, Vienna, Va
HECHT, DUVALL—rowing, Beverly Hills, Calif
HEWSON JAMES—track, Buffalo, N.Y
HODGE, DAN—wrestling, Norman, Okla
HOITSMA, KINMONT—fencing, Washington, D C
HOLT, JAMES—wrestling, Oakland, Calif
HOOVER, WALTER—rowing, Grosse Pointe, Mich
HORN, ROBERT—water polo, Fullerton, Calif.
HOUGLAND, WM.—basketball, Bartlesville, Okla.
HOUSTON, EDWARD—canoeing, New York City
HOWE, JUDITH—gymnastics, Rochester, Pa
HUGHES, ROBERT—water polo, swimming, Los Angeles
IRWIN, JUNO—swimming, Glendale, Calif
JACKSON, ARTHUR—shooting, Silver Spring, Md
JEANGERARD, ROBERT—basketball, Wilmette, Ill.
JECKO, PERRY—swimming, Bethesda, Md.
JENKINS, CHARLES—track, Cambridge, Mass
JOHNSON, RAFER—track, Kingsburg Calif
JONES, CHARLES—track, Boystown, Neb
JONES, K C—basketball, San Francisco
JONES, LOUIS—track, New Rochelle, N Y.
JONGENEEL, JAMES—field hockey, Rye, N Y
KELLEY, JOHN—track, Groton, Conn
KELLY, JOHN JR—rowing, Philadelphia
KERSLAKE, WILLIAM—wrestling Cleveland
KEOUGH, HARRY—soccer, St. Louis
KILLEEN, DANIEL—yachting, New Orleans
KING, LEAMON—track, Delano, Calif.
KLEIN, JACQUELYN—gymnastics, Chicago
KNAPP, KATHRYN—swimming, Chevy Chase, Md
KOCH DESMOND—track, Shelton, Wash.
KONNO, FORD—swimming, Honolulu
KONO, TOM—weight lifting, Sacramento
KOOISTRA SAM—water polo, Chicago
KOOISTRA WILLIAM—water polo, Chicago
KRICK, FRANK—canoeing, Philadelphia
KRIEGER, BYRON—fencing Detroit
KRUIZE, GERRIT—field hockey, Hartsdale, N Y
KURRELL, PAMELA—track, San Francisco
KWARTLER, ALLAN—fencing, New York City
LAMBERT, GEORGE—pentathlon, Sioux City, Iowa
LANE, PEARCE—boxing, Big Rapids, Mich
LARNEY, MARJORIE—track, New York City
LASKAU HENRY—track, Mineola, N Y.
LEA, JAMES—track, San Jose, Calif
LEEGSTRA, TJERK—field hockey, Rye, N Y
LEWIS, DALE—wrestling Camp Pendleton, Calif
LONGSJO, ARTHUR—cycling, Fitchburg, Mass
LOOBY, WILLIAM—soccer, St. Louis
LOW, LAWRENCE—yachting, Rumson, N J
LUBELL, NATHANIEL—fencing New York City
MacDONALD, BRUCE—track, New York City
McCORMICK PAT—swimming, Lakewood, Calif.
McDANIEL, MILDRED—track, Atlanta
McINTOSH, JAMES—rowing, Livonia, Mich
McKENZIE, GORDON—track, New York City
McKINLAY, ARTHUR—rowing, Detroit
McKINLAY, JOHN—rowing, Detroit
McKINNEY, FRANK—swimming, Indianapolis
McMULLEN, JAMES—rowing, Buffalo
MAEKAWA CHOKEN—boxing, Hawi, Hawaii
MANN, SHELLEY—swimming, Arlington, Va
MARCHINO, MARY ANNE—swimming, Indianapolis
MARCOPLOS, HARRY—field hockey, Baltimore
MARINA, ALFONSO—soccer, New York City
MARVIN, JOHN—yachting, Marblehead Mass.
MASHBURN, JESSE—track, Oklahoma City
MASTERSON, EDWARD—rowing, Buffalo
MATTHEWS, MARGARET—track, Atlanta
MATTOS, GEORGE—track, Santa Cruz, Calif.
MENDOZA, RUBEN—soccer, Granite City, Ill.
MERWIN, DAVID—canoeing, Canton, Ohio
MILLER, ROBERT—pentathlon, Seattle
MITCHELL, MAXINE—fencing, Los Angeles
MOLINA, LOUIS—boxing, San Jose, Calif.
MONSEN, LLOYD—soccer, Brooklyn
MORAN, RICHARD—canoeing, W. Roxbury, Mass
MOREY, ROBERT—rowing, Short Hills, N.J
MORROW, BOBBY—track, San Benito, Texas
MUELLER, BARBARA—track, Chicago
MURCHISON, IRA—track, Chicago
MURPHY, EDWARD—soccer, Chicago
MURPHY, MAUREEN—swimming, Portland, Ore.
MYERS, PAULA JEAN—swimming, Glendora, Calif.
NELSON, JACK—swimming, Fort Lauderdale, Fla
NEUMANN, ERHARD—cycling, St. Louis
NIEDER, WILLIAM—track, Lawrence, Kans
NYILAS, TIBOR—fencing, New York City
D'BRIEN, PARRY—track, Travis AEB, Calif.
O'BRIEN, ROBERT—canoeing, New York City
OERTER, ALFRED—track, New Hyde Park, N Y.
OLSEN, ERIC—yachting, Essex, Conn
ONEKEA, GEORGE—swimming, Honolulu
OYAKAWA, YOSHINOBU—swimming, Honolulu
ORBAN, KURT—field hockey, Jersey City
PACKER, RICHARD—soccer, Newtown, Pa
PAGKOS, JOHN—canoeing, Yonkers, N Y
PATTERSON, REID—swimming, Pineville Ky
PECKHAM, JAMES—wrestling, Braintree, Mass
PEREZ, RAY—boxing, Honolulu
PEW, RICHARD—fencing, New Hyde Park, N Y
PINION, OFFUTT—shooting, Egg Harbor, N J
RACEK, JOYCE—gymnastics, Chicago
RADEMACHER, PETER—boxing, Grandview, Wash
RADCLIFFE, DAVID—swimming, Los Angeles
RAMEY, NANCY—swimming, Mercer Island, Wash.
RAYMOND, PETER—rowing, Wilton N.H
REAVIS, PHILIP—track, Somerville, Mass
RENEHAN, WILLIAM—yachting, Essex, Conn.
RHOADS, DAVID—cycling, San Jose Calif
RICE, ALLAN—wrestling, New York City
RICHARDS, ROBERT—track, La Verne, Calif
ROBERTSON, IRENE—track, West Los Angeles
RODERICK, MYRON—wrestling, Stillwater, Okla
ROMARY, JANICE-LEE—fencing, Tarzana, Calif
ROOSEVELT, JULIAN—yachting, Oyster Bay, N Y.
ROSAZZA JOAN—swimming, Torrington, Conn.
ROSS, WILLIAM—water polo, Whittier, Calif
ROSSI, JAMES—cycling, Chicago
ROTE, JOHN—field hockey, Greenwich, Conn
ROUSE, ROGER—boxing, Opportunity, Mont
RUDDICK, SANDRA—gymnastics, Indianapolis
RUDOLPH, WILMA—track, Clarksville, Tenn.
RUSSELL, WILLIAM—basketball, Oakland, Calif.
RUUSKA, SYLVIA—swimming, Berkeley, Calif.
SCHOETTLE, FERDINAND—yachting, Philadelphia
SCHUETTE, WILLIAM—canoeing, Chevy Chase, Md
SCHWENZENFELER, KARL—gymnastics, Philadelphia
SEARS, MARY JANE—swimming, Chevy Chase, Md.
SEIEFERT, ARMIN—rowing, Rochester, Mich.
SEVERA, RONALD—water polo, Downey, Calif
SHANKLE, JOEL—track, Durham, N.C.
SHANKS, CHARLES—field hockey, Baltimore, Md
SHARPE, WILLIAM—track, Philadelphia
SHAW, GEORGE—track, New York City
SHAW, JOSEPH—boxing, St. Louis
SHEPPARD, DAVID—weight lifting, York, Pa.
SHERONAS, VICTOR—yachting, Villanova, Pa
SHRIVER, MARLEY—swimming, Glendale, Calif.
SHURTZ, SEWALL—fencing, Inglewood, Calif.
SIMMS, CHARLES—gymnastics, Los Angeles
SIMONS, NANCY—swimming, Belvedere, Calif.
SJOGREN, LEO—track, Brooklyn
SMITH, HARRY—boxing, New York City
SMITH, JAMES—shooting, Ipswich, Mass
SNYLYK, ZENON—soccer, Rochester

SOUTHERN, EDWARD—track, Dallas
SOWELL, ARNOLD—track, Pittsburgh
SPARHAWK, PETER—rowing, Winooski, N.Y.
SPURRIER, LONNIS—track, Delano, Calif.
STANFIELD, ANOY—track, Jersey City
STINSON, ROBERT—yachting, Baltimore
STONE, CURTIS—track, Smithport, Pa.
STUDE, WALTER—field hockey, Baltimore, Md.
STUNYO, JEANNE—swimming, Gary, Ind.
TANABE, RICHARD—swimming, Hilo, Hawaii
TESTA, LOIS—track, Pawtucket, R.I.
THACKWRAY, DEAN—track, Canton, Mass.
THOMAS, DALE—wrestling, East Lansing, Mich.
THOMPSON, HUGH—rowing, Tucson, Ariz.
TOBIAN, GARY—swimming, Los Angeles
TOM, WILLIAM—gymnastics, Los Angeles
TOMSIC, RONALD—basketball, Oakland, Calif.
TORRES, JOSE—boxing, Playa Ponce, P.R.
TOWNLEY, KENT—wrestling, Sioux City, Iowa
TRUEX, MAX—track, Warsaw, Ind.
TURNER, DOUGLAS—rowing, Buffalo
UCKO, FELIX—field hockey, Cedar Grove, N.J.
UCKO, KURT—field hockey, Packanack Lake, N.J.
VAN NOUHUYS, HERMAN—field hockey, New York
VAN METER, GEORGE—cycling, St. Louis
VEGA, JOSE—gymnastics, Los Angeles
VINCI, CHARLES—weight lifting, York, Pa.
VOELCKER, HERBERT—*shooting*, Tonawanda, New York
WAILES, RICHARD—rowing, Edmonds, Wash.
WALET, EUGENE JR.—yachting, New Orleans
WALET, EUGENE III—yachting, New Orleans
WALSH, JAMES—basketball, San Francisco
WALTERS, JEROME—track, Los Angeles
WECKE, HERMAN—soccer, St. Louis
WEINACKER, ADOLF—track, Detroit
WELCHLI, JOHN—rowing, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.
WERSHOVEN, AMELIA—track, Ridgefield Park, N.J.
WHEELER, THEODORE—track, Glencoe, Ill.
WHITE, WILLIE—track, Greenwood, Miss.
WHITTEN, GLEN—swimming, Lakeland, Fla.
WIGGINS, ALBERT—swimming, Pittsburgh
WIGHT, DAVID—rowing, New York City
WILLIAMS, HERBERT—yachting, Evanston, Ill.
WILLIAMS, LUCINDA—track, Bloomingdale, Ga.
WILSON, JOHN—wrestling, Washington, Pa.
WILSON, KENNETH—canoeing, New York City
WILSON, VERNON—track, Sacramento
WIRTH, SIEGBERT—soccer, Oneida, N.Y.
WITTELSBERGER, RAYMOND—field hockey, Baltimore
WOLF, WALLACE—water polo, Los Angeles
WOOLSEY, WILLIAM—swimming, Oahu, Hawaii
WORTH, GEORGE—fencing, New York City
WRIGHT, VERLE—shooting, Fort Wayne
WYNNE, JAMES—rowing, Buffalo
YORZYK, WILLIAM—swimming, Northampton, Mass.
YOUNG, CY—track, Modesto, Calif.
ZERHUSEN, ALBERT—soccer, Cincinnati







PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS

THE HOST IS BEST

While getting ready to stage a fierce Olympic swimming match, Australia also built a team strong enough to keep most of the gold medals at home

by COLES PHINIZY and FRED HUBBARD

FOR THE OLYMPIC swimming competition, which begins in about two weeks, the host city of Melbourne three years ago designed a brave, new sort of stadium with leaning sides holding up both the roof and tiers of spectators. Australians, seeing the first confused girders hanging in the sky by the Yarra River, feared Melbourne would never get this $675,000 folly built for the Games, but, being Australians, they bought tickets anyway. Every seat for every final event was sold out a year before the stadium was finished.

For eight fierce days of swimming, to many hopeful people, the 50 meters of water in this stadium will rival in importance the turbid Suez Canal. More than 30 countries will be involved and for many competitors it will be an Olympic reunion. Ford Konno, who won three medals, and Mrs. Glenn (Pat) McCormick, who won both dives in 1952, are again on the U.S. team. Veteran freestylers—Woolsey of the U.S., Duncan of South Africa, Wardrop of Britain, Suzuki of Japan, and Boiteux and Eminente of France—and such veteran backstrokers as Hurring of New Zealand, Bozon of France and Oyakawa of the U.S. will all be competing again. Three of Hungary's ladies, finally able to leave during a moratorium in the revolt, arrived late but ready to defend their 1952 titles.

The titles that many of these veteran lords and ladies won at Helsinki in 1952 will now at Melbourne wind up in the hands of their Australian hosts. Australia has not only built a brave, new swimming stadium, but also a young, strong team such as the world has never seen. Australia's show of strength will start on the first afternoon of competition when the heats of 100-meter freestylers fly off the blocks. A sandy-haired 21-year-old New South Welshman, Jon Henricks, will swim through his heat that afternoon, through the semifinals that night, and without much doubt move into the finals as favorite. By his clockings over the past two years Henricks has proved to be almost a body length better than everybody, but since 1936, when the Hungarian Ferenc Czik, unnoticed in an outside lane, stole ahead of the U.S. and Japan, few experts have cared for picking Olympic sprint winners from the face of a stopwatch. If Henricks is beaten, it is an even chance the upset winner will be either of his Australian teammates, Gary Chapman or John Devitt, who, though little known outside Australia, are equal to the best Americans and better than the Japanese. Any American not sold on the sprint power of Australia need only remember "King Rex" Aubrey, the Australian who ruled the U.S. college ranks for Yale last winter. Last month back home Aubrey wasn't good enough to make the team.

Americans have few doubts about Jon Henricks' ability. Two years ago on tour here he beat the best Americans and set new U.S. records at 100 and 200 meters. Last year he repeated the beating in Hawaii. Paradoxically, down under Henricks cuts a worrisome figure. He is a cocky soul who drives the family Humber Snipe with verve —some experts feared he might be the sort of swimming star who flares up like a supernova and sputters out. Last winter Henricks gashed his foot on a power mower, put on weight and lost some close races to his persistent rival, Gary Chapman. Doubts grew. Toeing the starting block for a time trial in the new Olympic pool three weeks ago, Henricks announced, "Now I'll show you if I'm over the bill." With a flying start he swam his fastest 100 meters ever: 55.1. The supernova was still blazing in the Southern Cross.

On the basis of their records since January, Australia's swimmers should win 14 of the 23 gold medals in swimming. Where did Australia, winner of only 11 gold medals in the last 12 Olympics, suddenly get all this power? Part of the answer is old. Australians are not the sort of people who take everything except sofa and a floor lamp to the beach and then just sit. Australians swim in the water. The big surf lines that roll past the headlands of the east Australian coast build the greatest reserve of raw talent in the world. For years Australia has been a great lender. Australia gave the world the crawl stroke, and 20 years ago a smiling Australian boy named Willie Kendall came to the U.S. to study and helped Harvard break Yale's 13-year string of swimming victories.

As more of its boys packed off to college and the rigors of U.S. coaching, Australia, the lender, began borrowing. Australian coaches adopted U.S. techniques, notably even-lap swimming and the calisthenics championed by Yale's Bob Kiphuth. Until 1951 in Australia a professional was not allowed to coach during amateur competition. The coaches who will guide this Australian team are real pros. The late '30s—when Willie Kendall was in the swim here—were in another respect the dawn of competitive swimming down under. In those years a half dozen Australian families were begetting and rearing a precocious pack of aquatic moppets who, now at 17, 18 and 19, will be the exciting new stars of the Olympics.

One of them, Lorraine Crapp, made



THE U.S.'S TEEN-AGE SHELLEY MANN IS STRONG FAVORITE TO KEEP ONE GOLD MEDAL AWAY FROM THE RAMPAGING TEEN-AGERS DOWN UNDER

her international bow two years ago at a most inauspicious time for a swimmer. As a 15-year-old she won the 440-yard title at the British Empire Games while the world focused on the cinder track where Bannister dueled Landy. In 1955 activities elsewhere diverted the eyes of the swimming world from Australia. In the U.S. the Walter Reed girls were developing into quite a crowd. In the Far East touring U.S. men lost a series of bouts to their traditional Japanese rivals. In Europe the Hungarian ladies who had cleaned up at Helsinki were still at peak, and a new brood of little Dutch girls was tearing up the record book.

Things are different now. Lorraine Crapp enters the Olympics as the outstanding woman athlete of the year, and may well be the outstanding athlete of either sex in any sport at the Games. Women outside Australia don't break many freestyle records any more, for this year Lorraine Crapp and her 19-year-old Australian teammate, Dawn Fraser, have pushed all the records from 100 yards through a half mile almost out of reach. With a toss of her close-bobbed hair (now imitated by Aussie teen-agers and called the "Crapp cut") Lorraine shrugs off record breaking and frankly can't remember how many times she has broken what. "Mummy looks after the record department," she advises. "I do the swimming." At this point even Mummy may be confused. Last August in one race daughter Lorraine set new records for 200 meters, 220 yards, 400 meters and 440 yards, and last month, in 62° water fit only for seals, she broke them all again. Her present 400-meter record, 4:47.2, puts her 30 yards ahead of any rival, and would have won her a medal in the U.S. *men's* championships and placed her sixth in the finals of the U.S. *men's* Olympic trials. Lorraine Crapp is an almost certain winner in the 400-meter freestyle and equally certain to be in a close fight with Dawn Fraser at 100 meters (but in this sprint, look out for the sleepers in the

continued on next page

SWIMMING

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outside lanes: a newcomer named Natalie Myburg of South Africa; the versatile U.S. queen, Shelley Mann, and an Australian 15-year-old, Faith Leech). Crapp, Fraser, Leech and any one of a number of second rankers down under should also win the women's 400-meter relay.

The Australian girls have broken all their world records in long-course pools which, though standard for Olympic competition, are slower, since a swimmer loses the advantage of the push-off from two turns in every 100 meters. The Australian men still do not have enough of a jump on their foreign rivals to break many of the world records set outside Australia in the faster, short-course pools. If they had been swimming short pools this year, between them, Jon Henricks, Gary Chapman, Kevin O'Halloran and Murray Rose of Australia would have broken every world freestyle record from 100 yards through the 440. At Melbourne these four will get some justice outside the record book. Henricks, Chapman and O'Halloran have turned in the year's fastest 200-meter times, and Murray Rose ranks fifth behind the U.S.'s Bill Woolsey. In the men's 800-meter relay these four are 15 yards better than the U.S. and Japan. Given luck on turns and starts, they should break the Olympic record and, despite the slow long course, the world record as well.

After a spat with his own officials, Jean Boiteux of France is back in condition to defend his Olympic title and record in the 400 meters. At Melbourne he will probably lose both title and record. To an Australian? Yes, probably to the youngest of the Aussies, 17-year-old Iain Murray Rose, a vegetarian who eats seaweed jelly for pep and who seems to have sensed at infancy that he must hurry to make this Olympic team. Murray Rose swam at 3, competed at 7, won his first junior title at 11, and at 15 swam the 440 yards in 4:37.2. Last summer Rose's best 400-meter time was 4:31. Winning the U.S. Olympic trials in 4:33.1, George Breen indicated he could close the gap on Rose. In the Australian trials last month Rose opened the gap again, swimming 4:27.1, roughly three seconds under the Olympic record. As if in revenge, Breen took the world half-mile record from Rose, and Rose countered by taking the 1,500-meter record away from Breen. In the 400 meters at Melbourne if Breen and Rose should push too hard in their duel, a number of good men lying back in the flanking lanes—possibly Australia's Murray Garrety, Hungary's Sandor Zaborszky, Japan's young hopeful Tsuyoshi Yamanaka, or Bill Woolsey and George Onekea of the U.S.—might come on to win. But at 1,500 meters, Rose and Breen should fast leave the field behind in the Games' most exciting duel of two men who are much alike at poolside and contrasts in the water. Both Rose and Breen get keyed up before a race and swim best that way. "Before a race," George Breen confides, "I lie down and think about it for two hours." In the water Rose is smooth, riding a steady kick, and Breen is a thrasher. Rose can finish very strong. Breen must go out strong and hang on. Neither can win by matching the other. Each must follow his own pace and hope it brings him in first. If Rose should beat Breen at 1,500 meters, Australia may have a grand slam in freestyle medals, something no country ever did to the U.S. and Japan before.

Australia will also make a strong showing in the backstroke, then bow out and leave the lung-busting breaststroke and butterfly events to the traditional powers. Before the men's backstroke finals all partisans should take a vow to love the officials, come

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THE INTERNATIONAL SET

In recent years a growing foreign legion of swimmers, as well as trackmen (*see page 55*), from every continent have been coming to study and compete in the U.S. The four swimmers pictured below are the foremost veterans of this international set. Each competed in the 1952 Olympics for his homeland, won collegiate honors here and will again be on the home team at Melbourne. Anyone obsessed by national rivalry may find it strange, but in competition today what a man clocks is important, and few care where he came from. In fact, while in the U.S. three of the foreigners below—Marsball, Hurring and Wardrop—were voted onto the All-America team.



OKLAHOMA'S PETER DUNCAN
SOUTH AFRICA, FREESTYLE



YALE'S JOHN MARSHALL
AUSTRALIA, BUTTERFLY



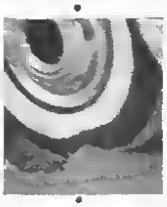
IOWA'S LINCOLN HURRING
NEW ZEALAND, BACKSTROKE



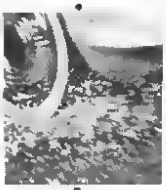
MICHIGAN'S JACK WARDROP
GREAT BRITAIN, FREESTYLE



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1. BRUISE DAMAGE caused by hitting a rock, hole or bump is a frequent cause of tire blowout. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness guards against impact damage, gives you extra safety, addad protection mila aftar mile.



2. MOISTURE seeping in through cracks or cuts in tira rubbar waakens ordinary cord; results in dangarous, unsaen damage to your tiras. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture damage because watar can't rot nylon cord.



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4. HEAT can permanently weaken tire cord, laad to blow outs. Nylon gives two way protection: It has greater heat rasistanca — also makes cooler-running tires. That's why racing tiras ara mada with nylon.

Nylon cord tires* offered as new safety feature on '57 Lincoln

Engineered to meet today's driving needs, nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

Now for today's horsepowers and highways there are modern tires with the safety that only nylon cord can give. Nylon gives tires extra stamina to stand mile-after-mile driving strains that can cause unseen damage to your tires. Nylon cord gives added protection against the four major causes of blowouts, lets you drive mile after mile with utmost confidence.

Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Nylon cord tires are available from all tire makers. Be sure to look for the identification on the sidewall.

*OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

The safest, strongest tires you can have on your new car are made with nylon cord

continued from page 74

what may out of a blanket finish where six or seven hands may be hitting the wall at once. To be sure of a spot in the finals, a backstroker must be able to break the Olympic record. A lanky Queenslander, David Theile, is favored to win. Theile has clocked a clean half second better than anyone, but he is erratic and might well be beaten by his Australian teammate John Monckton, by the U.S.'s 1952 Olympic champion Yoshi Oyakawa, France's 1952 runner-up Gilbert Bozon, New Zealand's Lincoln Hurring or Hungary's Laszlo Magyar. Before the Dutch stars Jopie Van Alphen and Lenie de Nijs were pulled out of the Games, the women's backstroke also promised a great final. Without the Dutch, the race loses its luster, but it will still be close. Britain's Judy Grinham, Carin Cone of the U.S. and Eva Pajor of Hungary have all swum under 1:14.5 this year.

It is in the butterfly stroke now, strangely, that the U.S. has its best chance for swimming gold medals. At breaking records under handicaps, Shelley Mann this summer matched the Australian girls, lowering the world mark for the butterfly to 1:11.8 in a slow, long-course pool that actually was 23 inches too long. If Shelley swims every event in which she has qualified —the 100-meter freestyle, the relay and the butterfly—she will swim eight races in eight days, a fair load for even a three-stroke, one-girl team like Shelley. The U.S.'s Bill Yorzyk, who took the world butterfly record away from the solidly entrenched Japanese, is a fairly safe favorite over Takashi Ishimoto of Japan.

The breaststroke at Melbourne will be perhaps a face-saver for two old swimming powers, Hungary and Japan. Hungary's girls took seven of the 10 women's gold medals at Helsinki, but now only Eva Szekely of all these veterans can be considered a favorite. Even Szekely, not really up to her 1955 form, will be hard put to beat two good Germans, Eva Ten Elsen and Ursula Happe. Before Red China pulled out there was prospect of some new blood worth watching in the men's breaststroke. Now it would take the entry of a porpoise to take the eyes of most spectators off Masaru Furukawa of Japan. Pressmen at Melbourne can with honesty hang the old cliche "human fish" on Furukawa. Still consistently three or four body lengths ahead of everybody, Furukawa now swims the first 45 meters underwater, takes a breath on alternate strokes for the next 125 meters, then, when the opposition is gasping on the surface, Furukawa burrows under again for the last 30 meters. Toting it up, he is now swimming nearly 75% of the race underwater.

It is most proper to ask the U.S. entries in the platform and springboard dives to take a bow in force: in the women's platform, again, Mrs. Pat McCormick, Paula Myers and Juno Irwin, who very likely will repeat their 1952 sweep; in women's springboard, Pat McCormick and the two blond Kewpie dolls of the Detroit A.C., Barbara Gilders and Jeanne Stunyo; the springboard men of Ohio State, Don Harper, Glen Whitten and Bob Clotworthy; and off the platform, Gary Tobian, Willie Farrell and Dick Connor. Some of the men may not win a medal. The Russian veteran of Helsinki, Roman Brener, to name one sleeper, will be back, and Europeans say he now has more confidence off the three-meter board. As Ohio State Coach Mike Peppe points out, no one should be dismayed by the standings after the compulsory half of the men's springboard. The U.S. is best in the tough optional half. Don Harper, to name the prime example, is not a particularly clean performer in the simpler school dives, but his consistency and acrobatic skill should put him on top in the second half.

If Australia dominates the swimming at Melbourne, it is worth stating now, before headlines bark querulously WHAT HAPPENED TO THE U.S. SWIMMERS? that the U.S. men and girls are better than they were in 1952. The Australians merely did the impossible and are now on center stage. It is also well to remember that any good man in an outside lane always has a chance, particularly a veteran who wants to hang onto his 1952 honors. END

AUSTRALIA TAKES OVER

MEN'S SWIMMING

Event	Olympic record	Best 1956 performance by Olympic entry
100-meter freestyle	57.1 Clark Scholes (U.S.) 1952	55.2 Jon Henricks (Australia)
400-meter freestyle	4:30.7 Jean Boiteux (France) 1952	4:27 Murray Rose (Australia)
1,500-meter freestyle	18:30 Ford Konno (U.S.) 1952	17:59.5 Murray Rose (Australia)
100-meter backstroke	1:05.4 Yoshi Oyakawa (U.S.) 1952	1:02.9 David Theile (Australia)
200-meter butterfly	---------- ---- ------*	2:19 Bill Yorzyk (U.S.)
200-meter breaststroke	----------*	2:33.2 Masaru Furukawa (Japan)

WOMEN'S SWIMMING

100-meter freestyle	1:05.5 Judith Temes (Hungary) 1952	1:02.4 Lorraine Crapp (Australia)
400-meter freestyle	5:12.1 Valerie Gyenge (Hungary) 1952	4:47.2 Lorraine Crapp (Australia)
100-meter backstroke	1:13.8 Geertje Wielema (Holland) 1952	1:13.4 Judy Grinham (Great Britain)
100-meter butterfly	------ --------*	1:11.8 Shelley Mann (U.S.)
200-meter breaststroke	----- ---------- -- ----------*	2:53.3 Eva Ten Elsen (Germany)

**In previous Olympics, performers were permitted to use both butterfly stroke and orthodox breaststroke in the traditional breaststroke event. In these Games for the first time there is a separate event for each stroke and the best times made in each event by men and women at Melbourne will constitute new Olympic records.*

VETERANS AND RISING STARS

At every Olympics, track and field is the classic on the main stage, but never the be-all and end-all of the Games. Before the Olympic flag is run down at Melbourne, the performers of swimming and 15 other sports will have settled their issues at a dozen different sites. At Melbourne, the sports in which Australian interest runs high and in which Australia has a stake, such as swimming and cycling, will attract large crowds. Fencing will draw far less than at Games held in the fencing stronghold of Europe. Every winner, whether a new and famous star such as George Breen on the opposite page, or a little-known veteran like the field hockey champion Balbir Singh (*page 82*), will draw cheers in some corner of the world. The following pages show some of the heroes (and heroines) who will be making the strongest claims for Olympic medals.



BILL YORZYK OF THE U.S.

Setting a world 200-meter butterfly record of 2:16.7 last spring, Yorzyk is now favored in an event the Japanese had counted on winning.



GEORGE BREEN OF THE U.S.

World record holder in the non-Olympic 800-meter distance, he is U.S.'s big hope against Australians in 400- and 1,500-meter freestyles.

MASARU FURUKAWA OF JAPAN

Although Japan in most events now trails the U.S. and Australia, this superb breaststroker is still body lengths ahead of the whole world.



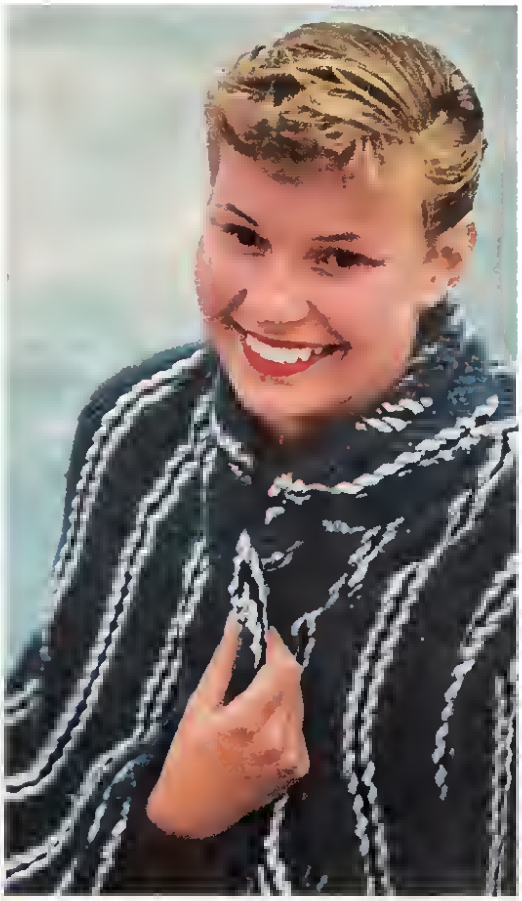


THE GREAT
AUSTRALIAN SWIMMERS

This year Lorraine Crapp (*left*) and Dawn Fraser have broken all freestyle records up to a half mile and are favored to win the 400 and 100 meters respectively. Murray Rose (*left*), Gary Chapman and Jon Henricks lead the world at 1,500, 400 and 100



meters, and make Australia favorite also in men's relay. Backstroker David Thiele (*extreme right*) holds a slim edge over his U.S., French and New Zealand rivals. Barring Olympic jitters, these six should corner, among them, about a dozen medals.



JOPIE VAN ALPHEN OF HOLLAND

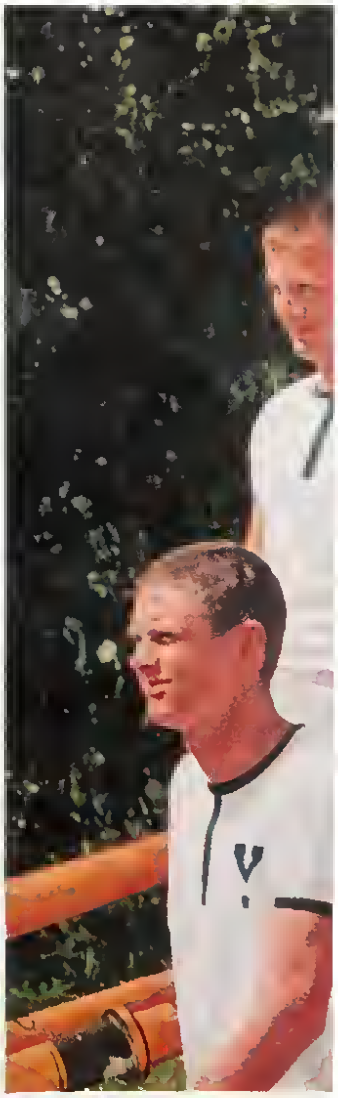
The most consistent backstroker this year, she will be hard pressed by teammates and by Britain's Judy Grinham and the U.S.'s Carin Cone.

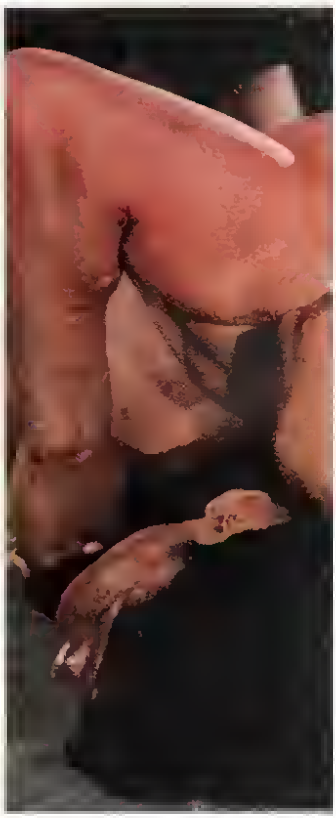
EVA SZEKELY OF HUNGARY

Though not up to her 1952 form, she enters the 200-meter breaststroke a slight favorite to retain the title she won at the Helsinki Games.









PAT McCORMICK OF THE U.S.

Off the springboard and platform, this 1952 double Olympic winner epitomizes the traditional U S. supremacy in diving. A foreign rival may squeeze into second or third, but McCormick is almost a shoo-in to keep both her titles at Melbourne.



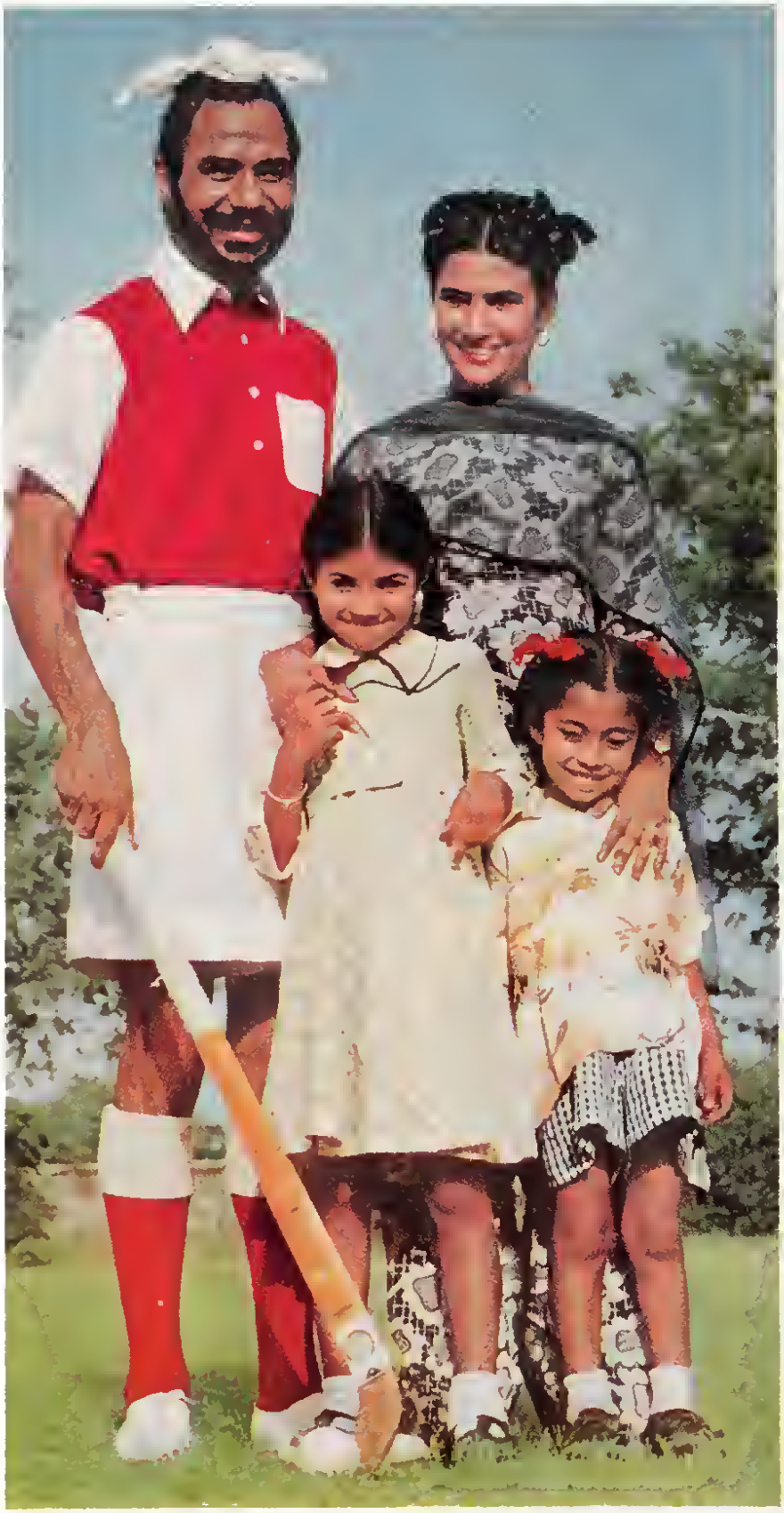
THE U.S. CREW

At the U.S. Olympic trials last June, Coxswain Bill Becklean and Yale's eight oarsmen—(*left to right*) Tom Charlton, David Wight, John Cooke, Donald Beer, Charles Grimes, Caldwell Esselstyn, Dick Wailes and Robert Morey—were rated roughly third but in finals Yale beat favored Cornell by half a length. They are favorites at Melbourne over fast-improving Russians and Europeans.



SHOZO SASAHARA OF JAPAN

Although the men of the big wrestling powers, such as Turkey, Russia, Iran, Sweden and the U.S., should predominate in most of the weight classes at the Games, in the featherweight freestyle class Sasahara, 1954 and 1956 world champion, will be pronounced favorite.

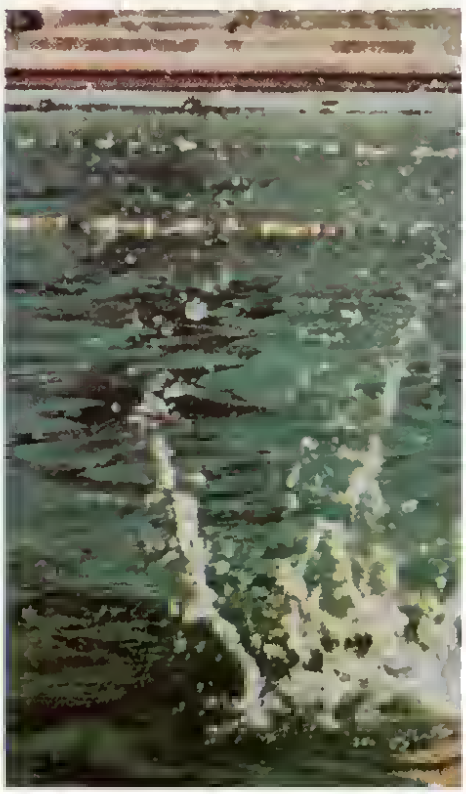


BALBIR SINGH OF INDIA

A police officer and a devout Sikh, Balbir Singh (shown above with his wife Sushil and their children) will lead India's excellent field hockey team in what will probably, for the sixth straight Olympics, amount to a complete rout of all of the opposing teams.

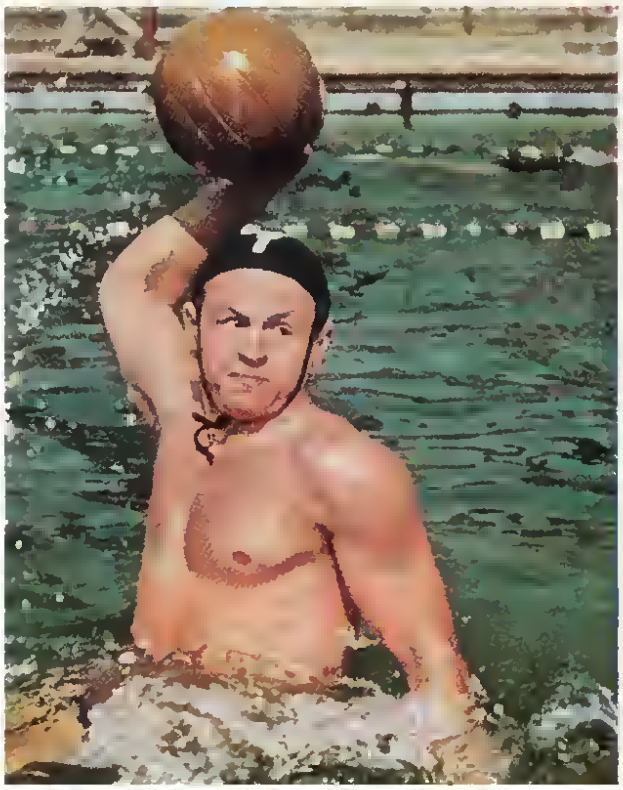


GIUSEPPE OGNA OF ITALY





World champion solo sprinter in 1955, this young cyclist, despite a disappointing season, has his best chance at Melbourne on the Italian tandem team.





LIDIA DOMOIKI OF HUNGARY

Surprise winner at the 1955 world fencing championships, with a brash, almost masculine foil technique, in the Olympics she again will face the challenge of traditional French and Italian opponents.

DEZSOE KARPATI OF HUNGARY

This aggressive forward has been a consistent scorer on the Hungarian water polo team that won the European title and is favored to win again over its traditional rivals Italy and Yugoslavia at the Games.



PAUL ANDERSON OF THE U.S.

This genial 310-pound behemoth holds the world's combined weight lifting record of 1,175 pounds, and he should win the heavyweight class. Since 1952, U.S. and Russian weight lifters have led the world in a close rivalry and should just about evenly divide the gold, silver and bronze medals.

A MIXED BAG OF MEDALS

WEIGHT LIFTING

In weight lifting, as in almost every physical contest, a good big man is better than a good little man. The best big man to ever participate in the Iron Game, which is as much a trial of mental attitude as strength, is Paul Anderson, shown in all his prideful bulk on the opposite page. Anderson, who, despite his 310 pounds, cares so little for food that he has only one desultory meal and two quarts of milk a day, is the only lifter in history to get 1,100 pounds overhead in the three Olympic lifts—the press, the snatch, the clean and jerk—and it is expected that he will become the first to lift 1,200. This will depend on his success in the snatch—and at his present streamline he should be more agile in this quick lift.

Although Anderson is a certainty to win a gold medal for the U.S. in the heavyweight division, international experts consider the lightest body weight class, the bantamweight, or 123-pound division, to be the one which will decide the Olympic competition between the U.S. and Russia: no other nation seems likely to win a gold medal. In recent years the bantamweight class has been dominated by Soviet lifters. At Melhourne, U.S. Bantam Chuck Vinci will be meeting the Russian, Vladimir Stogov (*right*), who is the current world-record holder with a 737 total. Stogov, however, has fared poorly of late while the 4-foot 10-inch Vinci is swiftly improving. If the U.S. gets a gold medal in this class, which has been dominated, of late, by Russian lifters, they will have gained an important psychological advantage.

The featherweight division pits, for the U.S., Israel-born Isaac Berger, a very promising cocky young lifter, against either Ivan Udodov or the 1952 Olympic champion, Rafael Chimishkian. The U.S. is thought to have a 50-50 chance of winning this division. The lightweight class will be dominated by Soviet lifters. The U.S. is entering no one, due to the fact that the Russians have five men who are far superior to America's best. Dr. Peter George, an Army dentist and an unparalleled stylist in the quick lifts, is the U.S. entry in the middleweight division. A 1952 Olympic champion, George is expected to meet the formidable Russian Fyodor Bogdanovsky, who, though a very good presser, is something of a defeatist with a tendency to fold in international competition.

Tommy Kono, holder of seven world records, is the U.S. hope, and a very good one too in the light-heavyweight class. Although Kono is nominally a middleweight, he is entered in this class and eating six meals a day to make top weight in the 181-pound class as a concession to the committee who felt that he would contribute



VLADIMIR STOGOV OF RUSSIA

most to the team there. Kono ought to be a shoo-in against the unpredictable Trofim Lomakin if he can overcome a recent and deplorable tendency of failing on his first two of three attempts. The middle-heavyweight division will be a close contest between the American, Dave Sheppard, and the surly Soviet medical student, Arkady Vorobyov. Sheppard, the onetime Don Larsen of weight lifting, is a genuinely rugged individualist. He used to consume as many as eight quarts of beer a day, commencing at breakfast, favors black T shirts, dark glasses and a trench coat instead of a robe. Sheppard, fortunately, is now down to four cigarets a day and in top condition.

ROWING

A split second after the call to "ready all?" the cream of the eight-oared shells will hit the catch, the 1¼-mile course at Lake Wendouree, Ballarat. Less than six minutes later, the U.S., Australian, Russian, Canadian, Czechoslovakian or French team should collapse with the happiest of grins.

The favorite, Yale University, is a real bulldog gang this year. In the Olympic tryouts, though underdogs to Cornell, the Elis took Cornell's measure by three-quarters of a boat length. Since then they have had daily sessions, and Coach Jim Rathschmidt is happy "every man is in fine condition, not an injury in the lot."

But Yale has the tough job of upholding the U.S.'s monopoly, set up by the Navy eight back in 1920. In addition, Yale must withhold the challenges of vastly improved European crews and a good, big, heavy Australian eight.

The Russians have been experimenting with three different boats, but due to "overconfidence" took an upset from Czechoslovakia at September's European Championships at Bled, Yugoslavia. They will be eager to redeem themselves in Australia, but the international experts pick the powerful Australian crew to give Yale a scare.

The Aussie crew is almost as big and heavy as Yale's, which averages 6 feet 3 inches and 187 pounds. This will be a close one, with probably no more than four seconds separating the first three shells.

Two hours before the eights do battle, the single sculls will come down the Lake Wendouree straightaway. John B. Kelly Jr. of the U.S. will be trying for that elusive gold medal, and he is up against even tougher opposition than Yale. Jack plans to "go off at 36 to 38, maintain 32 in the body and kick it in at 36 or higher." But he knows that too much leveling off could be fatal. "There's no such thing as taking an extra breath with those Iron Curtain boys; they're too fit." And so they are.

Russia's sensational young Vyacheslav Ivanov won the European title at Bled. Although only 19 and rather small, he is solid and fast. Poland's Teodor Kocerka took the Diamond Sculls at Henley in June but was thoroughly whipped by Ivanov at Bled. Overtrained, he tired badly but is back in condition now.

Australia's strapping Stuart Mackenzie upset Mervyn Wood, the 1948 London gold



JACK KELLY OF THE U.S.

medalist, at their tryouts. While still a little green, this is a good big man. New Zealand pins its hope on 6-foot-1 J. R. Hill.

The Russians look impressive in the remaining rowing events but should meet strong opposition from Germany in the coxswain pair. The U.S.'s Duvall Hecht and James Fifer have a chance to overtake them in the pairs without coxswain. From there on in, with the possible exception of Dan Ayrault, Conn Findlay and Coxswain Kurt Seiffert in the coxswain pairs, the U.S. delegation has but an outside chance.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

BOXING

There is no professional boxing in Russia or Poland, which means there are no astrakhan-collared Carbos manipulating in Leningrad hotel rooms or lingering over glasses of tea with Muscovite Norrises. It also means, however, that the fighters whom Russia and Poland send to Melbourne are the finest in their countries and considerably more experienced than their American counterparts. Most of them have had well over 100 fights, roughly twice as many as the U.S. boxers. Moreover, they are grounded in the fussy international rules which regard the sport of boxing as the Manly Art of Self Defense. A feeble jab, for instance, merely by penetrating an opponent's guard, counts as much as a good clout on the jaw. Other Olympic rules antithetical to American tradition are: no holding and hitting or being *held* and hitting, which practically eliminates infighting; no hending below the waist by either bobbing or weaving (à la Marciano); no punching with an open glove (à la Hurricane Jackson). By stubbornly ignoring these regulations, two Americans were tossed out of the ring in 1948 and one was so heavily penalized that he lost.

The American team this year is not nearly as strong as the one which won five gold medals at Helsinki. Perhaps the most accomplished member is Joe Shaw (*right*), a stringy, imperturbable 18-year-old St. Louisan who is a light welter or 140-pounder. Shaw is both an eminently skillful boxer and a powerful puncher, and has the assured and easy moves of an old pro. Another excellent U.S. boxer is Harry Smith, a 21-year-old airman from New York City. Smith, a featherweight veteran of interservice, Golden Gloves and AAU competition, is a southpaw with class and a good looping right hand. The two collegians on the team are both rated high: Middleweight Roger Rouse, an Idaho State student out of the Montana mining town of Opportunity, is a tireless, awkward battler of the Marciano mold; Choken Maekawa, the bantamweight Michigan State graduate, is orthodox and conservative.

Poland and Russia, however, should be considered as the teams for the U.S. to beat. The best of the Poles are Bantamweight Jerry Adamski, a 19-year-old engineering student; Lightweight Henryk Niednwiedzki, an army officer, and the sturdy Lower Silesian welterweight Tadeusz Wallasek.

The Russians are, for the most part, straight-up fighters and in perfect condition. They tend to throw their hooks high and keep their hands high. They can't block a punch, but take one admirably. Among the most expert are Flyweight Vladimir Stolnikov, Middleweight Boris Stepanov, Middleweight Gennady Shatkov and Light Welterweight Vladimir Yengibaryan.



JOE SHAW OF THE U.S.

The Russians, incidentally, claim to have invented, centuries ago, "an original form of pugilism" called *stenka*, in which two ranks of pugilists battled on icebound rivers. Since the Russians have taken boxing off the ice and into the gym they have emphasized skill rather than strength, considering the latter "a vulgarization," and "not corresponding to the main purpose of any sport—improvement of people's health."

YACHTING

When the Olympic sailing events get under way off Melbourne on Port Phillip Bay, the 5.5-meter class will be the top boat. In 1952 Dr. Britton Chance of Philadelphia took that gold medal, upsetting the experienced Europeans. Our 1956 skipper, Ensign Andy Schoettle of Mantoloking, N.J., sailing with Owner Vic Sheronas aboard *Rush IV*, beat Dr. Chance in this year's Olympic 5.5-meter trials. Ensign Schoettle has sailed his boat for over a year, knows her well and is a very coolheaded young man in a race, a prime requirement for a winning skipper.

The 5.5-meter is a European class, however, and there is plenty of European talent for Ensign Schoettle to worry about. The *Rush IV* was bought from the Swedes in 1955, and it's a good bet that they have been working to come up with a better hull since then. At the moment, the Swedes are counting on Lars Thorn in *Rush V* to take the honors. Next door to them the Norwegians, who won the European 5.5 Cold Cup championship this year, have an equally dangerous competitor in Peder Lunde. The Russians are an unknown quantity in the 5.5 picture. They have the largest fleet of this class in the world, all built very recently, and may be in a position to give the established sailing countries a run for the money.

The second largest boat in the 1956 Olympics are the Dragons. Norway's Tor Torvaldson, two-time winner of this class in the Olympics, is an acknowledged favorite, but the U.S. has an extremely sharp sailor in Cene Walet of New Orleans, who has an unprecedented record in the annual North American Men's Championship, having reached the finals three times and won twice. He hadn't been sailing Dragons more than a few months when he went to the U.S. trials and whipped all hands in the class. Like the 5.5-meter class, however, the Dragon is primarily a European boat, and Walet will have his hands full against the competition-hardened Dragon sailors from across the Atlantic.

The Star boats are a truly international fleet, with 3,800 boats around the world. Americans have always numbered among the top skippers but Cuba's entry of Carlos de Cardenas must be reckoned far the strongest. Cardenas has twice won the world Star championships, and is considered peerless in a Star boat. Close on his heels is the Italian, Agostino Straulino. The American entry is Herbert Williams of Chicago, an outstanding sailor in national Star class meets.

In the two-man 12-square-meter Sharpie, Holland had the top entry but the Dutch have withdrawn from the Games. The United States is sending Eric Olsen of Essex, Conn., a wily sailor who has the know-how to pull an upset.



CARLOS DE CARDENAS OF CUBA

In the one-man Finn Monotype, Paul Elvstrom of Denmark is head and shoulders above practically all comers. The Dane trains like a champion gymnast for the acrobatics demanded by the tricky hull. Marblehead, Mass. is supplying the U.S. entry, John Marvin, who came out the winner of the longest and most strenuous series of Olympic sailing trials held by the U.S.

Julian Roosevelt, manager of this year's team and a two-time Olympic sailor himself, summed up the U.S. team by saying that it is "the best we have ever sent. With a little luck, we could do very well."

SHOOTING

Russian marksmen have since 1952 dominated the international shooting scene, and they are expected to carry off most of the honors at this Olympics. Though Sweden, Norway, Finland and Hungary have turned in formidable performances in recent years, none has been able to match the uniformly brilliant shooting records of the U.S.S.R.

The reasons for the Russian shooting supremacy are consistent with that country's other sporting endeavors. Unlike the general apathy which surrounds competitive shooting in the U.S., in Russia it is a pastime as popular as golf is here. Top shots like Anatoli Bogdanov and Vassily Borisov are national heroes, rewarded with enviable privileges befitting their station.

At Caracas in 1954, Bogdanov, highest scorer in the 1952 Olympics, broke the world record in the 300-meter free rifle match by nine points. Every man on the Russian 300-meter team at Caracas shot higher scores than had ever been shot in American competition. Shooting for the U.S. in this event will be Lieutenant Herbert Voelcker, USA, a newcomer to international competition but twice All-America Collegiate Rifle champion. His teammate, Lieutenant James Smith, USMCR, is a veteran of the Caracas matches. Though both have performed well in training, Russia, Finland and Sweden should present them with almost insurmountable odds.

Greatest challenge to Russia in the three-position smallbore rifle could be the present world-record holder and 1952 Olympic gold medalist, Erling Kongshaug of Norway. Hvild-Jensen of Denmark will be Russia's biggest threat should Norway fail to compete at Melbourne. The U.S.'s hope in this division, Arthur Jackson of Silver Spring, Md., is an old pro at international shooting, but he will face the best smallbore shooters in the world. Jackson's teammate is Lieutenant Verle Wright, USA, who shot on the '52 and '54 International teams and on the '55 Pan-American team.

Perhaps our best—and only—hope of a gold medal rests with Army Master Sergeant Huelet Benner of the U.S. slow-fire free pistol team. Considered the best pistol shot in the world, Sergeant Benner brought back the only U.S. gold medal from Helsinki. His most persistent rival is Sweden's Thor Ullman, who still holds the 50-meter free pistol Olympic record he set in 1936. With Ullman's presence at Melbourne in doubt, Benner's chances of repeating his Helsinki victory will be threatened by Russia's Yassinsky and Vajnschtejn. Benner's slow-fire pistol partner, Navy Warrant Officer Offutt Pinion, is a longtime competitive pistol shooter with a record of consistently high scoring but little brilliance.

The remaining shooting event in which the U.S. will compete, the rapid-fire pistol



ANATOLI BOGOANOV OF RUSSIA

matches, may see some upsets. Russia and Finland are strongest contenders, with little hope for the U.S. Rapid-fire team member John Forman of El Paso, Texas, however, is an up-and-coming shooter, with international experience at Caracas and a promising pre-Olympic training record. Potentially, he could provide the surprise in this event. His partner, Air National Guardsman John Beaumont of Hawaii, with no previous international experience behind him, is less predictable.

After several months of intensive pre-Olympic training, however, the eight Americans who will shoot at Melbourne represent the strongest Olympic team the U.S. has sent into competition in years.

BASKETBALL

In theory, the entire program of the Olympic Games is designed for all the nations of the world. In actual practice, however, some nations have turned out to be downright selfish. India, for example, persists in making field hockey an Indian monopoly. The Hungarians have for years been in a class by themselves in water polo. And so it is with basketball—except that in this case the United States can plead extenuating circumstances. We invented the game in the first place.

Since the sport became an integral part of the Olympic program at Berlin in 1936, the U.S. has won every tournament and the 12-man squad selected this year is probably the best yet; in fact, it may well be the best amateur basketball team the world has ever seen.

For one thing it has Bill Russell, the giant All-America from San Francisco whose marvelous agility and reflexes make him perhaps the first true defensive genius the game has known. And around him will be revolving such players as the mercurial guard K. C. Jones; high-scoring Chuck Darling (6 feet 9) and Burdy Haldorson (6 feet 8); sharpshooting Gib Ford and speedy Ron Romsic of the Armed Forces and half a dozen more.

However—and Coach Gerald Tucker knows this quite well—the U.S. *could* run into trouble. In the past 20 years the rest of the world has become basketball-conscious to such an extent that the sport now ranks high among the favorites of a score of nations. Some, like Russia and France and the South Americans from Brazil and Uruguay, are playing very good basketball indeed.

None has the height or depth to match the U.S. and none has the shooting touch or the wonderful feel for the game you might expect from athletes who have been banging away at baskets hung from barn doors and telephone poles since infancy. But these upstart challengers are generally quite strong defensively, have good team speed—and never stop hustling. This may not be the year but they are at least beginning to close the gap.

Their one big hope of upsetting the U.S. involves no secret weapon at all; instead it revolves around a tactic which both Russia and Brazil used with such good effect against us at Helsinki that is worth trying again. This, of course, is control-type basketball—the stall. But Tucker now knows what to expect. "Hard, aggressive defense" is his formula for breaking up the deep freeze. "We will press the opposition and keep pressing."

Russia must be accorded the best chance if the U.S. should stumble. They are tall and strong and set up their shots well.



BILL RUSSELL OF THE U.S.

France is a good defensive team and can rebound, but, like most non-U.S. basketball teams, shows the lack of topflight coaching. Brazil and Uruguay prefer the race-horse style of play but, aware of the risk of trying to outrun the U.S., will almost surely choose to slow down too. Brazil uses a double post offense and moves the ball well; Uruguay has less cohesion as a team but boasts perhaps the finest young player outside the continental limits of this country in flashy, hard-driving Oscar Moglia.

But basketball is still a United States game, and no one really expects it to look like anything else, even at Melbourne.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WATER POLO

Twenty-five years ago Hungary ruled international water polo with a zone type of play that put a premium on hall handling. In off-Olympic years the U.S. played different rules in what amounted to an entirely different game, a frothy, churning turmoil where finesse at manhandling counted for as much as hall handling. "After the '32 Games," Eagle McCarthy, an old American player, remembers, "we played the Hungarians half a game under their rules and they beat us. Then we played a half our way, and, heh, we murdered them." The American game died, and the Hungarians have been setting the pace ever since.

Rule changes after the 1948 Games, notably a change giving players freedom of movement after a foul, opened up the game, and Hungary was first to capitalize on the new freedom hy stressing fast swimming as much as passing. At Melbourne Hungary is again favorite—a sbaky favorite—in a field which, although it is small (12 entries in contrast to 21 at Helsinki), includes the traditional rivals, Italy, Yugoslavia and Germany, and two new threats, Russia and the U.S. The opposition may see something new from Hungary again this year. Last month Hungarian Coach Bela Rajki lifted the curtain on practice long enough to announce that his tactics this year would stress use of "the entire pool area." This prompted speculation that Hungary perhaps was adopting some sort of modified zone play or stressing an even longer passing game to capitalize on the good arms of veterans Deszo Gyarmat and Gyorgy Karpati Coach Rajki then rang down the curtain with a confidential aside: "If this technique works, we will win. If not, then Yugoslavia, Russia, the United States and Italy can heat us."



HUGHES, U.S.

The opposition may well have Hungary in a state of tactical desperation. The Hungarians have found the Russians stronger than expected this year; at the Naples tournament Hungary lost a game to Italy and later squeezed hy Yugoslavia. The Italians and Yugoslavs have hotb stressed speed swimming, aiming to heat Hungary at its own fast game. The Europeans have an eye cocked for the U.S., a surprising fourth-place winner in 1952. The Americans have heen raw hut seldom slow, and in big Boh Hughes, a 1952 veteran, we have a good goal shooter and a fast man. However well he scores this year, Hughes already rates a how. He is also the U.S. entry in the 200-meter breaststroke—the first man since Weissmuller to douhle up in swimming and polo at the Games.

CYCLING

Experts wbo have seen it say the 333-meter cycling track at Melbourne compares favorably with the good tracks of Europe. A race-track tout can safely predict some fast times in the Games, but it would take something on the order of divine guidance to pick many winners. A number of countries, in fact, have not yet decided which sprinter will enter the one-kilometer time trial (where each man races alone against the stop watch) and which will enter the one-kilometer scratch race. On recent performances, Russia's Rotoslav Vargachkin, who can clock 1:12 or hetter almost at will, and Italy's Valentino Gasperella, who has hit 1:10.3, and France's 20-year-old Michel Rousseau rate among the hest in the time trial. With Rousseau going in the time trials, his old European rival, Gugliemo Pesenti of Italy, becomes a chancy favorite to win the one-kilometer scratch race. The Australians figure their hest chance again this year is in the 2,000-meter tandem race. One of their 1952 Olympic tandem champions, Russ Mockridge, has turned professional, so Australia's tandem hopes also ride on two new men, Anthony Marchant and Ian Browne. In the tandem and the 4,000-meter team pursuit race, tbe cyclists from Australia and Europe have not run on the same tracks—in hoth events it's really anybody's guess.

Ten miles north of Melbourne the officials have laid out a circuit for the 118-mile road race that is already heing called a course of horrors. It is bitumen paved, hut dangerously narrow in spots, with edges of loose gravel. There are three tight corners and three heart-break hills. Veteran Russ Mockridge took a look and announced, "Helsinki was a walk-over compared to this." The hills are tbe sort that give the Italian mountain men a chance to hreak away. Whether it gives the Italians an advantage or not, it is certainly not a course that favors a repeat by the Belgians who won the team title so convincingly over the easier road at Helsinki. However, Belgium's top man, Norbert Verougstraete, will prohably be in the fore with the best of the French, Italians and Australians.



BELL, U.S.

In Allen Bell, who set a new one-kilometer record of 1:13.5, and veteran Jack Disney, the U.S. has some chance for medals. It's safe to figure the U.S. team will do generally hetter than in '48 and '52 when their luck was riddled witb punctures and spills. The U.S. has not won a cycling medal since 1912 and it would be wonderful for a bicycle rider to bring a medal hack to this land of rocket-tailed motor cars.

SOCCER

Soccer is tbe most universally popular sport on the Melbourne agenda, but as an Olympic event it is sick and suffering from estranged love. The reason: professional teams. A year ago 37 countries filed entries for the Olympic soccer competition, and began dropping out almost immediately. There will he only 11 teams at Melbourne—not one team from soccer-mad South America where important matches draw crowds up to 200,000. The Latins are now in love with the superior play of professional teams, and in South America and Europe the big excitement now is not the Olympic test hut the world championship, wbere the hest amateurs and professionals meet and no questions asked. Uruguay won the Olympic soccer title in 1924 and 1928 and never sent another team. Italy and Sweden, winners in 1936 and 1948, will not be competing this year. Hungary, 1952 winner, is skipping Melhourne to huild for the 1958 world championships. Yugoslavia, 1952 runner-up, is sending its second team (the first string will he busy playing professional sides in Britain).



KEOUGH, U.S.

Six teams—India, Thailand, Indonesia, Australia, Japan and the U.S.—appear infrequently on the world scene and rank almost as unknowns at Melhourne. European experts point out that the U.S., despite a consistent weakness of attacking haphazardly, has never heen as had as its record, losing most often to a strong contender in the first round. U.S. fortunes depend greatly on veterans such as Harry Keough, who played in tbe '48 and '52 Games, but hopes, all in all, are not much brighter this year. The U.S. opens against tbe Yugoslav second stringers, who are equally favored with Britain and Bulgaria for one spot in the finals. Russia should take its strong first-round rival, Germany, and go on to the finals. The Soviets are sending their hest, drawing heavily for their players on the great Dynamo and Spartak teams of Moscow. For two years Russia's soccer men have proved better conditioned than any in Europe or South America, capable of going all-out for 90 minutes or attacking savagely for a half and then falling back in tight defense against exhausted opponents. The Russians once stressed a tight passing attack and on several occasions in the past they were caught and upset hy a change in their opponent's defense. They now know how to shift for themselves, and, while the whole soccer competition at Melbourne verges on sham, the play of the Russians will he anything hut that.

FIELD HOCKEY

Casting an expert eye at Britain's select team last month, 67-year-old Arnold Hands, a peer among the world's field hockey coaches, announced, "We can win the hockey at Melhourne." Coach Hands would prohably be the first to admit he was whistling slightly in the dark. While the Britons sharpened themselves with slam-bang practice games in these last critical weeks, in the Punjab of India 32-year-old Balbir Singh (*see page 82*), a fleet-footed police inspector with the soft, kind eyes of a Redbone Hound, was out of bed every morning at 4:30, running and rope skipping before putting in a day of police work and practice with India's Olympic team. Balbir Singh played for India in the 1948 Games; in 1952 he was the scourge of rival goalies. Three goals by Singh put Britain out in the semifinals, and five goals by Singh beat Holland in the finals. The passing combination of Balbir Singh at center forward and Udham Singh, another veteran of the Helsinki Games, at inside left should again be the wonder of the hockey competition at Melbourne.



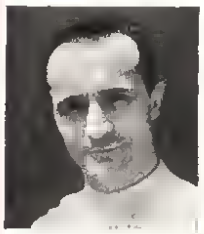
UDHAM SINGH, INDIA

Tbe U.S. passed up the 1952 competition but this year fields a team selected from the loosely knit hockey federation of the East Coast. Its chances of winning are almost nil. The Britons, who developed the modern game of field hockey about 85 years ago and are anxious to get back to the top, are fielding their best team ever. Pakistan also figures to be as good as in 1952 or better. If Britain, Pakistan or any other country should upset India, it would bring to an end the most spectacular monopoly of the whole Olympic Games. Since first sending a team in 1928, India has won five straight titles, never losing a match. In the past five Olympic competitions India has scored 138 points to their opponents' seven.

The 14 countries opposing India at Melbourne, generally speaking, now play the game more the Indian way, moving tbe ball fast through tight pass patterns, both in direct attack from forward to forward and in triangular patterns from forward to halfback to forward. But no one yet passes so fast or enjoys such a command over the ball as the Indians. The stick work and close passing of the soft-wristed Indians is still envied by all pretenders to the title. "There is no sense chasing the ball over the field like a stupid donkey," says Balbir Singh. "The hall must run intelligently for you. I shall do my hest at Melhourne and leave the rest to God." This year the hest of Balbir Singb and his Indian team should again be good enough.

FENCING

At the 1955 world fencing championships Hungary proved that both its old blood and its new blood was anything but sluggish. The Hungarian men and women won five of the eight titles: the individual and team titles in women's foil; the individual title in men's foil; and, in customary Hungarian fashion, the team and individual titles in saber. In winning the women's foil title, 19-year-old Lidia Domolki, a comely Hungarian with a brash, almost masculine technique, bore promise, beating the best French and Italians at the Olympics. Josef Gyuricza of Hungary won the foil over France's 1952 Olympic champion, Christian D'Oriola, in a fence-off. Twenty years after he won his first world title, Aladar Gerevich of Hungary, who looks deceptively slow from tbe side of tbe mat, won the saber title over his teammate, Josef Karpati. The world championship indicated the Hungarians would not only maintain their almost proprietary control over the saber medals at Melbourne but also gather honors in tbe épée and foil —provided the political crisis at home did not prevent their trip to Melbourne.



MANGIAROTTI, ITALY

The Hungarians finally got to the Games. Fencing is one of the best attended competitions at the Games—34 countries were represented on the mat at Helsinki—and, with Hungary on the mats, Melhourne is now assured of a thrilling three-way contest. The withdrawal of Hungary would have improved the chances of some persistent hopefuls—notably the U.S. sabermen—but it also would have made the competition a somewhat hollow affair for the traditional powers, France and Italy, as well as two new upstarts anxious to challenge the Hungarian sabers. This spring the fast improving Polish sabermen drew against Hungary eight matches to eight, losing only by tbree *touchés*, and Russia also has a distinct chance of upsetting the Hungarian sabermen. With Hungary now back in tbe Games for sure, there is a prospect of a real three-sided fight in the foil competition. Hungary's foil champion Gyuricza will be leading a promising team of young blades. The Frencb, led by 1952 champion Christian D'Oriola, will now have to hold off tbe Hungarians as well as the Italians. In the épée, it looks as if the old Italian left-hander, Edoardo Mangiarotti, and his teammate Giorgio Anglesio again will be fighting off the French. There are, of course, a number of countries who would like to try to change the whole three-weapon pattern of France, Italy and Hungary, and Poland and Russia seem ready to give it a good try.

GYMNASTICS

Gymnastic champions are made very slowly, and the old order yields very slowly to the new. Upsets are a rarity. Gymnastic experts in Russia, Japan and the U.S. concur on the probable outcome of the Olympic tests almost as if they shared a common crystal ball. At Helsinki the Russians won 20 of the 26 gold medals in individual and team events for men and women. At Melbourne, Russia will probably rule again, but one corner of the gymnastic world is in sharp revolt. Japan, fifth in the team competition in 1952, now stands some chance of upsetting the Russians.

The rest of the world, notably the Finns, Bulgarians, Germans, Czechs and Americans, will be scramhling for bronze medals and just hoping for a bit of silver or gold. Switzerland, wbose gold medal chances collapsed when Hans Eugster, 1952 parallel bars winner, was lost through illness, is now out altogether.

Japan's high hopes ride on the knotty shoulders of a teacher, Masao Takemoto, and a college senior, Takashi Ono, who took second and third over the long borse in 1952. Handicapped somewhat in ring work by their short height of 5-feet-3, the Japanese men have both improved steadily on the long horse, side horse, parallels and horizontal bar and in free exercises. "Takemoto and Ono," the Russians report, "are now equal to the best of the Soviets."

It's a paradox, the Russians admit with equal candor, that their own team bas improved hut will probably win less because rivals such as Japan are catching up. In the middle of this paradox is tbe tall and familiar, iron-hard figure of Victor Tchoukarine, a metallurgist from Lvov. At the 1952 Games, Tchoukarine won the long horse, side horse and all-round individual titles and shared in Russia's team victory, winning four firsts and two seconds—a record never equalled by any Olympian in any sport. Now Tchoukarine is better still, but even if he loses nothing to the Japanese, he may well lose most of his honors to a vastly improved teammate, Valentine Muratov (whose comely wife Sophie is a likely winner among the women). "The Russians are not the most elegant," U.S. Coach Gene Wettstone says. "The Japanese are now slicker, hut the Russians still have the strongest and best. They will be strong, and sure at every moment, in every movement. On the horse Tchoukarine and Muratov have such confidence they can move almost slow motion. On tbe rings they can spread their arms coming down into the cross and hang there forever."



TCHOUKARINE, U.S.S.R.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WRESTLING

Amateur wrestling in the United States is a neglected and misunderstood sport whose followers are probably outnumbered by cat-show enthusiasts. Yet, with 16 gold medals to be won, it ranks second only to track and field in nonteam event Olympic competition. To compound the confusion, amateur wrestling has as much in common with the professional game as fencing has with the staircase carvings of Errol Flynn and the palace guard. There is, besides, a fundamental difference between intercollegiate wrestling and the international variety.

In intercollegiate wrestling, points are given for time consumed in demonstrating control of the opponent. Under international rules, however, this is regarded as stalling, and points are given to the adversary. The fall is the entire object of the Olympic sport. The shoulders are considered inviolate and must not come in contact with the mat. In college wrestling contact must be for two seconds to score as a fall, but in international wrestling, no matter how instantaneous the touch the match is over.



EVANS, U.S.

The powers in freestyle, or catch-as-catch-can, wrestling are Turkey, Sweden and Russia. At the Istanbul World Cup matches this spring Turkey won six first places, Russia one and Japan one. The mighty Swedes were unable to compete and the U.S. didn't send an entry. Perhaps the outstanding wrestler of the tournament was Shozo Sasahara (*see page 81*), a Japanese featherweight, who must be the favorite in the 136½-pound class. The finest heavyweight in the world today is Hamit Kaplan, a 220-pound young Turk whose last name means tiger. Kaplan, despite his comparatively light body weight, has defeated the formidable 41-year-old Russian, Arsen Mekokishvilli, and the Swedish giant, Bertil Antonsson. Big Bill Kerslake, the American heavyweight, who at 290 pounds looks like an upright bear, is a serene, intelligent fellow and very active for his size. Best U.S. competitor is Middleweight Dan Hodge, one of the finest collegians of all time.

In Greco-Roman, which is identical to freestyle except that the legs may be used only for support, Russia is the strongest power. Sweden is rated second and Turkey third. In the cup matches Russia won six classes, the other pair going to Turkey. The U.S. is sending its first Greco-Roman team to the Olympics this year and Tommy Evans (*above*) who, of the present team complement, was the highest U.S. finisher at the 1952 Games, winning second place in the lightweight division, is the top U.S. hope in this Old World combat sport.

CANOEING

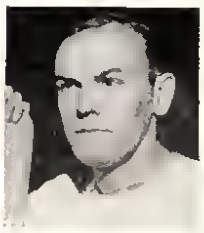
The Europeans will paddle off with most of the medals in the canoe and kayak races. But the United States will cop the toughest of all, the 10,000-meter single-blade canoe event.

In this six-mile-plus killer a man kneels for a solid hour, maintains a paddle rate of 45 strokes a minute and still saves enough energy to pour it on at a stroke a second in sprint fashion.

Permanently numb legs and charley horses are common ailments. A man can't stop and rub out an aching muscle, for he has to keep his balance in this 17-foot, fragile, needle-shaped craft, which is 2½ feet at its widest point. It takes an exceptionally strong and experienced competitor even to try the 10,000-meter distance.

The U.S. has just the man in Frank B. Havens of Vienna, Va. Frank is a rabid canoe fan, and so is his cheerful wife, who has scrimped and saved to make up for two months pay which Frank will lose while away from his job as an auto insurance adjuster.

At Lake Wendouree, Ballarat, Frank aims to keep his Helsinki gold medal and break his own world record with a flat 55-minute clocking. He won't discuss race strategy except to say, "I'll drink a half pint of honey and take the lead at the 6,000-meter mark." Apparently, that is an understatement. "Frank's a fellow who doesn't brag much, but if he says he'll do it, he will," say Coach Joe Ryan and Frank's teammates.



HAVENS, U.S.

We might as well hand the Czechs and Hungarians the rest of the three canoe gold medals. There is an outside chance that Frank Krick and John Haas, who finished fifth at Helsinki, can creep into the first three places.

The Swedes and Finns have always been good kayak men, and they will probably sweep top honors in this division. Sweden's fireman Gert Fredriksson and Finland's Thorvald Stromberg, who at the Helsinki Olympics won a gold and silver medal apiece, will revive their private feud in the 1,000-meter and 10,000-meter single kayak events.

Despite their Eskimo brothers, the Americans really haven't the kayak know-how. But you couldn't tell that to two determined young men from New York City and The Bronx. Seventeen-year-old Ken Wilson and 19-year-old Edward (Red) Houston plan to "just get in and paddle like hell!" They don't know the first thing about pacing themselves, but the boys will do all right, that is, if Red doesn't get so excited he falls out of the bow when the gun goes off.

PENTATHLON

Behind the modern pentathlon lies a real military purpose, which explains why it has so long been dominated by military men. The pentathlon is actually a test of five skills that a mounted courier might need to deliver a message under historical battle conditions: first, riding a strange horse over a 5,000-meter obstacle course; second, fencing each opponent; third, shooting at a bobbing silhouette target; fourth, swimming 300 meters. Finally, each man runs 4,000 meters across country on an unfamiliar but blazed course.



MILLER, U.S.

Points are awarded each man on the basis of how his performance compares to an established standard. There is an individual and a three-man-team award.

No one individual or national team can be absolutely tops in each event, but the winner must be far superior in at least three of the five events.

Hungary, with her traditional superiority in fencing, riding and shooting, has been the leading pentathlon nation for years, but Hungary's chances are now gravely in doubt, for two of her best men, Gabor Benedek and István Hegadus, were killed in the recent Budapest riots.

Sweden, with Gold Medalist Lars Hall, is Hungary's leading challenger—provided the Swedish team now on scene votes to compete. The U.S., Russia and Finland will probably scramble for the third spot. Russia was only a keen observer at the '52 Olympics, but since then Russian pentathlon men have made a fast climb in international competition. The best of the Russians, Konstanti Saluyjov, should rank high, though he is the robust sort who generally gives away points in the cross-country run. Finland will have two excellent men, Olavi Mannonen and Vaino Korhonen, in the field at Melbourne.

The U.S. has "the best team ever assembled and the boys have their backs up," as Coach Nicholas Toth put it optimistically before emplaning for Melbourne. The U.S. has in Robert Miller and William Andre two good fencers, and good team strength in the equestrian test. By the rules of the Olympic competition, the horses for the pentathlon event, however, are drawn by lot, and the U.S. chances will be riding somewhat on the luck of the draw. Strange horses in the fervor of an international pentathlon competition have often ruined good scores for their riders in the past. As Colonel L. F. Hood, who trained the American riders, points out philosophically, "Horses are like women; some you like better than others and some like you better than others." (END)



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EXCLUSIVE: BANNISTER'S OLYMPIC FORECAST

Off to Melbourne to assume a new sport role, he presents his first report on the Games for Sports Illustrated's readers

by ROGER BANNISTER



RUNNER TURNED WRITER. Dr. Roger Bannister has won fame for his autobiography and sports essays. He will report Games in two more articles direct from Melbourne.

IN ASSESSING the Olympic chances of various teams it is often forgotten that great athletes are freaks—the chance result of good breeding. Olympic champions should therefore sprout in proportion to the size of a country's population. I hope the time will come when the 600 million of China claim some of the Olympic medals to which they are entitled on the basis of population. Until then, only in countries where more of the basic human needs are satisfied is it possible for men to impose on themselves, voluntarily, the great strain of competitive sport. At present America and Russia, by very different methods, are systematically combing the population for athletic talent. Because of the size of their populations they will continue to dominate the Olympic field for many years to come.

Making the reasonable assumption that the Russian secret service knows its stuff, perhaps we can accept the head Russian coach's view of the American team. Gabriel Korobkov has said, "I do not see how the Americans can fail to win at least 12 gold medals." For saying little more Emil Zatopek, the great Czech distance runner, was once sternly reprimanded by the authorities. In return the American chief coach could hardly grant Russia more than two gold medals in the men's events—Mikhail Krivonosov in the hammer (a prospect dimmed recently by the American Harold Connolly's new world record) and possibly Vladimir Kuts in the 10,000 meters.

No one doubts that the American team in Melbourne will be a brilliant one, but there are several reasons why it could have been stronger. First, the five-month gap between the final trials and the Olympic Games means that some of the team will be below their best in Melbourne. This is not because of deliberate training lapses but because athletes, and American athletes in particular, thrive on competition.

Second, certain lessons on how to produce middle-distance runners have not yet been fully absorbed in America. Consistent year-round training and meticulous progression in the severity of interval running over the years, not months, will be needed if America is to equal Europe and Australia in the production of distance runners.

Third, there will be certain absentees. David Sime may not be missed too badly, but his case outlines the quadrennial problem of the U.S. method of Olympic selection, which picks a team as the result of a single meet rather than, as in Britain, on an assessment of an athlete's ability shown by several races. In America there can be no argument, the method is almost brutally fair; but the best man may occasionally be excluded. Perhaps in Melbourne an athlete excluded from his best event, like Harrison Dillard in the London Olympics of 1948, will

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BANNISTER'S FORECAST

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with a title in another event with delightful indignation and abandon.

A second absentee, whom America can less afford to do without, is the U.S.'s greatest miler, Wes Santee. As the finalists line up for the 1,500 meters I shall think of him again, almost a martyr through his inevitable suspension. That disturbing final comment of Justice Walter A. Lynch will ring in my ears: "Santee eliminated himself as an amateur athlete but not *without* an assist *from* some *of* the guardians of amateur athletics."

Third in terms of total strength behind the U.S. and Russia should have come the Hungarian team. How they will fare now, with their ranks tragically depleted by the events in their homeland, no one can say. But it is interesting to speculate how much Hungary's athletic brilliance in the last two years has been due to national tradition and how much to the inspiration of a single man—Mihaly Iglói, coach to Sándor Iharos, László Tábori, István Rózsavolgyi and Sándor Rozsnyói, who between them might have won as many as four gold medals.

I hope that Britain after the disappointment of 1952 may perhaps return to the gold, or should I say the silver gilt, standard. The British team would be unlucky not to win one or two gold medals, but Olympic competition is so fierce that despite excellent performances in all events the British team could still return empty-handed.

But this keeping of an international scoreboard can have odd consequences. An American journalist who saw the Russians hastily dismantling their scoreboard when they were losing in Helsinki cabled the story, "RUSSIANS CAUGHT WITH THEIR POINTS DOWN."

The Olympic Games are neither an international slanging match nor a testing ground for national prestige. (I am waiting with interest to hear a Russian athlete whistling *The Star-Spangled Banner* after having heard the band play it at least 12 times in the previous eight days.) But the Games are an individual contest. Baron de Coubertin's dictum concerning winning and taking part in the Games —which incidentally we owe to the Bishop of Pennsylvania—is variously misquoted by emphasizing the one to the exclusion of the other. The fascination of attempting to produce Olympic winners is twofold. First, can any athlete be certain of winning a gold medal? Second, if he cannot he certain, on what factors does his likelihood of success depend? This year new world records have been set up in 16 out of the Olympic total of 24 men's events. Can a new world record holder be regarded as a certain victor in Melbourne? It is reasonable to assume that, barring unfortunate accidents, certainty depends on his degree of superiority over his nearest rival. He must be immune from the special hazards which exist in each event—for example, an unlucky start in the 100 meters or an outside lane in the 400 meters. A speed superiority of 2% would give him two meters in the 100



SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR for 1954, Bannister gave up running after great victory over Landy in Empire Games.

meters—barely safe—or a secure 16 meters in the 800 meters or a flamboyant 100 meters in the 5,000 meters. If the difference is insufficient to assure him of victory—as it is in almost every case—then there must be a delicate appraisal of his rival's temperament and personality in order to discover the athlete who is most likely to flourish instead of wither under the strain of the Olympic Games.

BEFORE analyzing in detail the middle- and long-distance events, there are some general points which are worth considering. The secret of middle-distance running is for the athlete to be able to discover a will to win within himself that remains locked away inside his rivals. Some athletes discover this source of power for themselves, and for some a coach is necessary. The outcome of the 1,500, the 5,000 and the 10,000 meters depends to a large degree on the extent to which coaches like Franz Stampfl and Iglói are able to bring their charges to a peak on the crucial day. Stampfl, now Australian national coach, with whom Britain's Christopher Chataway stayed in Melbourne until the Games, is most gifted in enabling a man to find this will to win. He has coached Chataway by tape recordings throughout the year and will undoubtedly get the best out of him. Iglói goes even further in the closeness of his contact with his protégés. Fascinated by the manipulations of personality needed for this physical perfection, he discusses with these athletes their private problems, helping them through what he calls their "spiritual crises."

In the Olympic Games athletic ability is no longer enough. Self-control and mental discipline in the face of enormous publicity are almost equally important qualities. For this reason the Olympic Games are still, as the Greeks intended them to be, a surprisingly good test of the whole person. Each aspirant is voluntarily under strain before the peering eyes of the world. In two weeks his experience is suddenly stretched to the limit of what is tolerable. He reveals to himself and sometimes to others unsuspected weaknesses and perhaps discovers a new secret strength. However much Iglói looks upon himself as a psychoanalyst or priest, I think the utter dependence of the brilliant Hungarian athletes on him must weaken them. For when each athlete waits for the starter's pistol at Melbourne he must stand alone. The outcome of the race will be immediate and irrevocable, and the athlete who relies on himself rather than his coach is more likely to succeed.

The 1,500 meters will probably be the closest race of the Games. A difference of little more than 1% separates the 12 best runners in the world. At least six of them have run the mile (120 yards longer than 1,500 meters) in less than four minutes. In these circumstances one may possibly pick finalists but is unlikely to find the winner. All 12 have, of course, bettered the existing Olympic record of 3 minutes 45.2 seconds, but this may indicate little more than how few Olympic records are likely to survive the Melbourne onslaught. It will be a relief to all the competitors in this grueling trial of speed and stamina that the additional round which was unnecessarily and unexpectedly inserted at Helsinki between the heat and the final has been dropped. The finalists will have one day's well-earned rest



OPPONENTS AT HELSINKI in 1952, Roger Bannister and John Landy will meet again at Melbourne; but this time Bannister will be in press box watching his great rival.

before the grim struggle of the last day.

The 5,000 and 10,000 meters must be considered together because at least two of the possible winners, Vladimir Kuts of Russia and Gordon Pirie of Britain, have entered for both events. Chataway and Derek Ibbotson of Britain have entered only for the 5,000 meters, and therein lies their chance. The 10,000 meters is held on the second day of the Games. The race will be a killer. Gordon Pirie, the only British distance runner to be entrusted with two track events, will be in at the death. America's best representative, Max Truex, has a fastest time over two minutes slower than Kuts's record.

The shorter-distance men have only just begun to crack open the 10,000 meters, and the days of the "boring" 10,000, as Gunder Hagg once described it, are over. Now that the 1,500- and 5,000-meter men are taking a hand in it, it has changed from a procession to a battle for every stride.

So far we know very little of Kuts. Judged from his few public utterances, he seems to lead a singularly well-disciplined life and answers every setback with harder training. We have discovered no more than a relentless running machine. One Sunday afternoon two and a half months ago I met him by chance while walking through Hyde Park. Wearing a bright orange track suit and with his head tucked between his shoulders, Kuts was pounding along, getting rid of some of the energy that would have gone into his battle against Chataway if Nina Ponomaryova had been less clumsy in her shoplifting. He stopped when he recognized me, and we exchanged mutually unintelligible words. Then with a handshake and a smile he trotted off into the London mist. A week later he set up his new world record for 10,000 meters. As he is the fastest—at any rate on paper—and the strongest, I expect him to try to run the rest of the field off their feet, possibly with help from Ivan Chernyavskiy and Aleksandr Anufriyev of Russia. But if Gordon Pirie of Britain can hang on until the last 50 yards he might produce the speed to defeat Kuts.

There is one danger that faces Pirie. When Kuts piles on the pace he may feel tempted to remind himself that with the 5,000 meters he has a second chance of victory. In track absolute single-mindedness on the race in hand is essential. It is all or nothing.

Pirie is the outstanding character of the British track. He has achieved a specialty in the unexpected. In the last few years he has had a bewildering succession of triumphs and disasters which, together with his startling frankness, have won for him a unique position in the affection of the public. Within a week in June he defeated the great Kuts and knocked 3.6 seconds off the 5,000-meter world record, equaled the 3,000-meter world record, set up his own best performance over 1,500 meters and then was unable to run in the British championships! He can break world records, we know, but he has yet to prove his ability to produce these superlative performances on the right day.

THREE days after the 10,000 meters come the heats of the 5,000 meters, which will be affected by the earlier race. In cricket the first century, so I am told, is always the most difficult; in baseball, I suppose, the first home run. It is just the same with Olympic gold medals. If either Kuts or Pirie were to win the 10,000 meters and could recover in time, he could well win the 5,000 meters too by having just the necessary mixture of confidence and exhilaration. On the other hand, the 5,000-meters chances of those who crawl home losers in the 10,000 meters will plummet. It is always more dispiriting to come in second!

The 5,000 meters is, relatively speaking, an open race. Pirie holds the world record (13:36.8) and is therefore the favorite, though I do Pirie a disservice to call him that. When a man is named favorite his burden immediately increases and his chances of success fall unless he can afford to look contemptuously on all his rivals. Each country has a favorite. His public and press expect a gold medal, and he alone knows how slim are his chances, how formidable the field when he is lined up against the favorite of every other country. It is a matter of simple mathematics that the majority must be disappointed. It seems so unfair that the athlete who most nearly grasps the gold medal should cause the greatest disappointment on his return home and be dubbed a failure. Armchair experts enjoy advising the favorite, and if there is a mishap, which means the big gamble fails, they indulge in the human satisfaction of "I told you so." Like aging film stars keep the wrinkles at bay, we athletes, on the occasion when we were favorites, have all coddled ourselves with rest, shuttered blinds and glucose drinks, avoiding overcompetition with dangerous rivals that would be damaging for morale. So it is understandable if the favorite's joviality is a little forced, his smile on the airplane steps a piece of acting as he wings his

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way to Melbourne with a heavy heart.

Two of the threats to Pirie's victory are his countrymen Chataway and Ibbotson. Both are four-minute milers, and there is little to choose between their recent records. Chataway ran no risks of staleness and was obviously undertrained when Ibbotson narrowly defeated him over three miles, the Anglo-Saxon equivalent of 5,000 meters, in the British championships. Ibbotson's brilliant, almost cavalier performance on August Bank Holiday, in deciding to run in the mile in order to get a ticket for the banquet afterwards for the friend of his fiancée and then breaking four minutes raises him to the same "run for fun" category as Chataway. Of the two, I favor Chataway. He has had the harrowing experience of lying on the track after tripping 80 yards from the finish at Helsinki and watching four runners pass him. This will not happen in Melbourne. Also, I favor Chataway because it is his last chance. With the closing strides of the 5,000 meters at Melbourne, win or lose, he will leave the track to devote all his time to his highly successful television commentating. Chataway has the most important running quality of all, the "index of unbeatability," in hopefully excessive proportion. He will run if necessary until he drops.

John Landy, the most noble and generous athlete I know, has a better chance in the 5,000 meters than in the 1,500 meters. It would seem only fair that after delighting spectators in all parts of the world with his brilliant running, he should end his career by winning a gold medal before an Australian crowd. But, beset with leg injuries, Landy has given no certain proof in the last three months of his ability to keep up with the leaders in the long, 5,000-meter grind.

In the maratbon, despite his operation in June, Emil Zatopek must be the favorite.

The story is told that Zatopek at Helsinki in 1952 came alongside Jim Peters of Britain, the favorite, at 15 miles and said in his excellent English: "Excuse me, I haven't run a marathon before, but don't you think we ought to go a bit faster?" No wonder Peters collapsed a mile later. Zatopek is without doubt the greatest athlete of the postwar world and there could be no better swan song for him than a second marathon victory. His gamesmanship and sense of bumor are superb. Years ago he startled the world by saying that he trained in army boots, and it was true. Hundreds of lesser athletes have only given themselves blisters trying to follow his example. I hope the marathon will be held at a sensible time in Melbourne and not in the heat of day, and that medical precautions will be taken against salt depletion.

In the steeplechase the world record has been broken twice already this year. But I would keep a careful eye on Jerzy Chromik, the reputedly shy 25-year-old from Poland whose performances are anything but shy. No other steeplechase runner has such proven flat-racing ability. Until this year he held the world record for the steeplechase, and in Melbourne he will set about regaining it. Britain has three certain finalists in John Disley, 28-year-old mountaineering instructor from Wales, Eric Shirley and Christopher Brasher. Horace Ashenfelter's astonishing ability, as a well-trained FBI man, to respond to the red vest of a Russian by setting up a new Olympic record in Helsinki four years ago, gives him a chance of victory. Semyon Rzhishchin might provide the red vest.

THE Olympic Games are not a film for which the script can be written in advance. Each inevitably brings a drama which no chronicler can destroy, a drama born of the tension generated as each athlete waits like a lighted fuse for the moment of his explosive activity. I have made predictions, but I have picked no hero; only the Games themselves can reveal his genius. In the heat of victory we acclaim them, but thereafter we take a morbid interest in finding feet of clay. As a result, we are aware too soon of their human quality and are scarcely allowed to respect them. They pass easily from fame to notoriety and need protection from the limelight that exploits them. Behind the Iron Curtain they may be denounced, as Zatopek was, for following the "cult of the individual." We are so cluttered up with beroes of stage, screen and sport that we know they are expendable. Perhaps our only hope of leaving some room on the mantelpiece is to destroy them as soon as they are created.

I hope there will remain time for us to acknowledge and respect the hero of the Melbourne Games, whoever he may be. This modern hero, not altogether shorn of magic, will emerge a symbol of the Olympic Games. We need him as a reminder that the hody of a man has a glory as well as his intellect and spirit. END

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Then, with their hands in the consecrated blood, the Hellanodikai took an oath to judge the Games impartially and the athletes swore that they had trained faithfully and would compete without fraud or guile.

The second day was devoted to contests for boys—the "beardless ones"—providing a preview, as it were, of future talent. It was on the morning of the third day, however, that the Games truly began. By dawn the stadium was filled with a capacity crowd of perhaps 40,000. It consisted simply of a rectangular enclosure formed by four grass-covered, tiered embankments on which the spectators squatted or reclined as they chose. The running track was also rectangular, 210 yards long, 30 yards across, and delineated by a low, stone sill. Marble and gold pylons marked



the finish line at either end. Soon after sunrise the Hellanodikai entered the stadium through a tunnel in the northeast corner and took their places on wooden stools. Behind them came the first athletes: foot racers, slender, muscular and stark naked—devoid even of loincloths—for the Greeks valued the whole body and regarded aversion to nudity as a barbarian trait.

They proceeded to anoint themselves with oil to impart a sense of flexibility to their skin and muscles. Then, glistening in the early morning sunlight, they drew lots from a helmet for the first heat of the first race—the *stade*, a 200-yard dash down the straightaway to the far end of the stadium. After the drawing four runners walked toward the starting line, which was divided into four lanes, each four feet wide. A herald bellowed: "Let the runners put their feet to the line." The judges, each with a forked stick in his hand, watched closely for a faulty start. The runners crouched. Then the trumpet sounded and they were off.

With arms flailing and bare toes digging into the fine shifting sand of the track, they sprinted the length of the stadium. As in modern meets the victor qualified for the finals. The usual number of contestants being 16, there were four preliminaries whose winners then competed for the olive crown. The *stade* was followed by two longer races—the *diaulos*, covering 400 yards, and the *dolichos*, comprising 24 laps, or roughly 2 2/3 miles. Since the Greeks had no stop watches, the only clues to their performance derive from gossip and generalities—*e.g.*, one sprinter was said to have outpaced a hare, another to have outrun a horse. Herodotus reported that Pheidippides, the famed hero of Marathon, once ran the 250 miles from Athens to Sparta in two days.

As the victorious runners left the stadium, each holding a palm frond, another group of athletes emerged from the mouth of the tunnel. They were far bigger men, powerfully muscled, with huge shoulders and massive thighs. They were the wrestlers, and as they anointed themselves with oil and then covered their skin with a light sprinkling of sand, the tension of the spectators rose. For the Greeks had cultivated wrestling since early antiquity—Herakles had been a wrestler—and they continued to regard it as the most scientific and most important of all Olympic events. Attendance at the *palaestra*, or wrestling school, was an integral part of every schoolboy's education; many battles had been won by the Greeks thanks to their wrestling skill. As opposed to later mutations, the classic technique of Olympic wrestling attached great importance to form as well as strength. Contestants grappled from an upright position with the aim of hurling the other man to the ground.

Next to Herakles, the most famous wrestler of ancient days was Milo of Croton, who won the Olympic crown six times. In his latter years, though fat and sluggish, he continued to overwhelm his opponents by sheer brute power and avoirdupois. Noted no less for his appetite than for his strength, he is said to have devoured an entire four-year-old bull in a single day at Olympia, washing it down with five quarts of wine.

THE wrestlers were succeeded by boxers, also tough, brawny men who, as they marched in, tightened rawhide thongs that were bound around their fists and wrists. Greek boxing differed from the modern sport in several important respects. The leather gauntlets contained no padding; they were designed merely to protect the knuckles. There were no rounds. There were no rules against hitting a man when he was down. A bout continued until a fighter either lost consciousness or acknowledged defeat. Rough as the boxing was, it did not approach the violence that distinguished the fourth and final event on the third day of the Olympiad. This was the *pankration* (from *pan*, all, plus *kratos*, strength)—an all-out, rough-and-tumble brawl in which the opponents employed both boxing and wrestling tactics with no holds barred. Only biting and gouging were enjoined, though the tough Spartans allowed these too in their local games. The Greeks regarded the *pankration* as less dignified than wrestling, for it involved groveling in the mud—literally, for the combatants fought in pits of spaded earth that had been moistened with water. As in boxing the struggle continued until one or the other contestant surrendered—or died. In one Olympiad a famed pankratiast named Arrachion found himself trapped in a combination stranglehold and body scissors. To escape he twisted his antagonist's foot until it broke. In agony the other man lifted his hand to signal defeat. But in that moment Arrachion died of strangulation. He was nevertheless declared victor, and the olive wreath was placed upon his corpse.

On the fourth morning of the Olympiad, action shifted to the nearby hippodrome, where the horse and chariot races were held. These differed from the preceding events in that the jockeys and charioteers were paid professionals. In ancient Greece as today, horse racing was dominated by wealthy owners who could afford the expense of maintaining stables and breeding stock. They hired the best riders they could find, and when the race was over the stable owner, not the jockey or charioteer, received the victor's prize. The track at the hippodrome was 600 by 300 yards, and in the horse race the distance was one lap. The jockeys rode naked and bareback, without saddle or stirrups, and

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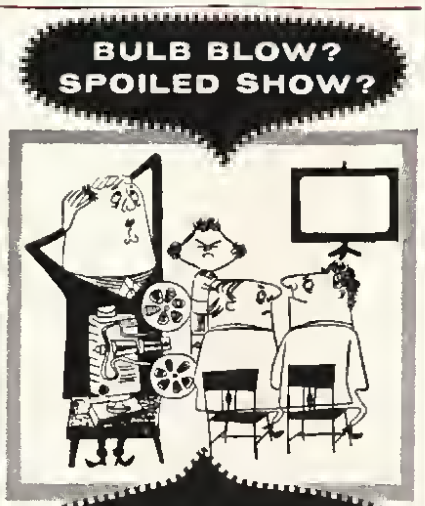


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were required, on nearing the finish, to vault from their mounts in full gallop and cross the line on foot still holding the reins. Of all Olympic events, however, the chariot race was the most spectacular—and one of the most hazardous. For the chariots were drawn by four horses each, and 30 to 40 chariots might be entered in a single race. The course was nine miles long, requiring 12 full laps and 23 turns around the terminal pylons. Invariably there were collisions on the turns, yokes and axles became entangled, chariots overturned and drivers were dragged in the reins or trampled and crushed beneath the onrushing wheels. In one historic race 40 chariots started and only one —that of Arcesilaus of Cyrene—survived to cross the finish line.

In the afternoon the crowds returned to the stadium for the final events of the Olympiad—the pentathlon and the race in armor. Both contests reflected important aspects of the Greek character. The pentathlon, for example, was a test of all-round athletic ability in five fields: running, wrestling, the discus, the javelin and jumping with weights. As such it symbolized that harmonious union of talents which the Greeks especially admired and which Aristotle had in mind when he observed that pentathletes were superior to specialized athletes, however inferior to them in individual events. Similarly, the race in armor called for a combination of skills—of strength, speed and endurance. For the contestants had to run 400 yards wearing greaves (shin guards) and helmets and carrying shields three feet in diameter. The race was actually a military exercise, and it ended the Olympiad on a note of martial pageantry which epitomized the words of Socrates: "No citizen has any right to be an amateur in the matter of physical training: it is part of his profession as a citizen to keep himself in good condition, ready to serve his state at a moment's notice. The instinct of self-preservation demands it likewise: for how helpless is the state of the ill-trained youth in war or danger. Finally, what a disgrace it is for a man to grow old without ever seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable."

The interlocking ideals of strength and beauty lay at the very heart of the Olympic Games. It was from them that Greece derived both the security of its golden age and its undying cultural glory. (END)



A MODEL HOME FOR HEROES

A modern village, complete down to shoe repair shops, and a cosmopolitan menu of 5,000 dishes await athletes at Melbourne's 'best-catered Games in history'

EARLY-ARRIVING athletes in the suburban outskirts of Melbourne were greeted by a remarkable sight—the Olympic Village which would house them and 5,000 to 6,000 other athletes for the duration of the Games. The village, brand-new and never before lived in, was a model of what home-hunting Melburnians (who will buy or rent the houses when the athletes leave) hope for in a well-planned suburban development. On a 115-acre tract there were 841 neat, landscaped homes and, in the immediate vicinity, a motion picture theater, medical and dental centers, banks, recreation halls, barber shops, a post office, laundries, dry cleaners, drugstores and shoe repair shops. To maintain the village, officials had provided a staff of 2,200 maids, waiters, cooks, gardeners, guards, carpenters, plumbers, electricians and clerks, reinforced by 400 Melbourne housewives who have volunteered part-time help. Their aim, the hosts said, was to make this year's contingent to the Games the best fed and cared for in history.

The major factor in their claim, however, was not the village but the food. More care and thought has gone into this important—to temperamental athletes—matter than into any other preparation. The staffs of Brigadier C.M.L. Elliott, director of housing and catering, and Philip Miskin, village commandant, have provided 23 dining halls, each seating 250, for 23 different dietetic groups, 200 chefs (160 of them from foreign lands) and 90 ovens. They'll serve about 25,000 meals daily, but the important point about the menus is not their quantity but the fact that there will be an imposing variety of 5,000 different dishes.



It has taken two years to organize all this. For months into Brigadier Elliott's office every day trooped a procession of earnest but incompetent immigrant cooks who had responded to his plea for help. They brought outlandish and noisome concoctions of food that the brigadier politely sifted through in search of the few good dishes he eventually accepted. Many hundreds of additional dishes came from the professional chefs after extensive tests. As a final, fastidious check on national tastes, he invited the visiting teams to bring with them cooks and spicers to supervise special dishes. Only a few, after their experts had tasted Australian samples, thought it necessary to bring their own men, but the Russians jumped at the chance. They arranged to bring one first-class chef, possibly two, specially trained in the food requirements of athletes.

Many of the dishes on the earliest trial lists had to be discarded because, though they were pronounced authentic as national foods, they weren't suitable for athletes. Either they were too rich or too filling or too low in energy production.

Nonetheless, there will be a mélange calculated to satisfy almost any national taste. There will be special cheeses and flavorings and spices, special rices and breads, curds and meat cakes, butters, cooking oils and yoghurts, relishes and pickles. There will be kosher meat for the Jews, specially butchered meats for the Mohammedans, vegetarian mixtures for the Brahmans, and suckling pig and sour cream for the Russians.

Any visitor will be able to call confidently for seaweed soup, egg leaves, marinated fish, goulash, shashlik, olla, French casseroles, Italian paste, German sauerkraut, Polish sausages, Norwegian beer bread, Swedish smorgasbord, Belgian hotchpotch, Dutch groats, Japanese steak, Greek shortbreads and, finally, on the British-American menu, Australia's own kangaroo-tail soup.

Working on the basis that each athlete will need 5,000 calories a day, Brigadier Elliott estimates that before the Games have ended, competitors and officials will have eaten, among other things, 10 tons of butter, 5¼ tons of cheese, 45,000 dozen eggs, 76 tons of fresh vegetables, 50 tons of salad ingredients, 16,000 rolls, 60 tons of fruit, 45,000 quarts of ice cream, 20 tons of fish, 100 tons of meat (including turkeys for the Americans' Thanksgiving Day dinner November 22, which happens also to be the opening day of the Games) and 28 tons of rice.

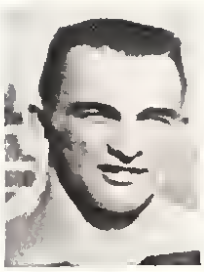
And just in case any of the athletes should want to train, which seems a distinct possibility, the planners have plenty of facilities available for them too. At the village three 440-yard tracks have been laid out. Three more are available in downtown Melbourne, one at Olympic Park, the second at Melbourne University and the third at Royal Park. Within 10 miles of the village there are seven gymnasiums, four basketball courts, three halls for fencers, four for weight lifters, 16 boxing and wrestling rings, three hockey and four soccer fields. Swimmers, cyclists, rowers, yachters, shooters, pentathloners and others will train at the Olympic sites. The planners have come a long way since Melbourne began preparations. When it is all over, Brigadier Elliott and his staff think they will have just one idea left: Rest. (END)

SCOREBOARD

. . . THESE FACES IN THE CROWD . . .



Del Miller, affable trainer-driver who developed Adios into $500,000 prize package, was in sulky as speedy Dottie's Pick hustled mile in 1:57 4/5, fastest ever for mares, to win $75,000 American Pacing Classic at Hollywood Park.



Larry Houdek, whose touchdown-making earned him 15 write-in votes for sheriff in last week's election, raced 69, 62 and six yards for scores to lead Kansas Wesleyan to 26–21 win over Bethel and Kansas Conference title.

FOOTBALL

Tennessee, Oregon State, Iowa and **Texas Aggies** were week's biggest winners in college ranks (*see page 24*) while New York, Chicago Bears and Washington stole show in NFL (*see page 104*).

HORSE RACING

Master Boing, Andre Lombard's patrician black 3-year-old colt, well placed by Jockey Guy Chancelier, moved up on outside on turn for home, left Mister Gus five lengths behind in stretch drive to give France its second victory in $100,000 International at Laurel.

Ambehaving, Mrs. Richard du Pont's New Jersey-hred, hrown 2-year-old, came off pace neatly under urging of Logan Batcheller to wear down front-running Missile through stretch, roared home by 2½ lengths in $96,150 Remsen Stakes at Jamaica. Favored Bold Ruler, fractious in starting gate, had another bad day, finished 11th and last, after being pulled up by Eddie Arcaro.

BASKETBALL

Rochester found its scoring touch, won four in row over Philadelphia, Syracuse and Minneapolis, moved up to challenge front-running St. Louis in NBA Western Division. Boston got safely past Lakers and Syracuse to take over lead in East.

BASEBALL

Brooklyn Dodgers, harassed hy reluctant trains, heavy rains and Japanese pitchers, managed to win four out of five from Japan All-Stars to bring tour record to so-so 13-4-1 but got lift from antics of usually reticent Gil Hodges, who entertained appreciative crowds with clowning (*see below*), and letter from President Dwight D. Eisenhower to troubled Don Newcombe. Wrote the President: "Hard luck is something that no one in the world can explain. Every athlete in every sport in the world knows that some days things just don't hreak right. . . . I suggest you think of the 27 games you won." Moody Newk reacted properly: "The nicest thing I ever received. I feel great."

HOCKEY

Boston, off on winning kick, stretched unbeaten streak to six and soared into NHL lead on victories over New York 4-2, Detroit 3-1, Montreal 3-1, 3-2. Red Wings came hack to heat Rangers and Chicago to hold second place while Canadiens were third, only one point ahead of Toronto.

HORSE SHOW

Brigadier General Humberto Mariles, back at old hlue-rihbon winning hahit despite internal political squahble in native Mexico and occasionally painful coccyx, put his bobtailed Chihuahua II over jumps with usual meticulous brilliance to win three titles (International Good Will Cballenge Trophy, Pennsylvania National Trophy, International Jumping Stake), helped his Mexican teammates take two other events, including Perpetual Challenge Trophy for ninth time in 11 years, at National Horse Show in New York. U.S. also had individual star in 29-year-old Apprentice Seaman Hugh Wiley, who guided his palomino gelding Nautical to victories in Royce A. Drake Memorial Challenge Trophy and Whitney Stone Special Challenge Trophy.

HARNESS RACING

Scott Frost, frisky 4-year-old colt ably guided hy little Joe O'Brien, high-stepped to victory in third and rubher leg of $75,000 American trotting Classic at Hollywood Park, added $27,500 to Potato Farmer Sol Camp's already bulging money sack.

BOXING

Sugar Ray Robinson, in tune up for December 12 middleweight title defense against bustling Gene Fullmer, was content to pile up points with stinging left jah, opened up briefly in 10th to floor aggressive Bob Provizzi (*see below*), got his anticipated workout and 10-round decision before sparse crowd at New Haven. Satisfied he "could have gone five more," Sugar Ray promised: "I hope to be a little sharper one month from now."

Miguel Berrios, fast-punching Puerto Rican featherweight contender, had trouble catching up with hustling Flash Elorde in early rounds but used his right-hand power to slice up Filipino in sixth, went on to take 10-rounder in New York's Madison Square Garden.

California State Athletic Commission began throwing book at Babe McCoy,

FOCUS ON THE DEED



CLOWNING DODGER Gil Hodges, out of his usual quiet character, draws loud yaks and wide grins from Japanese schoolboys with his caricature of an outfielder climbing the wall at Osaka.



HURRYING PACER Adios Harry (*left*) gets home first in $75,000 Eastern Championship Pace at Yonkers to earn $37,500 and set a new single-season, money-winning record of $118,162.



Bob Pettit, lanky St. Louis sharpshooter and second highest scorer in NBA history, had himself a time as he rattled baskets for 88 points in three games last week to help high-flying Hawks maintain lead in league's Western Division.



Richard S. Tufts, quietly efficient golfing veteran from Pinehurst, N.C., generally acknowledged to be one of game's top officials, has been nominated to serve his second term as president of amateur United States Golf Association.

former Olympic Auditorium matchmaker charged with fixing fights and illegally managing boxers, as hearings opened in Los Angeles. Ex-fighters Georgie Hansford and Watson Jones ("McCoy was my boss man") testified McCoy ordered them to throw bouts but paunchy Babe got assist from his recent sparring partner, Art Aragon, who denied there was fix involved in his third-round KO of Tommy Campbell in May, 1950 (*see page 30*).

MILEPOSTS

NOMINATED—**Renville McMann**, balding New York radio sales executive, longtime tennis buff, active for more than 30 years as player and official; named for second term as president of USLTA, in New York.

HONORED—**Jack Burke Jr.**, curly-topped Houston pro, perennial runner-up until he broke through to win Masters and PGA this year; selected as 1956 Golfer of the Year by PGA, at Dunedin, Fla.

DIED—**Gordon McQuarrie**, 56, expert Milwaukee Journal outdoor and conservation writer, knowing authority on hunting and fishing; of heart attack, at Milwaukee.

DIED—**Harry Ford Sinclair**, 80, onetime pharmacist who became oil millionaire, later was prominent figure in Teapot Dome scandals of 1920s, former baseball owner (St. Louis Browns) and racing stable operator (1923 Kentucky Derby Winner Zev, Gray Lag); after long illness, at Pasadena.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

MARVIN PANCH, Charlotte, N.C., NASCAR 150-m grand natl stock car race, in 1 54.26, in 1956 Ford Willow Springs, Calif.

BASKETBALL

U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM, over Southwest Conference All-Stars, 90-66, Olympic Club All-Stars, 73-54, Kirby Shoes, 88-59, to complete unbeaten tour.

BOXING

WAYNE BETHEA, 10-round split decision over Howie Turner, heavyweights, New York
VINCE MARTINEZ 2-round KO over Don Williams, welterweights Bangor, Me
WILLIE TOWEEL, 15-round decision over Richie (Kid) Howard, to retain British Empire lightweight title Johannasburg

CROSS-COUNTRY

HARVARD, Heptagonal title, with 57 pts., Rodman Zwirner, Princeton, individual winner, in 25 00.5 for 5 miles, New York.

DOG SHOW

FOX HILL CISCO KID, owned by J. Thurston Howell Waldo, Ark., grand natl championship Natl. Fox Hunters Assn. bench show, Starksville, Miss.

HORSE RACING

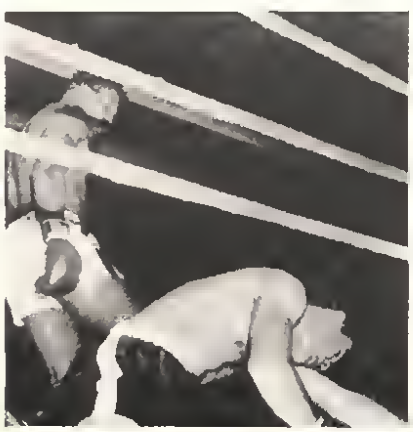
LEBKUCHEN, $63,100 Selima Stakes, 1 1/16 m., by nose, in 1 44 2/5, Laurel, Johnny Longden up
RARE TREAT, $61,000 Vinaland Handicap, 1 1/8 m., by nose, in 1 49 4/5, Garden State, Ray Mikkonen up
FEDERAL HILL, $60,515 Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, 1 m., by 3 lengths, in 1 37 2/5, Churchill Downs, Willie Carstens up

HORSE SHOW

RIVIERA WONDER, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Mann, open jumper championship, N.Y. Horse Show.

RODEO

(San Francisco Rodeo winners)
JIM SHOULDERS, Henryatte, Okla., all-round and bull riding
WAYNE DUNAFON, W. Moreland, Kans., steer wrestling
MARTY WOOD, Browness, Alberta, saddle bronc
PAUL TEMPLETON, Wenatchee, Wash., bareback bronc
BILL HOGUE, Holtville, Calif., calf roping.



SMOOTH PUNCHER Sugar Ray Robinson casts a baleful eye at fallen Bob Provizzi in 10th round of tune up at New Haven.



PROUD WINNER Evening Peal *(right)* prances off to scales for weigh-in after winning effort in Melbourne Cup (*see page 23*).

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AROUND THE COUNTRY

by DON PARKER

WITH ONLY two—or, in some cases, three—weeks remaining of the 1956 collegiate football schedule the champions are apparent in most of the six major areas of the country. Tennessee, with its magnificent victory over Georgia Tech, is the undisputed ruler of the South. But wait; a violent pocket of resistance, Mississippi, must be eliminated before the Volunteers may reign in peace. In the Southwest, Texas A&M has hurdled its last serious barrier to a regional title with its convincing victory over Southern Methodist. Yet, the Aggies must be alert for Rice and Texas, either of whom would be happy to conclude the season with just one big surprise. Oregon State, the pboenix of far-western football, completed its amazing resurgence with a hairline victory over Stanford, leaving only the slender forces of Idaho and Oregon in the path of a journey to the Rose Bowl. Wyoming again proved—this time to Montana—that it has no serious rival in the Rocky Mountain area, where football grows more formidable each year. Only in the Midwest and the East are the important titles still up for grabs. Ohio State remains unbeaten in the Big Ten, but must brush aside Iowa and Michigan before any formal coronation ceremonies are in order. Yale and Princeton have a date in New Haven this Saturday to dispute over which one shall rule the Ivy League. Oh, yes, and there is Oklahoma with three opponents left, but none of them of the type to question the team's claim to being the best anywhere.

THE EAST

THE BUILDUP to the greatest show on earth (at least in the cloistered world that is the Ivy League) was completed last Saturday as Yale and Princeton moved headlong over their neighbors in a rush to their decisive meeting in New Haven this Saturday. **Princeton** toyed with **Harvard** 35-20, in the first of the Big Three round robin. The Tigers struck swiftly and without mercy, leading the Crimson four touchdowns to none before Tiger Coach Charlie Caldwell inserted his second string. **Yale** too was brutal. The Bulldogs crunched over **Pennsylvania** 40-7, to run up their biggest score over an Ivy League foe in 10 years. The wins kept both Yale and Princeton undefeated (5-0) in Ivy play.

Brown tumbled **Cornell** 13-6, and the Big Red, winless in seven games, are well on the way to the worst season in their football history. **Dartmouth** took advantage of the absence of **Columbia's** ace passer, Claude Benham, to trip the Lions 14-0. **Penn State** and **Syracuse** continued their domination of the eastern independents with shattering wins over **Boston U.** (40-7) and **Holy Cross** (41-20), respectively. **Springfield** continued undefeated (though once tied) with a 40-14 win over the Yankee Conference's tough **New Hampshire.** The scores by which Springfield has been winning this year give strong evidence that Coach Ossie Solem's squad is ready for big-time opposition. Other scores:

Army 34, Wm. & Mary 6
Brandeis 40, Mass. 14
Colgate 26, Bucknell 12
Conn. 26, N'east 0
Delaware 22, Rutgers 0
Gettysburg 13, Temple 7
Hobart 21, Hamilton 20
Juniata 20, Swarthmore 0
Maine 33, Bowdoin 7
Middlebury 7, Vermont 6
Muhlenberg 13, F&M 0
N H S T 20, Amer. Intl. 0
Villanova 46, The Citadel 0
Wesleyan 0, Williams 0
Trinity 31, Amherst 21
Tufts 51, Rochester 14
Union 20, Kings Point 0

THE SOUTH

LOW-SCORING defensive struggles proved the rule in the South last weekend. In the regional headliner at Atlanta (where tickets were so scarce that a scalper with 15 in a block demanded and got $3,000 for the lot) third-ranked **Tennessee** pulled a mild upset on second-ranked **Georgia Tech** 6-0 in a near-perfect display of impregnable defenses and beautiful, deep kicks that kept both teams pressed close to their own goal line (*see page 24*). The win left Tennessee spotless at the top of the Southeastern Conference, with Tech, Florida and Mississippi all close behind. To make things unpleasant for these leaders, two of the SEC's early-season patsies—Alabama and Kentucky—scored impressive wins over the weekend and now lie in wait for bigger game. **Alabama,** which meets Tech Saturday, was clearly the winner over favored **Tulane** 13-7. **Kentucky,** which goes against Tennessee next Saturday, showed new muscles in its already powerful defense as it won its fourth straight 7-6 from **Vanderbilt. Florida** started slowly but erupted in the second half for a 28-0 win over **Georgia.** But **Mississippi,** meanwhile, looked flat as it rolled up a listless 26-0 victory over toothless **Memphis State.** Among the lesser lights of the SEC, **Auburn** blew a two-touchdown lead but drove 80 yards in the final quarter to edge **Mississippi State** 27-20.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference, still unbeaten **Clemson** lost some luster en route to the Orange Bowl when it could do no better than 6-6 against **Maryland** for its second tie game of the season. But the Tigers still held the inside track to Miami trip as **South Carolina** took an unexpected 14-7 licking from keyed-up **North Carolina State. Duke** needed a pass interference call on **Navy's** one-yard line to accomplish a 7-7 deadlock, while **Wake Forest** fought to its third tie of the season, 13-13, with heavily favored **Virginia Tech.** Fullback Ed Sutton scored three times in less than 10 minutes as **North Carolina** came from behind in the third quarter to dump **Virginia** 21-7. These developments in the ACC left Orange Bowl executives with glum faces. Clemson, the almost certain choice, must play unbeaten Miami in the Orange Bowl this Friday night, and if the Tigers look bad, bandsmen may outnumber spectators on New Year's Day. Other scores:

Florida St. 42, Furman 7
West Virginia 13, VMI 0
Washington & Lee 22, Sewanee 7
Presbyterian 34, Appalachian 7
Wofford 27, Davidson 14
Newberry 13, Stetson 12
Lenoir Rhyne 27, Elon 13
Catawba 50, Guilford 0
Centre 26, Bluffton 12
Tenn. Tech 26, Ark. St. 6
Tuskegee 19, Dillard 13
Geo. Wash. 32, Richmond 6

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

BEST BOWL BETS. Rose Bowl: Iowa vs. Oregon State; Orange Bowl: Colorado vs. Clemson; Gator Bowl: Syracuse vs. Florida.

UNBEATEN AND UNTIED repeaters from last year have dwindled down to three. Hillsdale (25 in a row) and Alfred (15) have completed their second all-victorious season. Oklahoma (37) has three more opponents.

POINT COLLECTORS. Jim Podoley, Central Michigan, scored six touchdowns against Eastern Illinois. Dick Jamieson, Bradley, passed to five touchdowns against Washington (St. Louis). Jimmy Stehlin, Brandeis, passed to two and scored two; Normie Wright, Tufts, and Charlie Feid, Springfield, scored four times each.

WASHINGTON AND LEE, playing its 13th game since returning to football on an unsubsidized basis, finally brought home its first victory—22–7 over Sewanee.

MIKE McGINLEY, Cincinnati tackle who has been unable to practice all season because of a mysterious crick that remains in his neck for a week after each game, has nonetheless starred each Saturday. "Maybe I should tell the whole squad to quit practicing," says Coach George Blackburn.

THE MIDWEST

BY PUSHING across a first-period touchdown and then grimly clinging to its lead for the rest of the game, underdog **Iowa** upset **Minnesota** 7-0, and late Saturday afternoon suddenly found itself running abead in the frantic, tangled Big Ten race for the Rose Bowl (*see page 25*). If Iowa can somehow get by rugged Obio State this Saturday, the road will be straight and clear. **Purdue**, playing without its ace passer, Lennie Dawson, completely outplayed **Michigan State**, but lost 12-9 in a ragged battle. **Northwestern** dumped feeble **Wisconsin** 17-7 in a fight to climb out of the Big Ten cellar.

In the Big Seven, **Oklahoma** badgered **Iowa State** 44-0, for its 37th straight and 57th in the conference. Ho-hum.

Colorado and **Missouri** battled to a 14-14 tie to leave Colorado with a 4-1-1 Big Seven record and a golden chance for the Orange Bowl, since Oklahoma is ineligible to appear there in consecutive years. **Nebraska** edged **Kansas** 26-20, and **Kansas State** swamped **Marquette** 41-14.

Houston clinched the Missouri Valley Conference title with a 14-0 win over offense-minded **Tulsa**. Houston has a 3-0 conference record while Tulsa and Oklahoma A&M are both 1-1-1, with only one game each to play. **Oklahoma A&M** went outside the conference to lose to **LSU** 13-0, with LSU's Jimmy Taylor piling up 104 yards on the ground. In other nonconference battles, **Wichita** fell before **Cincinnati** 21-0, and **Detroit** was pounded by **Drake** 26-13, to give the Missouri Valley an 0-3 mark in outside competition. Other scores:

Ohio State 35, Ind. 14
Michigan 17, Illinois 7
Central Mich. 38, East. Ill. 7
Bradley 33, Wash. (St. L.) 27
Miami (O.) 21, Dayton 14
Cornell (Iowa) 55, Ripon 39
S. Dak. St. 31, Iowa Tchrs. 27
Bowling Green 41, Ohio U. 27
West. Mich. 42, West. Res. 19
S. Dak. 13, N. Dak. St. 6

THE SOUTHWEST

TEXAS A&M broke the tie for the Southwest Conference lead by smashing **Southern Methodist** 33-7, and thus erased any possible doubts about the team's superiority in the land of oil wells and cactus. SMU and Texas Christian, with 2-1 conference records, now share second place behind the Aggies, who have won all four of their SWC games (*see page 26*).

In other games **Baylor** scraped past **Texas** 10-7, **Arkansas** topped **Rice** 27-12, and **Texas Christian**, apparently weaker than anyone thought, toppled before lackluster **Texas Tech** 21-7. TCU Coach Abe Martin was banged in effigy on the TCU campus.

Texas Western all but wrapped up the Border Conference championship, pushing **Arizona State** from the unbeaten list 28-0. The Westerns have a 5-0 conference record. **West Texas State's** Bob Ratliff carried the ball for a total of 155 yards as the Buffs blasted **Hardin-Simmons** 20-6. Other scores:

S. Austin 27, E. Tex. St. 14
S. Houston 28, S'west Texas 0
Abilene Chr. 13, Midwest'n 7
Texas A&I 28, Lamar Tech 12
Howard Payne 19, Sul Ross 0
N. Texas St. 23, McMurry 7

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

WYOMING wrapped up the Skyline Conference championship, and with it a possible bowl bid, by clubbing **Montana** 34-13 in a traditional stem-winder at neutral Billings, Mont. The losers contained Wyoming's slippery Jim Crawford, the nation's leading ground-gainer, but by overdefending against the talented tailback they left other Cowboy backs unattended. Even so, Crawford was the game's leading ground-gainer with 112 yards in 25 carries, giving him a season total of 1,024 yards. **Utah**, stung by criticism after three straight defeats, put on a flashy offensive show in the second half to outscore **Colorado A&M** 49-27. **Denver** turned in the greatest scoring show in the school's history for 30 minutes Saturday, running up a 45-0 half-time lead over **Brigham Young**. Then Coach John Roning eased up on BYU by inserting his third- and fourth-line troops, so the final score of 58-34 was not too lopsided. **Utah State** journeyed out of the Skyline to meet **Idaho** and wound up on the short end of a 42-20 score. Other scores:

West St. 60, Col. Mines 36
Idaho St. 20, Col. St. 7
Col. Coll. 38, Adams St. 8
N. Mex. West 34, Westminster 7
S. W. Okla. 7, East. N. Mex. 0

THE FAR WEST

OREGON STATE virtually sewed up the Pacific Coast Conference title by edging past **Stanford** 20-19 in the closing minutes of their vital meeting at Palo Alto (*see page 26*). The Beavers still have Oregon and Idaho ahead, but if these games go as expected they should be able, come New Year's Day, to wind up on the turf of the Rose Bowl. Before a homecoming crowd of 41,628 sweltering fans, **Southern California** took on a below-average **California** team. Behind 7-0 at the half, Jess Hill's Trojans showed spark in the second half, winning 20-7, while the Bears wilted in the 100° heat. Though California could blame the heat, West Coast sportswriters were predicting that the defeat will mark the end of the coaching career of the Bears' Pappy Waldorf, alias the Wise Walrus of Strawberry Canyon.

Although **Washington** fans stood under a leaky gray sky in Seattle and bravely sang "All Hail, O Washington, thy sons and daughters gladly sing acclaim," it was **UCLA** and not Washington which got the acclaim when the Bruins beat the Huskies 13-9. Much-beaten **Oregon** and **Washington State** wrestled to a meaningless 7-7 tie before an unamused homecoming group of 13,000 in Eugene.

The **Whittier** Poets, with Gary Campbell serving as throwing laureate, took to the air and almost ruined the **Air Force Academy's** unbeaten record with two tremendous touchdown passes. The Falcons, badly stung, stayed on the ground, finally escaped with a 14-14 tie. Other scores:

San Fran. St. 26, Sacramento 0
Col. of Pac. 34, San Jose St. 7
Humboldt St. 26, Nevada 18
Central Wash. 13, W. Wash. 7
East. Wash. 18, Whitworth 0
Lewis & Clark 46, Portland 19
Puget Sound 20, Pac. Luth. 0
Whitman 7, Willamette 7

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For games of Saturday, Nov. 17

● **Iowa vs. Ohio State.** Win by Iowans will assure at least a share of conference title. But Buckeyes, after third straight Big Ten title, will take whole hog or nothing. OHIO STATE.

● **Tennessee vs. Mississippi.** Undefeated, untied Tennessee literally kicked Tech into defeat last Saturday. Ole Miss could upset Vol apple cart. Bruising battle forecast but TENNESSEE.

● **Yale vs. Princeton.** Untamed Tigers meet Bulldogs head-on in Ivy League game of the year and eastern television game of the day. In the belief that the Sons of Elihu will live up to their potential, I say . . . YALE.

● **Minnesota vs. Michigan State.** Midwest TV Game of the Week. Gophers could still go to Rose Bowl if they beat MSU. Spartans will at least share conference championship if they down Minnesota. MICHIGAN STATE.

● **Miami (Fla.) vs. Clemson.** Twice-tied Tigers in probable Orange Bowl preview in Miami Friday night. Once-tied Hurricanes' hard-driving ground attack could spoil party. MIAMI.

● **Pittsburgh vs. Army.** The Cadets are beginning to move. Pitt's Panthers are big, strong and mobile. Could go either way. PITTSBURGH.

● **Texas A&M vs. Rice.** Aggies have improved with every game but seldom does a team go undefeated in SWC round robin. Owls out for the upset. TEXAS A&M.

● **Syracuse vs. Colgate.** A traditional classic between two excellent eastern Independents. Comparative scores favor Orangemen. SYRACUSE.

ALSO:

Boston College over Boston U.
Penn over Columbia
Dartmouth over Cornell
Georgia Tech over Alabama
Oregon State over Idaho
Illinois over Wisconsin
Michigan over Indiana
Navy over Virginia
Baylor over Nebraska
Purdue over Northwestern
Notre Dame over North Carolina
Oklahoma over Missouri
USC over Oregon
Penn State over N.C. State
Stanford over Washington (TV—West)
TCU over Texas
Vanderbilt over Tulane

Last week's hunches:
18 right, 3 wrong, 4 ties
Record to date: 148-42-10

ENGINEERS!



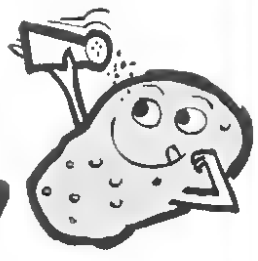
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EASTERN CONFERENCE

The **New York Giants'** defense passed its final examinations against the split-T last Sunday. The massive, extraordinarily active Giant line contained the **Chicago Cardinal** running attack magnificently, and the New Yorkers won 23–10 before 62,410 in Yankee Stadium. The beautifully conceived Giant defense was keyed on the Cardinal guards. If the guards blocked to their outside, the big Giant tackles—Roosevelt Grier and Jim Katcavage—closed up the middle. If the guards blocked in, the Giant linebackers shot through the resulting gap and stymied the Cardinal running before it could start. Consequently Ollie Matson, one of pro football's truly great runners, gained only 43 yards in 13 tries.

The Giant offense, on the other hand, lured the Cardinal defenders into untenable positions often enough to keep their attack in high gear. Frank Gifford, a marvelously versatile 205-pound halfback from USC, twice freed himself to take long passes from Charlie Conerly, and thundering blocks by the ponderous Giant offensive line pried consistent cracks for Gifford and Alex Webster to exploit along the ground. The victory gave the Giants sole possession of first place in the East.

The **Philadelphia Eagles**, relying on the pass catching of Giant castoff Hank Burnine, a rookie end from Missouri, beat the **Pittsburgh Steelers** 14–7. Burnine scored one touchdown and set up another on two long catches. The **Cleveland Browns** could not cope with Halfback Lennie Moore, who led the **Baltimore Colts** to a 21–7 triumph. Moore ran 70 yards for one Colt score, his third run of 70 yards or more in the last two games.



JUGULAR GRIP by Card Chuck Ulrich (72) hampers block by Giant Jack Stroud (66); Giant End Kyle Rote (44) is shocked.

	W	L	T	Pct.
Giants	6	1	0	.857
Cardinals	5	2	0	.714
Redskins	3	3	0	.500
Eagles	3	4	0	.429
Browns	2	5	0	.286
Steelers	2	5	0	.286

WESTERN CONFERENCE

The **Detroit Lions**, who have been living dangerously on the remarkable rejuvenation of Old Pro Bobby Layne and the unrookielike excellence of Rookies Don McIlhenny and Hopalong Cassady, finally came a cropper. They lost 18–17 to the resurgent **Washington Redskins**, who used some pretty lively youngsters of their own. Tom Runnels and Dick James, their young halfbacks, both ran well and, when the Redskin defense rose up in wrath in the second half, the Lions found no running room. Layne, throwing indefatigably, connected on a 71-yard pass-run play to Jim Doran in the last two minutes, but it was not enough.

The **Chicago Bears**, who have week by week confirmed the opinion that they are the best in the West, moved into a tie for first with Detroit by lashing the **Green Bay Packers** 38–14. The Bears lost little Perry Jeter, their fine rookie scatback, on the first play of the game and replaced him with big End Bill McColl. With McColl set as a flanker, the Bears played the rest of the game with what amounted to three pass-catching ends and a three-man backfield. It only seemed to make them more explosive than ever. Ed Brown, strictly a journeyman quarterback in previous seasons, retained first place among the league's passers by completing eight of 10 for an average gain of 18 yards each. On the other hand, the Bear pass defenders, wheeling around J. C. Caroline, intercepted five of Tobin Rote's attempts for the Packers. Incidentally, Jeter, who broke a small bone in his ankle, will probably be out for four weeks.

The **Los Angeles Rams**, whose undismayed fans turned out 69,828 strong to watch them play the **San Francisco 49ers** despite five straight losses, repaid the faithful with a 30–6 victory.

	W	L	T	Pct
Bears	6	1	0	.857
Lions	6	1	0	.857
Colts	3	3	0	.500
Packers	2	5	0	.286
Rams	2	5	0	.286
49ers	1	6	0	.143

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Tony Triolo. 22—A.P. 23—I.N.P. (2), Herald Sun, U.P. 25—Earl Seubert Minneapolis Tribune. 26, 27—Ken McLaughlin San Francisco Chronicle, Al Panzera Ft. Worth Star Telegram, Jim Lapham Kansas City Star, Tony Spina Detroit Free Press. 29, 30—drawings by Ajay. 40–43—George Leavens from Rapho Guillumette. 44—Athol Smith; 45—Hy Peskin (2), Phil Bath. 46—David Potts Peter Anderson, Jim Whitmore. 47—Brian Seed. 48, 49—Phil Bath, Edmund Lee, Hy Peskin (3). 50—Mark Kauffman David Moore (2) Mark Kauffman. 51—Jim Whitmore. 52—Eric Jessing Magnum, David Moore George Leavens. 53—A.P. 55—I.N.P., no credit, Garry Winogrand, A.P., Hy Peskin, Mark Kauffman. 59—Fons Iannelli. 73—Robert Phillips Black Star. 74—right, A.P., P.A. Reuter European. 77—Hy Peskin (2), John Launois Black Star. 78, 79—George Leavens Al Taylor, Eric Jessing. 80, 81—Hy Peskin Fons Iannelli, John Launois. 82, 83—R. Satakopan, David Lees, Hamilton Millard, Eric Jessing. 84—Hy Peskin. 85—Strength and Health Publishing Co. Fons Iannelli. 86—Bill Young Hy Peskin. 87—Sovfoto I.N.P. 88—A.P. (2), Orville Photo. 89—R. Satakopan, David Lees, Sovfoto. 90—Phil Bath Vince Finnigan, Les Bland. 93—Larry Burrows. 94—Mark Kauffman. 95—Graham Welsh-Vancouver Sun. 97—Detroit Institute of Arts. 100—A.P. (2) I.N.P., Michael Cipriani Yonkers Raceway. 101—Niels Iournizen Milwaukee Journal, John C. Hemmer, A.P., The Argus. 104—A.P., 109—A.P. 110—Phil Bath. 111—Sid Avery H. Lee Hansen (3). 116—Hy Peskin. 118–121—drawings by Edwin Kunz. 122—Jerry Cooke.



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- Persian Lamb leather, wool knit sleeves and collar. Completely satin lined. Natural or black

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Springfield — Myers Brothers

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Malden — Sasse Men's Store
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Winnebago — Bob's Clothing
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Kansas City — Griggs Men's Wear
Kansas City — Macy's
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Portsmouth — Goodman's Men's Shop

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Irvington — Brodsky's
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Brooklyn — Jack A. Mack
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK



MEN'S OFFICIAL OLYMPIC UNIFORM

Tom Courtney, who will run the 800 meters for the U.S., wears his official parade uniform. Behind him are more of his 26 different items of apparel: bathrobe, pajamas, sports and dress shirts, raincoat, sweater, cap, slacks, travel jacket, luggage and towel. Most of the actual participating gear—such as Courtney's track uniform—was purchased by the Olympic Supplies Committee at cost.

WHEN America's 440-member Olympic team—including the athletes, coaches and officials—parades into the stadium at Melbourne for next Thursday's opening day ceremonies, they will be uniformly dressed in eggshell worsted blazers piped in blue, gold Olympic buttons glinting in the Australian sun, the U.S. Olympic shield ablaze on pockets and on cream-colored berets. The men will be wearing trousers of navy worsted; the women, skirts to match. And after opening day, all through the Games, the Americans down under, whether on the field or at leisure, will be uniformly clothed in a manner that will do the U.S. proud. For the first time our athletes, coaches and officials have been completely outfitted—from underwear out—with travel, parade and leisure uniforms, all given to the Olympic Supplies Committee by the textile and clothing manufacturers of the U.S., with the coordinating assistance of the Wool Bureau. For H. Jamison Swarts and his supplies committee, this solved a $127,000 problem. The only headaches left were minor ones—such as having a custom uniform tailored for Weight Lifter Paul Anderson of Toccoa, Ga., whose neck is 23½ inches and chest is 55 inches. Even with Anderson included, the average Olympian is only slightly larger than the average young American—42-inch-long suits for the men; size 14 for the girls. In addition to the uniforms, a variety of other items has been given to the athletes. The West German firm of Puma-Dassler gave 100 pairs of track shoes. Jantzen and Sacony furnished the girls with swimsuits and track uniforms, Kleinert with swim caps. Atlantic Products gave luggage and Martex 125 dozen towels. And Beech-Nut gave the team a two weeks' supply of chewing gum.



CARDIGAN and shorts are part of Carin's leisure uniform for wearing about in Olympic Village.

WALK SHORTS of gray flannel and knit shirt, as worn here by Tom, is men's most casual outfit.





WOMEN'S OFFICIAL OLYMPIC UNIFORM

Carin Cone, America's 100-meter backstroke star from New Jersey, wears the women's parade uniform. Her other costumes include a travel suit with a tweed jacket and navy flannel skirt, robe, pajamas, Bermuda shorts, sweaters, blouses, scarf, shoes—all the clothes she'll need for traveling and for Australia's unpredictable early-summer climate. Her coat is made of weather-treated worsted jersey.

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A SMILING PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IS PHOTOGRAPHED AT PALM SPRINGS WITH BEN HOGAN, PAUL G. HOFFMAN, HOST PAUL HELMS (RIGHT)

MR. HELMS'S HAPPY HOBBY

A California baker with an Olympian's heart devotes time and money to honoring—and enshrining—athletes of all nations, races and creeds

by JOEL SAYRE

EVERY four years in this country there is a feverish, last-minute scramble to raise enough money to send our Olympic team overseas. A region that always oversubscribes its quota is southern California. There are two reasons for this. One is that southern Californians consider track and field a major spectator sport. The other is the Helms Foundation, which in 1952 raised $75,000 for the Olympic Fund and this time more than $100,000.

The Helms Athletic Foundation, of 8760 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles 34, is an establishment unique in the closely allied worlds of sports and public relations. Founded as a nonprofit institution in 1936 by a millionaire baker named Paul Hoy Helms, it could have happened nowhere but southern California.

Its prestige and influence extend to the earth's far places. The late Sir Frank Beaurepaire of Australia, the only swimming champion ever to be knighted, once presented the foundation with a large black opal. Through its overseas representatives, the foundation in the past has been able to contact and accolade such remote heroes as Emmanuel Ifeajuna, a high jump phenomenon of Nigeria, and José Telles da Conçeicao, Brazil's 200-meter flash. Last year its managing director flew to the Red Sea port of Jedda and presented King Saud with a handsome cup mounted on a marble base in appreciation of His Majesty's encouragement of sports among Saudi Arabian youth.

The foundation has atruck off replicas of Olympic Games medals (one for a second prize in literature) to replace those lost by their winners during the bombings of Germany. It took the King and Queen of Greece to see American football and did its best to explain the intricacies. When Jim Thorpe, "the world's greatest athlete," died destitute in California, it not only arranged his funeral but aided his widow with funds. Every year the foundation picks its own All-American Basketball Team and helps put on the Los Angeles Coliseum Relays, which generally draws gates close to 60,000.

More than 100,000 visitors annually tour the foundation's headquarters in Helms Hall, a good-looking, two-story building in Los Angeles' Culver City section, not far from the movie studios there. Gene Tunney, in town on a

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HELMS FOUNDATION

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tight schedule, thought he might be able to fit the hall in with 10 minutes; after he arrived, he canceled an important lunch date to stay most of the afternoon and ended up by sending the foundation his world heavyweight championship belt.

The foundation possesses a sports library of about 7,500 volumes, ranging from *A Dissertation on the Olympick Games* by Gilbert West (London, 1766) to the latest works published in the U.S. on just about any phase of American or international sport you'd care to name. To mention only a few items on the Helms shelves: a complete set of that irresistible sporting and dramatic weekly the *New York Clipper* (1853–1924); Mary K. Browne's wonderful collection of tennis photographs; all of Barney Oldfield's personal scrapbooks from the time he was persuaded by Henry Ford to give up bicycle racing and drive Henry's hurtling, tiller-steered chariot, "999"; a treasury of press clippings, lovingly collated in 17 volumes, that record the unstable career of Lightweight Champion Battling Nelson, including that stifling night before the Dempsey-Willard fight in 1919 when the Battler stripped to his underwear and took a cool-off swim in a concessionaire's tank of lemonade.

The library's facilities are available to any sports historian or researcher. Lately they were used by an eastern scholar busy with a monograph on World Hammer Throwing Since 1900. Horse racing is the one branch of sport the library is not fat in: it keeps current tabs only on the meetings at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Nonetheless, a quartet of researchers once spent nearly a month in the stacks devising an unbeatable horseplaying system. They have not been heard from since.

Recently the foundation entered the fields of sports historiography and publishing, bringing out two delightful reprint booklets, *The American Game of Football* and *College Boat Racing* (both appeared originally as magazine articles in 1887), and is now engaged in writing treatises on *The Mile Run* and *Sports Trophies*. These four booklets are the first of a projected series. Like everything else the foundation produces or is concerned with, they will be distributed gratis.

In addition, the foundation maintains a sports question-answering service and tries its best to answer any question not obviously idiotic, such as "Who will win the Rose Bowl game this season?" Most of the reasonable questions submitted give the foundation staffers little trouble, and some of them are a downright cinch.

For instance, take a question like: "What was the highest score ever run up in intercollegiate football, and who made the longest drop kick?" The staffer assigned to this query needn't even crack a book. All he has to do is stroll down the hall to the foundation's sports museum, find the proper display case and make notes from the ball Georgia Tech used in 1916 to beat Cumberland, a Tennessee university specializing in law, 222–0—with the game shortened by 15 minutes. ("In 1900," the staffer might add in his answering letter, "Dickinson beat the Haverford Grammar School 227–0, but this can scarcely be reckoned an intercollegiate contest.") Nearby in the same case are the shoes worn by Mark Payne of Dakota Wesleyan when in 1915 he drop-kicked one against Aberdeen Normal for his 63-yard record.

It is this museum that brings most of the 100,000-odd visitors to Helms Hall every year. About three-quarters of the visitors are aged from 10 to 17. A squad of hostesses trained in sports lore conducts the kids on half-hour tours of the premises in groups sometimes as large as several hundred. The behavior of the youngsters on these tours is, almost without fail, exemplary. Being all sports-minded, they feel they are in a kind of shrine, for everyone of the 6,000-odd mementos on display belonged to some sports champion or hero or heroine, and each has a story or maybe even a saga behind it. The general tone among these kid groups is one of awed fascination.



WORLD TROPHY, eight feet tall, is flanked by Bill Schroeder (*left*), Paul Jr.

But you don't have to be wearing bands on your teeth to be fascinated by the Helms Hall museum. No matter what his vintage, a sports fan of catholic tastes and a relish for the nostalgic could spend a pleasant hour there. I append some of the exhibits that fascinated me:

A racing bicycle of 1880, with its huge front wheel, tiny rear wheel and a section of straight iron pipe for handlebars; the laurel wreaths awarded to Ralph Craig of Michigan for winning both sprints at the Stockholm Olympics in 1912; portraits and landscapes painted by Football Coaches Pop Warner and Bob Zuppke and Middleweight Champion Mickey Walker; a baseball used in a game played at Kingston, N.Y. by two Philadelphia clubs, the Eclipse and the Red Stockings, on June 2, 1862 (the ball's cover is made in one piece); the shoes worn by Seabiscuit in 1938 at Pimlico when he beat War Admiral and brought joy to countless investors, including this one; the shoes, pickled in bronze like a baby's, that Charlie Paddock, "the world's fastest human," wore when he won the 100 meters at the 1920 Antwerp Olympics in 10.8 seconds.

There is, further, an elegant hand-colored photograph of Heavyweight Jake Kilrain, whom it took John L. Sullivan, in his last bare-knuckle fight, 75 rounds to stop at Richburg, Mississippi in 1889 (Vachel Lindsay mentioned this fight in a poem); the pocket-sized, terribly emaciated whisk broom that Pacific Coast League Umpire Jack Powell used for 31 years to brush off home plate; a helmet which belonged to Colonel A. M. Weyand, the football historian, when he starred at West Point as a tackle (Cadets Eisenhower, Bradley and Van Fleet were on the team in those days, too) against Civilians Rockne and Dorais the time the latter two uncorked the new-fangled forward pass and plastered the Army 35–13. Compared to the space-pilot headguards that footballers wear today, the colonel's helmet looks like a skull cap with ear flaps.

You can also see a pair of pole vault standards with the cross bar set at 15 feet 7¾ inches, to convey how high







FOUNDATION'S AWARDS, here pictured under Helms Hall slogan, include Helms Athletic Foundation Trophy (*left*) given yearly to Hall of Fame awardees, Rose Bowl Trophy and Helms Athletic Foundation medallion, awarded for excellence in sport.

Cornelius Warmerdam soared outdoors at Modesto, Calif. 14 years ago for the record he still holds (when you look up at this cross bar you shudder); and a collection of World Series press badges dating back to 1900. (They recall to mind the time in St. Louis at the 1926 Yankees-Cardinals Series, when the late Hype Igoe, covering for the late *New York World,* discovered just a little before game time that he had lost his badge. The dauntless and ever-resourceful Hype got into the park by removing a plumbing fixture marked PRESS from his hotel bathroom and attaching it to his lapel.)

You might also pause to gaze at a pair of unscuffed football shoes worn by Jim Thorpe when he served as technical adviser during the filming of *Jim Thorpe, All-American.* Sadly, this is the sole memento the museum possesses of the great Indian who made so much history in football and track. When he died he did not have even a withered press clipping to show for his countless triumphs, only the cleated boots furnished by a studio's wardrobe department.

On exhibition, too, are the gloves used by Jack Dempsey in 1918 to knock out Fred Fulton, the Giant of the North, in 18 seconds and inscribed "To my pal, Puss Halbriter" (now distended and ratty looking with age, they are remindful of the gloves Bobby Clark wore in his old burlesque prize-fight routine); a framed front page of the *San Francisco Examiner's* sports section for Sunday, Nov. 25, 1898, devoted entirely to California's 22-0 victory over Stanford. Its eight-column streamer headline reads: "RAH, RAH, RAH! CAL-I-FOR-NI-A! U. C. BERKELEY, ZIP-BOOM-AH!" In a boxed interview, Mrs. Jane Stanford, window of Stanford's founder, declares that she "liked the game's spirit and dash." A ringside ticket ($40) to the heavyweight classic at Reno on July 4, 1910 between James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson which didn't settle white supremacy (stamped on the pasteboard are photographs not only of the fighters but of the promoters, Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason); three colored pictures of the A. G. Spalding world tour in 1888-1889 of Cap Anson's Chicago White Stockings and an all-star team, showing the boys demonstrating our national game at Rome's Villa Borghese and London's Crystal Palace and attending a huge party thrown for them by King Kalakaua of Hawaii; a large photograph of the great Negro welter-and/or heavyweight Sam Langford (who stood 5 feet 6½ inches and weigbed around 170 pounds) in his prime, displaying a build that Praxiteles would have busted his best chisels over; a jacket and trunks worn by High Diver Frank Kurtz at the Berlin Olympics in 1936. Five years later, Bomber Pilot Kurtz had to leave them behind in a foot locker when the Japs overran the Philippines, where he was on duty. After the war a Japanese sportsman sent the jacket and trunks to Kurtz's home in Omaha.

To baseball fans, one of the prize exhibits of the whole museum is the glove worn by Walter Carlisle in the only unassisted triple play ever made by an outfielder in organized baseball. With the score tied in the first half of the ninth inning of a Pacific Coast League game on July 18, 1911 between Los Angeles and Vernon (Carlisle's own club), the first two L.A. batters walked; then came a hit-and-run play with the ball blooped to short center field. Carlisle, who was very fast and had been a circus tumbler in his youth, sprinted in and caught the ball just off the turf tips, turned a somersault, touched second, doubling one base runner, sprinted to first and beat the other base runner back to it, then trotted off the field. A few seconds of stunned silence were followed by a five-minute effort of the fans to tear the stands down. In hats that were passed, nearly $1,000 was collected, and with it the fans bought Carlisle a diamond-spangled gold medal to commemorate his impossible feat. The museum has this medal, though minus the diamonds, which Carlisle's widow understandably pried out before presentation. P.S.: Vernon won the game 5-4.

As if all these engaging relics weren't

continued on next page

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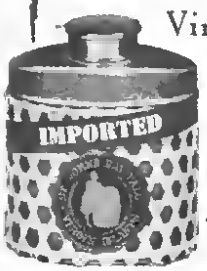
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HELMS FOUNDATION

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enough (and I have listed merely a small fraction of them), the foundation has thrown in the gold watch chain Abraham Lincoln wore the night he was assassinated and an ax handle, with his name carved in it, which he owned when he was the best freestyle wrestler around New Salem, Ill.

But the museum, the question-answering service and the library are but tributaries of the foundation's mainstream activity, which is honoring athletes and those who have contributed to athletics.

Within the past 20 years the foundation has bestowed on the deserving more than 2,000 trophies, more than 10,000 medals and more than 20,000 scrolls. The number of banquets and parties and beefsteaks it has given in celebration would stagger the imagination and the digestive system. Men who died long before the foundation was founded have been posthumously honored, and so have thousands of hardy striplings just starting to shave. President Theodore Roosevelt is a Helms awardee, together with the Flying Wheels of Long Beach, Calif., a team of paraplegic veterans who last year won the National Wheelchair Basketball Championship.

The awardees are chosen by a board consisting of Paul H. Helms, chairman; Paul H. Helms Jr., director; secretary and managing director of the foundation, W. R. (Bill) Schroeder; six local sports editors: George T. Davis (*Herald and Express*), Robert Myers (A.P.), Rube Samuelsen (*Pasadena Star-News*), Sid Ziff (*Mirror-News*), Paul Zimmerman (*Times*), Ben Woolbert (*Examiner*); and Al Santoro, well-known veteran L.A. sportswriter. The board members meet quarterly and are paid meeting-attendance fees which are thrown into a kitty and used to take care of such emergencies as a hard-up left tackle's wife having a baby. Two interservice football games staged by the board raised $150,000 for war charities.

Per capita, this board must be the awardingest parcel of men ever gathered together. They pick a Southern California Athlete of the Month (amateur or professional) and a Southern California Athlete of the Year. At the end of every football, basketball, baseball and track season they choose all-high school teams not only for the city of Los Angeles but for the California Scholastic Federation, Southern Division, which embraces something like 250 schools. In each of those four sports they also pick a scholastic Athlete of the Year. All selections are, of course, suitably awarded.

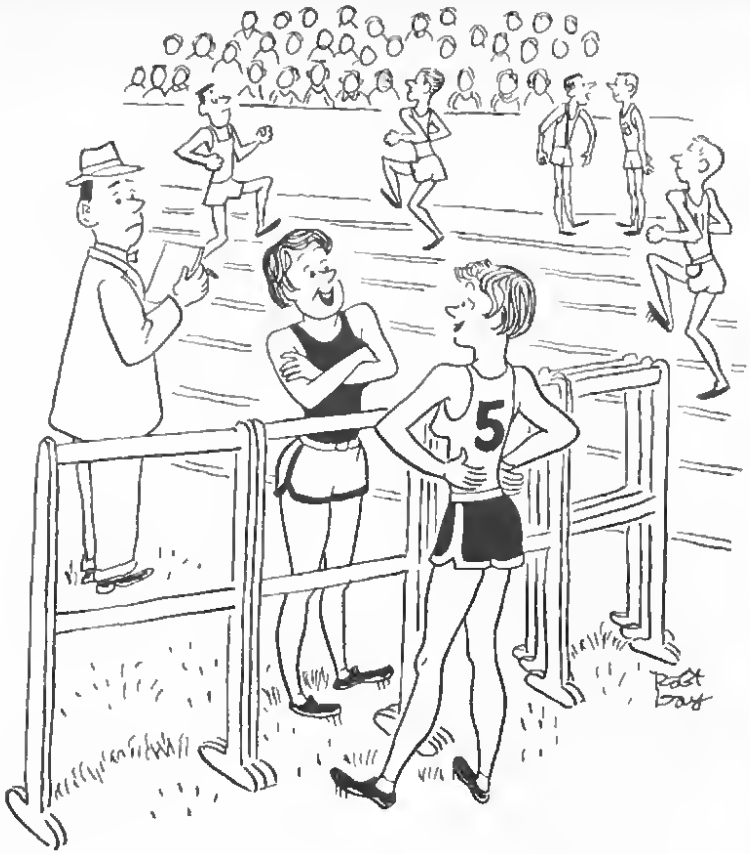
Cooperstown, N.Y. has its Baseball Hall of Fame, and Rutgers University has organized one for intercollegiate football. The Helms Foundation has halls of fame not only for all major sports but also for auto racing, volleyball, swimming and aeronautical soaring, and the board is continually electing new members to them all. Among those elected to its Professional Football Hall of Fame were Greasy Neale, Alexander Francis Wojciechowicz and Al Nesser, who played in the line for more than 30 years without headgear or shoulder pads.

In 1954 the board's secretary, Bill Schroeder, headed up a program to ballot some 3,700 sports experts of the press, radio and TV to select an All-Time U.S. Olympic Track and Field Team. When the returns were in, all the living selectees accepted invitations to a huge banquet in their honor except Louis Tewanema, the Carlisle Indian School runner who took second in the 10,000-meter event at Stockholm in 1912.

In the world of sport there had been no word of Louis Tewanema for ages, yet nobody could remember hearing of his death; the nation's newspaper morgues were vainly searched for his obituary. Finally, however, one of Bill's most tenacious bush-beaters, Phoenix Sportscaster Bill Close, found Louis in Shimopavy, a remote Hopi village on Second Mesa in eastern Arizona. Louis hadn't had on a suit of store clothes in decades and he had forgotten nearly all his English; but he went to the banquet in full Indian regalia and made a big bit.

The board's pinnacle pick every year is for the Helms World Trophy, which is made of gold, silver and bronze, stands nearly eight feet high with its three-step marble base, has a large banner-draped room all to itself and is valued at $10,000. On it are inscribed the six foremost amateur athletes in the world whom the board annually selects, one from each continent.

Last year miler Sándor Iharos of Hungary and Pat McCormick, the pretty Olympic diving champion, were chosen as the foremost amateurs of Europe and North America respectively. The Australasian, European and North American selections run back to 1896; the South American, Asian and African commenced in 1920. When you read on this trophy names like Ragnbild Hveger, Viljo Heino, Yun Bok



Suh, Hironoshin Furuhashi, Khadr El Touni, K. D. (Babu) Singh and Thiam Papa Gallo, you realize that the Helms Foundation's interest in athletics and athletes certainly isn't parochial.

Its most interested member, Paul Hoy Helms, was born 67 years ago in Ottawa, Kans., the son of a poor Methodist clergyman. When his mother died during his childhood and his father became too ill to work at his profession, the boy was sent to Buffalo, N.Y. to live with his maternal uncle, William Ellsworth Hoy. Hoy was a deaf mute who was married to a deaf mute.

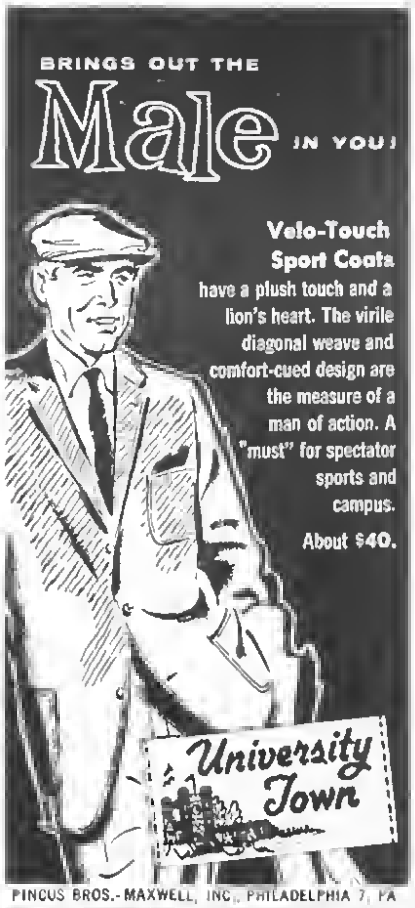
He was also a professional baseball player. Known as Dummy Hoy, he played 14 years of big league baseball, from 1888 to 1902, notably with the Cincinnati Reds and the Chicago Wbite Sox, batting consistently around .300 and shining as a basestealer. He was a sensational outfielder; although he could not hear the crack of the bat, he had an uncanny gift for sensing where the ball was heading and made many a circus catch. The practice of the umpire's raising his right hand to indicate a called strike was originated for Hoy's benefit. Still alive at 91, Mr. Hoy still walks with a springy step in Cincinnati, where he lives with his son, who is judge of the Hamilton County Common Pleas Court there.

His nephew Paul Helms went to Syracuse University. There he majored in economics and worked his way by waiting on tables and serving as agent for the Colgate Company, distributing samples of toothpaste and soap to the faculty and undergraduates. Inspired by his uncle, young Helms was crazy about sports; but when he reported for freshman football, Howard Jones, then coaching at Syracuse, patted him on the head and sent him home, for Helms weighed only 116 pounds. An attempt at indoor track as a distance runner didn't work out either. However, he did manage to make the freshman crew as a coxswain and later got his letter as varsity crew manager.

After graduation he entered the bakery business and by 1926 had made a fortune from it, in Buffalo and New York City. But that year he became ill from overwork and decided to retire and spend the rest of his life in southern California, golfing, trout fishing, duck hunting, watching baseball and football, and other pastimes. This idyllic program was interrupted by the stock market crash of 1929, which wiped out most of bis fortune.

In 1931 in Los Angeles Helms re-entered the bakery business with a staff of 32 "co-workers," as he insists on calling bis house-to-house salesmen. (He

continued on next page



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HELMS FOUNDATION

continued from page 113

now has a couple of thousand co-workers who stop with their wares at approximately 250,000 southern California homes daily: no Helms-baked goods are sold in stores). In 1932 he secured a contract to supply bread to all the teams competing in the Los Angeles Olympic Games. (Daily shipments of Helms bread were flown to the U.S. teams at London and Helsinki and will be flown this year to Melbourne.) He also offered a prize of $50 or two choice seats to the Games every day for the best 25 words on why Helms bread was good to eat.

The prize was won not by a literary housewife but by a short, plump bank accountant named Willrich Schroeder. With the depression going full blast, Schroeder took the $50. Besides, he already had tickets to the Olympic Games; as a sports bug in the tertiary manic stage he usually had tickets to everything in the way of an athletic contest that might be going on wherever he happened to be. Schroeder was well known in Coast baseball; he had been a star infielder at Hollywood High, played 10 years of amateur and semipro ball in Los Angeles and organized and been president of the California, Far West and Sunset professional leagues.

He was also what sportswriters call a figure filbert. Since childhood (he was born in Beaumont, Texas) he had collected sports annuals and manuals, score cards, programs and photographs of his athletic heroes. At the bank during his lunch hours he would ransack the second-hand bookstores of downtown Los Angeles for old books on sporting subjects.

Schroeder's big dream was to transform his small, private collection of records and mementos into a large, public sports museum. His theory was that many of the great athletes who flourished before the days of high-tension publicity never received the acclaim they deserved. Through such a museum they could be acclaimed properly. To do this he had to have a sponsor, so he drew up a prospectus and for four years tried to sell his vision to more than 20 different large California commercial organizations. A number of them were interested, but as the depression was still on they did not feel like spending the money such a project would require. In 1936 Schroeder was



about to give up when he happened to recall the $50 he had won for the bread slogan and sent Helms a prospectus. Three days later Helms put him to work on the big dream.

Helms thought it was fine to acclaim the great athletes of the past, but he also wanted something done about the great and promising athletes of the present and the future. At this time each Los Angeles newspaper picked its own all-scholastic teams—which caused a good deal of confusion and sometimes minimized the worth of the selections. The first thing the foundation did was to get all the sports editors together and suggest that they pick only one team in each sport, making it "official." Thus the Helms Board was born. Helms Hall was built in 1948; a new unit—containing a small auditorium, a room for the press with radio and TV facilities, and display space for more mementos and trophies—will be built soon.

On a bronze wall plaque in the hall's museum are preserved the words made famous by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympic Games: "The main issue in life is not the victory but the fight; the essential thing is not to have won, but to have fought well." Mr. Helms has amended this. "It is no sin to win as long as it is done fairly," he says. "Trying to win is an American characteristic. But, in my opinion, if the playing itself in any sport is good the youngsters who take part are better off without too much overemphasis."

The foundations of Rockefeller, Carnegie or Ford never hurt the sale of oil, steel or automobiles; presumably the Helms Athletic Foundation has not hurt the sale of baked goods. Yet the H.A.F. bends over backward nearly double in its efforts to be noncommercial. Neither Mr. Helms, who is covered with honors and a friend of the great—including President Eisenhower—nor his baking business, which towers over the competition in its territory, needs publicity. In fact, Mr. Helms, a nice old gentleman active in many civic affairs and private philanthropies, is publicity-skittish. When, every now and then, he is informed that some organization has decided to award *him*, he generally scurries for cover, muttering, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Helms Athletic Foundation is the realized dream of a frustrated would-be athlete and a hero-worshipping bank clerk; as said before, it could have happened nowhere but in southern California. END

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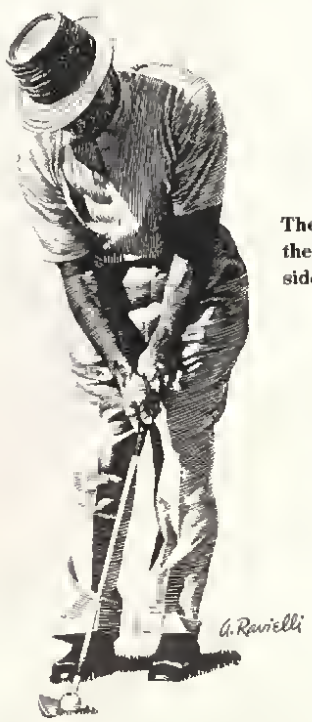
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Treat the chip from the fringe as a long putt. From a foot off the edge to 15 or so feet off, don't take too lofted a club. Stand with your feet close together. Get your weight a bit on your left side and keep it there. Forget about lofting the ball and play a brief, crisp little running stroke, relying on your sense of distance to tell you how hard to hit the shot, just like you would on a long approach putt.



The feet are close together and the weight is slightly on the left side on the chip from the fringe



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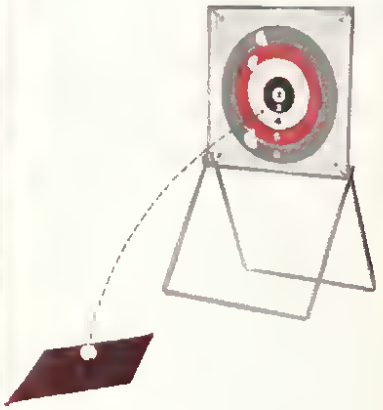
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GOLFER

For the indoor putter, there are many challenges. The newest one is the Right Angle Putt Trainer ($9.95, Parris Manufacturing Co., Savannah, Tenn.). It consists of a "green" made of porous canvas, 11 1/2 feet long and 9 inches wide, nine positions marked along the route for putting practice from various distances, right-angle markers to line up the putter and a raised hole—the ball rolls back when it misses. Another putting gadget is the 19th Hole ($9.95, Brandell Products, 3401 West Belmont, Chicago 18, Ill.). This consists of a molded plastic golf hole which, when plugged into house current, has a returning mechanism for sending the ball back to you after each putt. Yet another is a game called 5 Hole Golf ($8.95, Abercrombie & Fitch, New York). This one has five separate molded plastic greens, each a different shape and with a felted surface to simulate the grass of the green. These can be placed around the room or out of doors to form a family brand of miniature golf.

One of the most ambitious indoor golf setups on the market is the Pak-A-Way golf driving range ($585, FOB factory, Alex Taylor & Co., 7 East 38 St., New York 16). This is too large for the average home, but can be set up in a gymnasium, a private club or a large



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basement. It consists of a range, large enough for two people to play simultaneously, with nylon and cotton net walls, a drill canvas top, a nylon backstop strong enough to stop the hardest balls without rebound. The range measures 21 feet long, 11 feet high and has a 20-foot opening for the players. It is attached by guy wires to concrete, brick, block or frame walls and is so designed that it can be folded up

continued on next page



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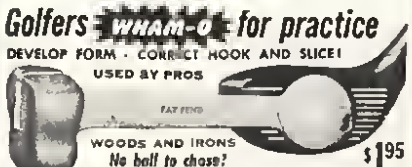
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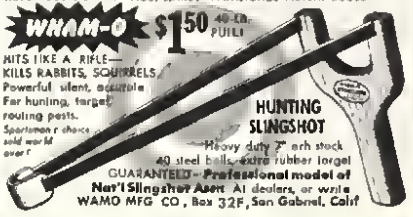


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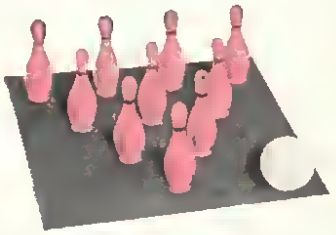
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INDOOR GOLFER

continued from page 119

against one wall in less than two minutes. There are two driving platforms with brush mats and rubber tees, one for a left-, one for a right-handed player. The works weighs 260 pounds.

A company which manufactures golf driving-range tee mats has a much less ambitious aid to driving practice for at-home use: a Chip-N-Drive golf tee mat ($11.95, Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago). The mat is made of heavy-duty airplane-type nylon-corded rubber with a tough brush insert that simulates the fairway for iron shots, a built-in rubber tee for use with wood clubs, a heavy-duty spring steel-wire binding. It is to be used on hard surfaces or on your lawn—or can be used indoors, with an accompanying net basket, for practicing chip shots.



PUTT-PINS COMBINE PUTTING AND BOWLING

The First Flight swing speedometer ($6.95, Professional Golf Co. of America, 1233 Carter St., Chattanooga, Tenn.), endorsed by Tommy Bolt and Chandler Harper, is a new instrument for determining your proper club head weight and ball compression. Theoretically, its regular use while practicing will enable you to groove a golf swing that repeats. The instrument is attached to the shaft of a club. It registers, in miles per hour, from 40 to 140, the clubhead speed. It is reset by releasing a trigger spring after each swing.



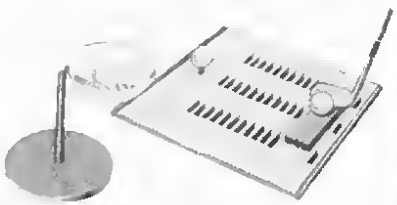
SPEEDOMETER MEASURES SPEED OF CLUB

Another instrument to aid the golfer is a range finder ($17.85, Federal Instrument Corp., 12-10 Broadway, Long Island City 6, N.Y.). The bioptical range finder comes in a leather case and will measure, by focusing so that two images are placed into alignment, the distance to the flag better than the most experienced caddie.

Putt-Pins ($3.95, Abercrombie & Fitch, New York) are another form of

indoor putt practice. This game combines golf and bowling, scoring exactly as in bowling. The wooden pins are scaled in ratio to bowling pins, and a golf ball (not included) is in the correct ratio to them as a bowling ball to actual pins. There is a scoring pad and a felt base for setting up pins.

Two new devices in one package have been designed with an eye to improving putting skills by showing you the correct path of your putter swing. One is called the Grip Finder, the other the Putt-O-Graph Golf Swing Gauge (both $4.95, Golf Research Institute, Country Road, Westport, Conn.). The Grip Finder is a simple, plastic form which is attached to the grip of your putter at the point of balance. It then has clearly marked on it the proper position for your thumbs so that the head of the putter will strike the ball at right angles to its line of flight. The Swing Gauge is a flat metal device which is set on the ground, or rug, three inches behind the ball. A lever called the "path finder" is set to the proper angle of swing for a golfer of



TEE MAT CAN BE USED FOR CHIP PRACTICE

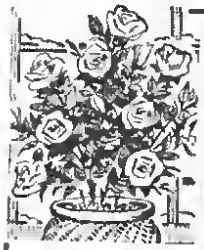
your particular height or stance. Practice with it will indicate your best "inside-out" groove.

Among the many books published about golf this year, two should be of particular interest to the golfing followers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. One is *The Story of American Golf* by Herbert Warren Wind which has recently been brought out in a new edition, completely revised and brought up to date, with more than 100 photographs ($4.95, Simon and Schuster). An earlier, $15 version of the book, published in 1948, is out of print. It is a definitive history of America's greatest participant sport, from the laying out of the first course through "The Age of Hogan." The other is Book 2 of *Tip from the Top*, containing 52 more of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's weekly golf tips from top pros. ($3.95, Prentice-Hall.)

—FRED R. SMITH

Most items in these columns are also available at pro shops, sporting goods and department stores countrywide.

weekend shopper



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THE READERS TAKE OVER

FOOTBALL: THE MANIKINS

Sirs:

Please tell me where I could get a set of the manikins you used to demonstrate the Oklahoma-Notre Dame game (*A New Perspective*, SI, Oct. 29).

JOHN BARRETT

Detroit

Sirs:

Are the manikins for sale? I would be interested in buying a set.

PHILIP COLOMBRITO JR.

Miami

Sirs:

My friends and I like to map out plays, and if we had these manikins it would be even more fun. What would be the cost?

BILL WOLFE

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

I am a rabid football fan, and I attend at least two or three football games a week. I thought it would be nice if, when I come home, I could show my friends some of the plays in the game. I have tried to make miniature football players and failed. I would pay any amount of money you wanted for 22 of these small players.

MICKEY DONOGHUE

Wheeling, W. Va.

● The players are 15-inch articulated artist's manikins, readily available in art supplies stores. Although SPORTS ILLUSTRATED manikins have specially molded faces, feet and helmets, Messrs. Barrett, Colombrito, Wolfe and Donoghue should be able to persuade a nimble-fingered female relation to whip up a set of uniforms.—ED.

Sirs:

Correct me if I am wrong, but the way I see *A New Perspective: Oklahoma*, the play as illustrated by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's football manikins is illegal.

You have No. 65, the right guard, going through to block on the linebacker. Since the play is a pass, No. 65 is either throwing an illegal downfield block on a pass play or is an illegal receiver across the line of scrimmage or both.

If the play is actually run this way it certainly is a new perspective to me.

ROBERT L. MILLER
End Coach
Ypsilanti High School

Ypsilanti, Mich.

● Right. We have penalized our art department 15 yards.—ED.

FOOTBALL: AN EVEN SWAP

Sirs:

In recent weeks both Cornell and Notre Dame have suffered some rather discouraging setbacks. Since both teams are acknowledged to have potential greatness in their respective leagues, we feel that the fault may lie with the coaching staffs. Therefore if South Bend is willing, we suggest that both teams might benefit from a trade of coaches. We'll take Terry Brennan if they'll take Lefty James.

WILLIAM J. MCGIRR '59
LAWRENCE J. SEVERINO '58
Cornell University

Itbaca, N.Y.

FOOTBALL: H. H. ON THE SPOT

Sirs:

We at Penn would like to know why Herman Hickman includes the University of Pennsylvania in his HUNCHES only when they are such heavy underdogs. A true expert will pick any game no matter how evenly the teams are matched.

I imagine you will pick the Yale game, since Yale will be a heavy favorite over Penn. But I am sure we would all like to see your choice in the Columbia vs. Penn and Cornell vs. Penn games.

LEWIS LORIN

Philadelphia

● Hunching off the top of his head, Herman Hickman picks Pennsylvania over both Columbia (Nov. 17) and Cornell (Nov. 22) but reserves the right to change his hunches on further study.—ED.

FOOTBALL: RECRUIT OR PERISH

Sirs:

I believe that both the NCAA and the NAIA should include a regulation which *totally prohibits* contact in his home, in person or by letter, of any high school athlete by the coach or by any member of the coaching staff.

Athletes might be contacted, as other prospective students are, by a member of the college's regular extension staff, but these visits should be limited to one only. Scholarship applications should be made by mail on forms furnished by the university's regular scholarship committee and their award handled through this office. Make the scholarship request come from the student, as it must in every other field.

My husband is a college coach, and he (and surely the others) thoroughly hates this business of going out and trying to outsell the other fellow. But under the present rules he must do it to survive. Nobody likes it except the athlete and his proud parents.

HELEN FRANCIS

Hays, Kans.

FOOTBALL: REAPPRAISAL AT FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL

Sirs:

We here at Franklin and Marshall College thought you might be interested in learning about an institution adopting a new policy in this era of subsidization and recruiting.

We have been playing intercollegiate football since 1887 and are participants with Gettysburg College in one of the longest series of small college football in the country. This year we will be playing the 59th game in this series.

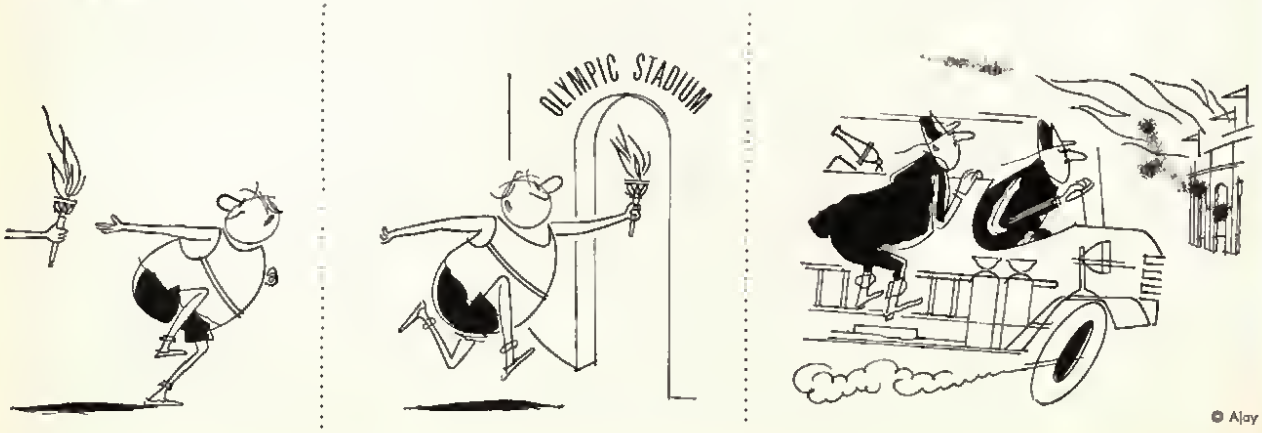
Big-time football teams vanished from Franklin and Marshall several years ago, but we have been subsidizing some of our athletes. The enclosed memorandum, explaining our new policy, may be of interest to your readers.

J. SHOBER BARR
Dean of Athletics

Lancaster, Pa.

● Dean Barr's memorandum states in part "In recent years Franklin and

MR. CAPER — **by AJAY**



Marshall has subsidized athletes to the extent of $20,000 a year. It had been obvious to the Board of Trustees for some years that our policy was ambiguous. . . . We could either invest more money in athletics and schedule colleges with a comparable policy, or we could withdraw all aid specifically designated for athletes and schedule colleges with a similar policy. The decision ultimately had to be based on the purposes for which the college exists. . . . Our decision to withdraw $20,000 a year from the subsidization of athletes does not mean . . . that we plan to deny students all financial assistance. It is our intention to continue with our scholarship programs and to augment the $80,000 set aside for the purpose by the $20,000 removed from the athletic budget."—ED.

FOOTBALL: THE NEWS FROM HEIDELBERG

Sirs:

Why is it that all sports announcers and all sports publications ignore Heidelberg College at Tiffin, Ohio?

Year after year they come up with outstanding teams, beating schools with much larger student bodies.

I am not connected with Heidelberg but simply want to know.

PAUL L. ROSENKRANS

Hummelstown, Pa.

• To date, Heidelberg's Student Princes have waltzed over Hope, Wabash, Baldwin-Wallace, Ohio Wesleyan, Wittenberg, and Denison but lost to Mount Union. Record through 1946 to date: 80 wins, 11 losses, 4 ties.—ED.

FOOTBALL: KEEP COOL

Sirs:

As a new reader I'm not sure that Jack Olsen's cutting and bitter report on the Oklahoma-Notre Dame game (SI, Nov. 5) was unprecedented. It seemed to me that Olsen preferred whoop-and-holler, fight-team-fight games as opposed to less passionate but no less determined athletics. Another writer in the same issue praised Quarterback John Brodie, "who treats football as an art rather than an emotional outlet."

I'm not sure where SPORTS ILLUSTRATED stands, but I want to mention my alma mater, Georgia Tech, which has long been a "cool" school. A Tech lineman epitomized this athletic *savoir-faire* some four years ago in one of the University of Alabama's last good games. Tech was in front 7-3 in the closing minutes, but Marlow, Tharp & Co. were running well, threatening to upset Tech. It reached a fourth-and-two situation inside the Tech 10-yard line, and Alabama came roaring from the huddle, as was their custom, with much growling and gnashing of teeth. As they lined up to glare viciously at the calm defense, a Tech guard noted, with the proper touch of enthusiasm, "Getting to be an exciting game, isn't it!" It was, indeed, but cool heads prevailed, and Tech—the sinners—won again.

CY PHILLIPS

Schenectady, N.Y.





PAT ON THE BACK



Tony Triolo

U.S. OLYMPIC FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

This determined band of athletes faces possibly the toughest trial of any U.S. team at Melbourne Superiority in field hockey has been pre-empted for decades by Europeans and Asians, most especially the Indians, who have won five straight Olympic titles. In strategy the game is a rough blend of lacrosse and soccer and makes similar demands of players in stickwork and stamina. During the two 35-minute halves of a game no substitutions are allowed, even for injuries. To help pay their way to Australia, team members raised more than $2,000 in a door-to-door campaign From left: John Greer, White Plains, N.Y.; Kurt Orban, Smoke Rise, N.J.; Hidde Leegstra, Rye, N.Y.; Ray Wittelsberger, Baltimore; Bob Shanks, Philadelphia; Larry Marcoplos, Baltimore; Herman Van Nouhuys, New York City; Kurt Ucko, Packanack Lake, N.J ; John Rote, Greenwich, Conn ; Bill Stude, Baltimore; Hank Clifford, Morristown, N.J.; Gerry Kruize, Hartsdale, N.Y.; Felix Ucko, Cedar Grove, N.J.; Jim Jongeneel, Rye, N.Y.; Stan Harris, Mamaroneck, N.Y.; Newbold Black, Haverford, Pa.

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